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THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY
PHAMPLET Vol
A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE

First Independent Church of Baltimore,

BY
Washington
REV. GEORGE W. BURNAP, D. D.

On the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of his Ordination.

PRINTED NOT PUBLISHED.

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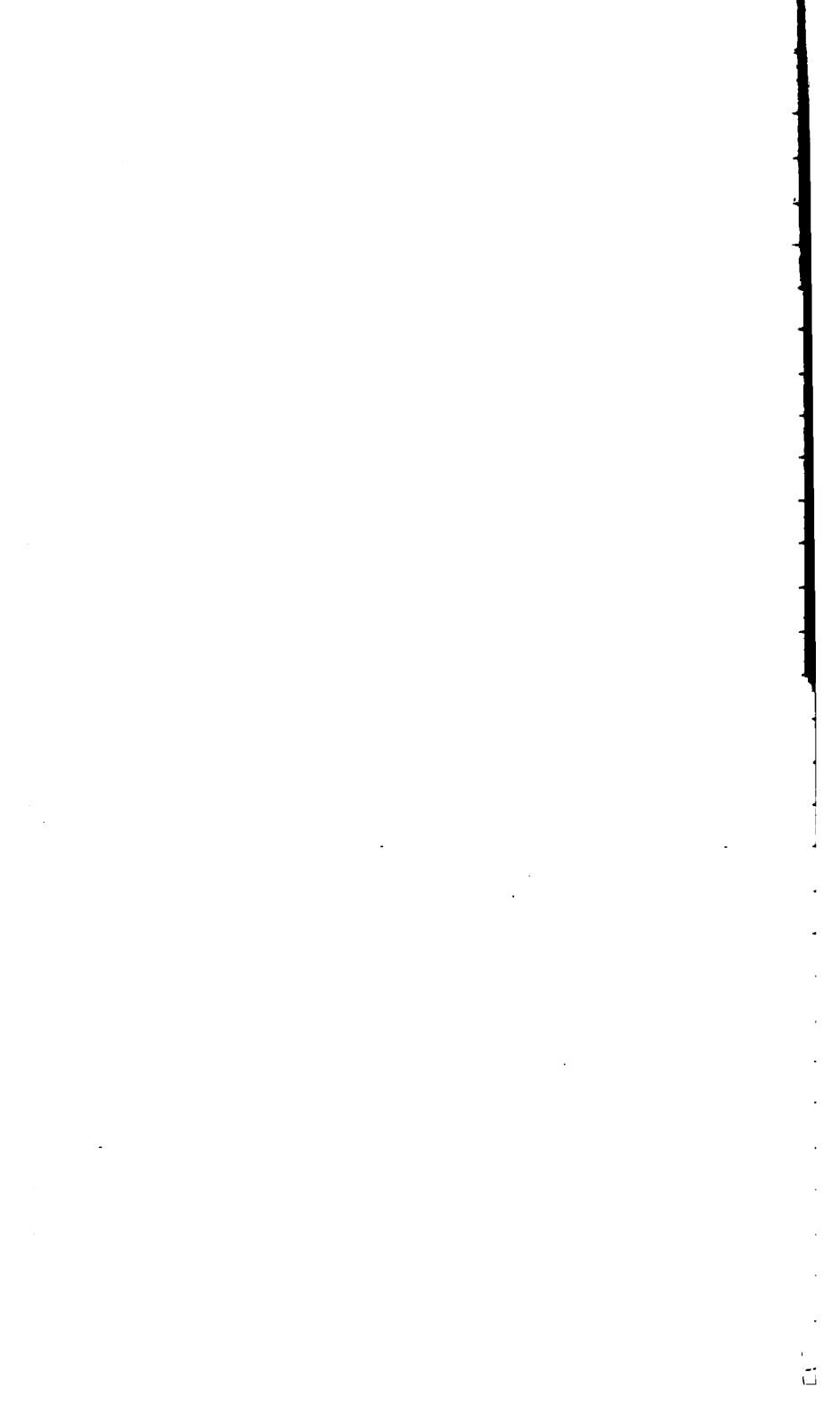
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1872, July 13.
Gift of
Rev. Joseph May,
of Newburyport.
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Contents: -

- 1 Burnap, G. W. The Flight of Years. Discourse in Baltimore, on the 25th Anniversary of his Ordination. 1853.
- 2 Hall, Nathaniel. Discourse in Dorchester, on the Sunday succeeding the Funeral of Robert Thaxter, M.D. 1852.
- 3 Newell, William. The Christian Scholar. Discourse in Cambridge, on the Sunday following the Death of Andrews Norton, Sept. 25, 1853.
- 4 Parley, F. A. Tribute to the Memory of Seth Low, Esq. Sermon preached June 26, 1853.
- 5 Furness, W. H. Discourse on the Erection in the Church of Tablets in Memory of John Taughan, Ralph Eddowes, etc. Aug. 20th, 1842.
- 6 Peabody, Ephraim. Sermon on the Death of F. T. Gray, preached March 18, 1855.
- 7 Parker, Theodore. Discourse occasioned by the Death of Daniel Webster, Oct. 31, 1852.
- 8 Higginson, J. W. Massachusetts in Mourning. Sermon, preached in Worcester, June 4, 1854.
- 9 Thompson, James. Discourse preached at Barre, Jan. 11, 1854, at the End of a Ministry of Fifty Years in that Town.
- 10 Brothingham, A. L. Memoir of Rev. T. M.
- 11 Harris, D. D. 1854.
- 12 Allen, Joseph. A New Year's Sermon. 1855.



DISCOURSE.

FOR A THOUSAND YEARS IN THY SIGHT ARE BUT AS YESTERDAY WHEN IT IS PAST, AND AS A WATCH IN THE NIGHT.—PSALM 90, 4.

I KNOW of no words in which the rapid flight of time is more powerfully portrayed than in these words of the Psalmist. They bring the thing home to us so strongly, that they produce a sort of breathless astonishment, as if we beheld the car of time itself rushing by so swiftly, that it is almost at the same moment approaching, passing and disappearing out of sight. The ages that are gone become as a dream, the present diminishes to a point, and we anticipate the time, when the generation that now is, shall be numbered among the things of the past, and all that interests us so deeply, shall be regarded by our successors as an idle tale.

These thoughts are suggested to my mind by the fact, that yesterday completed a quarter of a century since my ordination in this place to the Gospel Ministry. At the distance of five and twenty years, it

comes up before my mind as vividly as if it were the next day. The emotions, the hopes and the fears of that hour, come back, the venerable men who took part in the ordination, long since passed away, the generation which then composed this congregation, very few of whom are left among us at this day.

What changes has a quarter of a century brought over the world! In the first place, I ought to thank God that I am alive. The average of ministerial service is only seventeen years. I have already advanced eight years beyond that limit with health unimpaired and energies undiminished, the boundless and romantic expectations of youth somewhat chastened, but with a firmer and calmer confidence in God, in Providence, and the ultimate triumph of truth and goodness. If I have not accomplished all that I hoped and anticipated, I have done something. At any rate, I have labored for the whole five and twenty years continuously, up to the limit of my strength.

The cause, when I came here, was nearly a forlorn hope. It had once broken down. The congregation was small and the church heavily in debt. The enterprise was sunk fathoms below the surface. The enthusiasm which accompanies and gives energy to a new enterprise was exhausted, and every thing was in a state of collapse. I had to begin, like the coral insect, at the very bottom of the ocean, and build up by an almost imperceptible process of accumulation. Twice afterwards we were nearly wrecked by commercial disaster, and a congregation slowly gathered were scattered to seek better fortunes in more favor-

able locations. Ten years of the twenty-five, were passed by us in a most precarious state of existence. Our church was then remote, almost in the country. It was almost a pilgrimage to reach it, and the stranger when he arrived, and was anxious to learn what our peculiar opinions were, in nine cases out of ten, found it wholly impossible to hear, let him listen with never so much attention. Every thing was against us but the truth, and that was on our side.

I, for one, was not aware of the Cimmerian darkness which every where reigned upon religious subjects, nor of the intolerant prejudices, which had become hardened into a petrification that could neither be chiseled by argument, nor melted by the genial breath of Christian charity. The people would neither hear nor read, which amounted to this, that if Unitarianism were true, they did not wish to know it. And then, if any were prevailed upon to examine, and became convinced, another struggle commenced, whether they were to avow their convictions, and openly join a worship over which there hung such a cloud of prejudice?

And here perhaps lay the greatest difficulty, after all. The multitude of the timid and the time-serving, said, "Have any of the chief rulers believed on him, and they did not dare to confess, lest they should be put out of the synagogue." Some stole in like Nicodemus, by night, and confessed that the doctrines here preached were just what they had been believing all their days.

I early became convinced, that the Unitarian Church universal could have no solid foundation,

unless it were based upon thorough doctrinal conviction. Until a man becomes thoroughly convinced that Unitarianism is the doctrine of the Bible, he can have no decision, or energy, or zeal to act in the cause. "How long halt ye," saith the Scripture, "between two opinions?" The emphatic word in this sentence is, *halt*. He that is in doubt, naturally stands still. He cannot move, neither ought he to move, until he arrives at some definite and decided conviction as to what he ought to do. The proper basis of religious opinion is a knowledge of the Scriptures. They are the fountain of religious knowledge, and if they are so obscure, that their meaning cannot be ascertained, they are not a revelation from God.

But it is said by some, that you must show your theology to be right by your religion. You must show that your doctrines are true by your extraordinary pietism. If others have a prayer meeting once a month for the conversion of the world, you must have one once a fortnight. But the Pharisees tried this method ages ago, and were more abundant in their devotions than any other sect has ever been since, especially in public. Did that prove their theology to be true, or their religion sincere? The fact that we resort to such means in order to show our piety, demonstrates that we act from a Pharisaical motive, and in itself deprives us of all spiritual benefit.

Another says, "Show that your theology is true by your philanthropy. Gather in from the streets, the poor, the lame and the blind." But we must do

our Catholic brethren the justice to admit, that in deeds of devoted charity they have outdone all other denominations. And yet every other denomination denounces their theology as in the last degree false, dark and superstitious.

Another says, "Show that your theology is true by the fervor of your missionary zeal. Go preach the Gospel among the heathen, abandon all for the conversion of the Pagans." But the order of men which has done the most of this, is that of the Jesuits. The sands of Africa and the snows of the frozen poles have been tracked by their devoted feet, their bones lie mingled with the soil of every heathen land. And yet the whole Christian world has cried out against both their theology and their morality, and the wisest and best men have declared them to be the worst enemies of freedom and of man. They have been banished by enlightened states, as too dangerous and corrupt to be tolerated among human institutions. Theological truth is not to be arrived at by any such indirect and circuitous process of argumentation. It must be taken directly from the Bible, interpreted by reason and common sense. The truth is the plastic soul of religion. "Sanctify them," said the Saviour, "through thy truth, thy word is truth." The soul must form and control the body, not the body the soul. I must continually revert to the Scriptures, in order to know what true religion is. If I do not, I am in constant danger, from custom, from tradition and example, of taking that for religion which is merely error and superstition.

This theology may be polemical—nay must be polemical, if some thing else has already prevailed and been established in its place.

Educated in another faith, and finding it not to be true, when I commenced the study of theology, I was determined, if the thing could be accomplished, to find out what was true, what was really taught in the Holy Oracles. Much, I may say, most of the last eight and twenty years has been devoted by me to that object. More than two years were spent by me in the study of a single Epistle of the New Testament. No words can express the gratification I have felt, as one passage after another which had always seemed dark and mysterious, was explained and became to my mind clear, intelligible and consistent.

I have given you from the pulpit and the press, many courses of doctrinal and expository lectures. I have thought it my duty to do so. It has cost me much labor, ten times the labor which as many practical discourses on the common topics discussed in the pulpit would have demanded. But in the present state of things, such a course is absolutely necessary. Without it, you could have no settled convictions, no peace to your souls. You would be disturbed by every opposing argument, and silenced by every plausible objection. I have labored, that in the language of the Apostle, “we should be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive, but speaking the truth in love, may grow up to him in all things, which is the head, even Christ, till we all

come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

In my preaching, I have endeavored to exhibit the Gospel just as I found it, without modification or concealment. I believe in the power and efficacy of the truth. I believe it to be the best, the safest, and most beneficial thing in the world. It is the light of life, and the salvation of the soul. It is the greatest power next to God.

The Christian Ministry, which has for its object the diffusion of truth over the world, I have ever looked upon as the wisest and most salutary of all institutions. He who discourses of God, of Christ, of human duty and immortality, aims at the very centre of the condition, the welfare and the happiness of man. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

I have endeavored to aid you to form worthy conceptions of God, that when you turn your thoughts to him, he may shine upon your souls in the full orb'd radiance of his divine perfections, purifying your souls from all that is evil, and warming every virtue into life and activity. I have endeavored to illustrate his benignant Providence, and to show him as the Infinite Father of his creatures. In that glorious appellation, I have striven to make all mysteries plain, and to show, that even evil, as seen from the side next to God, is not all dark. It has its illuminated side too, when shone upon by the light which streams from the throne of the Eternal. It is reconcilable with perfect wisdom and perfect love.

I have preached Christ as I have found him exhibited in the Scriptures, not as God, or claiming the nature and the homage which belong to God, nor yet as interposing between us and God to introduce confusion into our conceptions of the divine unity and essence, but as the appointed Mediator, the Ambassador of God's mercy, the Revealer of his will, the Teacher and Example of a perfect life, our Forerunner into heaven, and the Pledge of immortality to man.

I have preached him as the Author and Finisher of our faith, the Founder of a perfect religion, destined gradually to develope itself in the minds, the hearts and the lives of men, and finally to spread over the whole earth, blessing every kingdom and nation, and tribe of mankind.

I have preached the Rectitude of Human Nature, that man was made in God's image, and that human nature has never changed. Individuals have debased and degraded themselves, and I have taught that the greatness of their sin was measured by the dignity of that nature which they humiliated, the clearness and strength of those moral perceptions which they violated, the sanctity of the religious convictions which they trampled under foot, and the possible happiness which they marred and blasted.

I have preached a future righteous retribution, in which all shall receive according to the deeds done in the body, whether they have been good, or whether they have been evil. I have taught that this retribution is inevitable, and that it begins now and here, in every pang of a wounded conscience, in every

emotion of shame, in every sigh of regret, in every shudder of apprehension, which the dark prospects of sin cause to the rash and presumptuous offender. I have taught that the path of the just, though hedged in with thorns, is as the rising light, which shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

I have preached the necessity of the Christian character and a Christian life. I have promised no man peace here, or happiness hereafter, without them. I have never prophesied smooth things, or professed to point out an easy path to heaven. I have ever said, that "without holiness no man can see the Lord." I have not preached a mere worldly morality, unaccompanied by any emotion of piety to God and benevolence to man. I have ever said, that the shortest way to morality is through religion, that the first of all duties is to get the heart right and keep it so, and then all duty will be easy and spontaneous. "Seek first the kingdom of God, and then all necessary things will be added unto you." To these doctrines I have trusted, with the assisting grace of God, for the formation of the Christian character. I have endeavored, as far as it lay in me, that no sabbath should pass over any of my hearers unimproved. I have striven so to preach, that no one should go from the house of God without deeper convictions of truth and duty, without a firmer faith in the reality of spiritual things, and a more serious purpose of leading a Christian life.

I have studied by all means to divorce religion forever from cant and superstition, and make men aware that religion does not consist in saying "Lord,

Lord, but in doing those things which Christ hath commanded," that a man has just as much religion as he has practical goodness and no more. The highest human attribute is integrity, and the best thing that can be said of any man is, that he may be depended on.

In pursuing this course of instruction, I have deviated neither to the right hand nor the left. I have consulted no time hallowed opinions, nor ancient prejudices. I have believed that there could be nothing better than the exact truth. It is truth which makes us free, both from the bondage of error, and the slavery of sin.

In the power and efficacy of the truth honestly exhibited, I have not been disappointed. Under its influence, I think I have seen a steadily increasing religious earnestness and sensibility. This is the most attentive audience that I have ever seen. And so far are we from religious pretension or grimace, that I do not know a single individual among us who would step out of his way to appear to the world a whit better, or other than he really is. Our communion is proportionally large, and it is a growing one. It has a due proportion of the young and the old. No doubtful expedients are resorted to to get people into it, and no terrors of superstition are called in to make it an oppression and a slavery.

In my judgment, a religious society thus constituted, rests on a solid and substantial foundation. It requires no artificial excitements, no ostentatious exhibitions, no temporary expedients to keep it alive. It subsists on the solid meat of the word of God, and

it must grow in grace, and in the knowledge and practice of all that is good.

I now turn to our relation to the world without. What have we done, and what are we doing for the spread of those doctrines and that form of Christianity which we regard as true and salutary to mankind? I answer, that there are no means by which we can measure this influence. It is an unchangeable law, that "the kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation, neither shall men say, Lo here or Lo there." "The kingdom of heaven is as a little leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened." It is compared to the growing grain, which appears, "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

There is no society in our whole denomination, in which so much has been done in the production of a Unitarian literature. The books and pamphlets which have here been given to the public, would constitute of themselves quite a theological library. But the difficulty has always been to find listeners and readers. There is a universal fear of examination. It is thought dangerous even to look into one of our books.

We work therefore to the greatest possible disadvantage. We have not the authority which always attaches to numbers. We are too honest and liberal to work on the fears of mankind, by assuring them that the only access to the kingdom of heaven is through our dogmas and our communion.

We are surrounded by propagandism on every side, always unfair and generally unscrupulous, which compasses sea and land to make a proselyte. We, I

hope, shall never become propagandists in the sectarian and odious sense of the word. But there is a sense in which we are bound in duty to be propagandists. We are bound, as it seems to me, to supply the means of information, as fast as there is a disposition to receive it.

There is at this moment, a general ferment among all denominations. Every sect is divided into two parties, one in favor of progress, the other contented to abide by the dogmas of the past. Such division must produce discussion, and discussion is all we want. It seems to me, therefore, that now is our time to redouble our diligence. We ought to be more aggressive and enterprising than we ever have been before. It appears to me, that there are unmistakable indications of a greater readiness to hear and read, than there ever have been before.

I know of nothing that can now be done on this our earth, nothing which so invites the rich man to employ his wealth, and the active man his energy, as the enterprise of spreading abroad in this land the pure and uncorrupted Gospel. This is the only country in which truth has had a fair opportunity. It is, in my judgment, of the highest importance, that Christianity as we understand it, should have a liberal support and an energetic administration in all our large cities, and especially in all great centres of population, commerce and travel. Thus it was at the commencement of the Gospel. Churches were established at the capital cities of the Roman Empire, Antioch, Ephesus, Corinth and Rome; and from them the whole world was evangelized and con-

verted to Christ. And so it will be here, if we have embraced the truth and are faithful to our mission. "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." "Let your light shine before men, and hide it not under a bushel."

I should be unfaithful to this occasion and fail to express my own feelings, were I to omit this day to commemorate the dead, and bring up before your minds our fellow worshippers who have passed away. A quarter of a century has swept away nearly a whole generation. Few, very few heads of families are left. O how vividly do they rise up in memory as I cast my eyes around within these walls. One after another, the hoary head has disappeared from the sanctuary of God. Other heads have whitened in the suns and snows of slow revolving years. The children of that day are now in middle life, and coming to worship with their children in the place where their fathers prayed. Their memories are precious, and no where more precious than in the house of God. They set a high value on their faith, and they made great sacrifices for it. They demonstrated that it was a sufficient guide in life and support in death.

It is good for us to remember them, especially in this place. Though dead, they yet speak to us, and if they could audibly address us from the spiritual world, doubtless they would assure us that the most precious of their earthly recollections are the hours of their communion with God, and of the enjoyment of his worship. They would say to us, "This is your day of enterprise and of action. Up and be doing. Labor while it is day, the night cometh, wherein no

man can work. The harvest is plenteous, the laborers are few."

"When you arrive at this world which is our eternal abode, the things which now absorb your minds and threaten to swallow up your affections, will seem less than the small dust of the balance, but every good thought, every holy act, every effort for truth and holiness, every cup of cold water ministered to the servants of God, will come to you as a breath of fragrance from the paradise of the blessed."

A

DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN

THE FIRST CHURCH, DORCHESTER,

On the Sunday

SUCCEEDING THE FUNERAL

OF

ROBERT THAXTER, M. D.

By NATHANIEL HALL.

B O S T O N :

EBENEZER CLAPP, JR.....184 WASHINGTON STREET.

Printed by David Clapp.

1852.

DORCHESTER, SUNDAY EVENING, FEB. 15, 1852.

REV. NATHANIEL HALL.

DEAR SIR,

A meeting of members of the First Parish and friends of the late Dr. THAXTER was holden this evening, to consider your sermon of this morning.

They feel grateful to you for your just and affectionate tribute to the life and character of our respected citizen, faithful friend and beloved physician, Dr. ROBERT THAXTER. They think such a notice of a man so widely known and highly esteemed, should be extended beyond the hour of its delivery, and that very many who were not of our parish or even of this town would like to read it and preserve it. They therefore request a copy for the press.

Very gratefully and respectfully,

EDWARD JARVIS,	} Committee.
SAMUEL DOWNER, JR.	
ISAAC CLAPP,	
JNO. H. ROBINSON,	
JOSEPH TUTTLE,	

DISCOURSE.

COLOSSIANS IV. 14.

"THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN."

THE words foretell and express my theme. I would speak to you of the "beloved physician," — not him long since of Rome, but him whom our own eyes have seen, our own hearts have loved — whom we are to see, alas, no more. He is in all our thoughts to-day: why, then, should he not be spoken of, even here? Why should not the pulpit accept the theme thus presented in the minds and hearts that have gathered around it, and make it, if it may, a theme for religious instruction and improvement? Such, I feel, it may be made; and that we could not better employ the time before us than in a direct contemplation of the life and character of him, who has just passed, beloved and lamented, from among us. Rarely, indeed — you will bear me witness — do I allow myself to speak

of character here in terms of eulogy. My reverence for the place and the occasion, my sense of duty and of propriety, forbid it to be otherwise. Imperfect as all are — too sadly so — it were better to look away from men, in our meditations here, to that perfect goodness, which has dwelt but in one on earth; away from the erring, though sincere, disciple, to the immaculate and glorious Master. Still, it may be well for us to contemplate, occasionally, the goodness that is nearer the level of our own, yet far above it; and which may be to us a more effective rebuke and incentive for the very imperfections that declare it human — human, and therefore attainable: and more especially when that goodness has had its walk among us, has gone out and come in before us, a long honored and familiar presence. Indeed, it seems but grateful to Him who gave and inspired it, to do this. *Then* to do it, when Death, in transferring it from the realm of perception to that of memory, has etherealized our conceptions of it; has separated the extraneous from the intrinsic, the interlaying dross of the fleshly nature from the pure gold of immortal character. Beautiful office which Death performs for human character! — enshrining it where it is thenceforward seen without the infirmities which here attended it, and which so greatly, through our self-love, or otherwise, obscured it to our view.

And who shall say that it is not a more just, as well as a kinder, estimate, we are thus led to form of human character? that, in the close contact with it which life enforces, and in the collision of tastes and opinions and interests, we are not prevented from the worthiest judgment? that it may not need the distance to which Death removes it, in order to be rightly seen and duly appreciated? Or is it but the transfiguring power of the affections? — that moonlight radiance with which they invest the image of the departed, and in which defects and deformities are softened and lost in the essential excellence.

Of him to whom I have referred, there are especial reasons urging me to speak. A resident among you for three and forty years, in the active and unremitted labors of a profession which brings its functionaries into intimate relationship with those they serve, and wins for them a personal interest and attachment; admitted, in the discharge of its offices, through all these years, in seasons of deep anxiety and of mortal peril, to your dwellings and bedsides, as one upon whose skill your dearest earthly hopes, under God, reposed; associated, thus, with your intensest experiences, alike of trembling fear and buoyant gladness, of joy at the advent into your home's circle of a new object for its love, and of anguish at the departing from it of the venerated and endeared; his image, woven thus into

the very fibres and heart of your domestic life — how could he pass away, and you not feel it? how could he, and I not speak of him?

But *how* shall I speak of him? How can I, thus publicly, at all, without a consciousness of rebuke in the thought of that sensitiveness, which shrank even from the most private commendation, and almost repelled the common expression of grateful indebtedness? And yet such rebuke, I feel, would be checked, in its instinctive rising, by that benevolence which ever merged the thought of self in a desire to serve and benefit others.

How, then, shall I speak of him? Not as his professed biographer or eulogist: not in the pretension of giving, with aught of completeness, a sketch of his history or a delineation of his character. I have neither that knowledge of his earlier life, nor have I enjoyed that measure of intimacy with him, which would lead me to feel justified in attempting it. My purpose is, simply, to offer to your notice such points in his outward life as have chanced to become known to me, and some of those characteristic moral traits, which were too strikingly obvious not to be apprehended by those who have been, for any length of time, in his society and neighborhood, and which were too remarkable and rare, in the degree of their activity and strength, to be suffered to pass without a reverent recognition.

Our departed friend entered life on the twenty-first day of October, of that memorable year in our American annals, 1776, in the town of Hingham, Ms. His father was a physician there, of high repute, and in wide and successful practice. The oldest of five children, his boyhood was passed in the bosom of a happy home ; into which Death, however, more than once entered, putting infant forms to their unawaking sleep. At the age of eighteen he entered Harvard College, one of a class which boasts some of the distinguished names of our community — a Channing, a Tuckerman, a Story. Graduating in 1798, he commenced, in his native village, and beneath the instruction of his father, the study of his profession — the profession of his early choice, and his latest love. And if, as is probable, a natural taste and preference, fostered and increased by that familiarity with its functions and employments in which his youth was passed, inclined him to its choice, it was, we are sure, confirmed and hallowed by a filial reverence and affection, which would have gone far to make a father's occupation his own, even had it been naturally distasteful to him ; a filial reverence and affection, let me add, which suffered no decay with the departure of its object and the flight of years, but beautified his character to the last — disclosing itself, though indirectly and incidentally, as a living and commanding presence, even beneath

the chill shadows of age; and in view of which it was fitting and kind that his form in death should have been borne to that paternal sepulchre, to sleep side by side with its honored dust. Nor, among the various motives which may have influenced him in the choice of his profession, can we doubt that one, of no inconsiderable prominence, was in the opportunities it affords for doing good. As a position of usefulness he most loved it, if as such he did not, in part, elect it. Not for its revenues, nor its distinctions, did he toil in it, even into old age, falling at last a martyr in his devotion to it, but for the field it opened to him whereon to serve and bless his fellow beings. It was to him — so he viewed, and so made it — a noble profession. And such, in truth, it is. Notwithstanding all the disrepute which vulgar and sordid aims have brought upon it — as they have, indeed, more or less, upon all professions; notwithstanding the impositions which have been, and are, practised, beneath its shelter, upon men's ignorance and credulity; notwithstanding the false theories and harmful errors which have found place within it — and in what department of human science or activity have there not been these? — it is yet a noble, and should be an honored, profession. So long as man is made subject to injury and disease; so long as a perfect knowledge of this delicate and

complex structure which enshrines the spirit, and of those secrets of healing power which God has locked up in his natural creations, can be obtained but by a devoted and exclusive study of them ; so long, in a word, as bodily health and soundness is the great blessing of a mortal existence, upon whose presence other and higher blessings are so often made contingent — so long must the profession of which I speak have an intrinsic importance and honorableness which few beside can justly claim.

After practising for several years in his native town, Dr. Thaxter, in the year 1809, established himself here. He had already, as I learn, attained to some considerable distinction as a learned and skilful practitioner — a distinction which was by no means lessened by his removal to this nearer vicinity to the metropolis — whose most distinguished physicians accorded him, then as afterwards — alike for his enlarged and liberal professional views, and his manly simplicity and integrity of character — their confidence and respect. The field of his practice, for many years after his removal here, included the neighborhood of his earlier residence ; many who had known him as their physician there, being unwilling to relinquish him for another, and some of them retaining him, with a constancy of attachment which speaks of something more and better than professional worth, so long as they lived. His circuit of

practice became thus a widely-extended one ; so much so, that, as calls multiplied at its centre, he gradually, as a necessity, contracted it, to the exclusion, at length, with some few exceptions, of all but his immediate neighborhood ; his going out of it being, mainly, to meet calls for consultation, which, in the latter portion of his life, were very many. In contracting the surface over which his labors spread, he by no means lessened the sum of them. They have been, from the beginning, arduous and incessant, to an extent which few, probably, have had experience of, and which few could have endured ; his originally sound constitution, and an invariable simplicity of living, enabling him to undergo, with seeming impunity, a vast amount of exertion and exposure. For more than thirty years he was undetained, by bodily disability, from a single patient. No weather, no distance, no previous fatigue, no indisposition which left ability of motion, prevented him in the performance of his professional duty. Even in some of the severest nights of this present winter, did he promptly respond to the calls made upon him ; never pleading himself, nor suffering others for him, one of the many excuses to which he was so well entitled. And, beside the physical exertion incident to his duties, was the intense mental anxiety, which, not unfrequently, attended them. Whether it had its origin in a

sense of professional responsibility alone, or partly in a feeling more tender and humane, he had, certainly, large experience of it. Truly and greatly did he suffer with his suffering patients. In no unmeaning sense did he bear their sicknesses.—Few live so exclusively in and for their profession. Its interests were to him the absorbing ones; its work, his only work. Most men have objects of pursuit beside the main one; bye-paths, alongside the broad one of their calling, into which they occasionally retreat, for the indulgence of some taste, or the accomplishment of some private or public end. It was otherwise with him. He was strictly the physician. He, at no time, held office in town or State; though ever a good and reliable citizen. He took no active part in politics; though he had his opinions, and was true to them, at the polls and elsewhere. To the many subjects that, one after another, arrest and excite the popular mind, he was comparatively indifferent. His thoughts, his conversation, his reading, his studies, his powers of body and mind, his time, his life, were given—not to say wholly, to a degree the most remarkable—to his profession.

His life, as he desired, was one of labor to its close. His hope, often of late expressed, that he might not outlive his usefulness, was graciously fulfilled. He labored to the last; keeping manfully

at bay — touchingly, as we see it now — the threatening infirmities of age, by his resolute determination and self-denying activity. His sickness, contracted by attendance upon a poor foreigner, was of about a week's continuance. It brought him but little, if any, suffering; inducing a lethargic state, which continued, with occasional and short intervals of wakefulness — intervals, also, of perfect consciousness — until, by a slight struggle, his mortal life was closed. He, who had stood over so many death-beds, had come at last to his own. He who had arrested for so many the progress of disease, had no skill that could save himself. His hour had come; and not to him, we believe, unwelcomely.

His profession, I said, was his life. To it he had given the freshness and prime of manhood; to it, amidst failing senses, but an unfailing heart, he gave all the energies which age had spared him; upon its altar — say, rather, upon the altar of Humanity and Duty — literally and truly, did he offer himself up. His profession was his life. And may it not have been kindly ordered — kindly for him — that the mortal arrow by which he fell, should have been received in the conscientious exercise of its functions? Surely, it *was* kindly ordered, that the candle of his life should go out by the sudden gusts of disease, instead of burning on, lower and lower in its socket, into bodily helplessness and intellectual eclipse.

On a gentle eminence, swept by his native airs, his form reposes ; that form, which, many a time to come, we shall all but see — so familiar has it been to us. The snows of winter are above and around it ; but not they shall be the emblem of our regard for him ; rather, the fragrant greenness with which summer shall displace them. And snows and verdure shall mark the flight of many a year above his silent dust, before his image shall lose its freshness to our memory, or the record of his kindnesses grow dim upon our hearts.

Let me now speak, more particularly, of some of his characteristic traits. And one — and it is that which seems to me to have been the prominent and commanding one of his character, as it is that by which we shall most love to remember him — was a disinterested kindness — an habitual overlooking of himself, in his desire to render to another a needed service. How many can testify to this ! How many the services, which, at personal inconvenience and discomfort, he has done for those who had no claim upon him but that of their humanity ; and who, as he well knew, could render him nothing in return, save thanks — if even these they would ! How many the services, extra-professional, which he has voluntarily rendered, in purest kindness and compassion, because there was no

other who could, or who would, perform them ; services, in themselves, perhaps, distasteful and revolting, and made tolerable only by the approving witness of conscience and the heart ! How many sufferers in homes of poverty have received from him a constancy and fidelity of attention and care, which to none could be exceeded, and which would probably have been less to those who had wherewith to reward him, and could command for themselves services that the former could not ! How many a just and looked-for demand has he generously withheld — amounting, aggregately, to thousands — because, though the will, as he knew, was good to meet them, the ability was small ! How many have asked, again and again, for the sum of his charges against them, and always in vain, because he saw that, through feebleness or age, they were needing for themselves the little they possessed ! Many, many, I doubt not, have been his deeds of mercy, of which He only who “seeth in secret,” and their humble recipients, know. Truly did he fulfil the injunction — “When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.” One of his last acts abroad, while feeling within him the approaches of his fatal sickness, was a distant visit of kindness and charity, whose pecuniary result a private memorandum alone disclosed. He kept from view not only

the specific deed, but, in a great measure, and to the degree of its fulness certainly, the feeling which gave it birth. Both the meandering rill and its gushing fountain were shaded from observation; enough for him, if God saw them, and man was made happier by them. For the stranger, and for some who were not such, it was difficult to believe in the heart of tenderness that was in him. You were led to question, at times, from the absence of its usual betokenings, the existence of the kindness, which, at that very moment, was warmly glowing beneath that seeming coldness, and which would then have revealed itself, had occasion offered, in the doing of a needed service, though it could not be tempted into the utterance of an unneeded word.

That this peculiarity was a fault, none, surely, would have the heart to say. That, to the degree it existed in him, it was a misfortune, all, I think, will admit; that there was less pleasure and satisfaction, by it, from his society and friendship; that it prevented, with many, a true estimate of his worth, and that tribute, consequently, of respect and esteem, which was so justly his due. Most men, perhaps, are estimated, as regards character, for more than they are intrinsically worth: they seem to others, and take pains to seem, better than they really are. The former extreme may be the worse;

but either is bad. Better, to seem what we are ; to endeavor to hide, neither a failing, through an overweening desire for others' approval, nor a virtue, through an indifference to it. Better for virtue — for its possessor's happiness, and for its own good name — that it bear its own acknowledged likeness ; that it be seen and hailed, in its daily walk, as the heavenly presence which indeed it is ; that it take to itself a body befitting its celestial nature. But, after all, what is the body to the soul ? The essential thing is the quality, the virtue — inward, vital, pure. Whatever relates to mere externals is of smallest moment, compared with this. He who bears within him a genuine disinterestedness, leading him to do whatever his hands find to do of kindness and help ; who regards not, as a motive of action, human commendation, but seeks only to do good, in the love of goodness ; to make others happier, for their own sakes, and not that the deed may be reflected back upon himself, in favors or acknowledgments, — he is the man whom the universal heart, whenever it knows him, must respect and love. And such will be known. Earlier or later, however hidden beneath a rough exterior, however secretly their deeds are done, such will be known ; and all the more readily will the heart leap to do them justice, because of the injustice it may have done them, though unwittingly, in its earlier judg-

ments. It is a striking, and an instructive fact, one both for encouragement and for warning—that, sooner or later, *character*, be it good or bad; the real, substantial, inward character, declares itself, and receives its just estimate, in the world, and before men. “There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed.”—I have spoken of disinterestedness as a leading trait in the character of him who has just gone from us. It was, says one who best should know, conspicuous in his boyhood. Then did he begin to live for others; to think of those around him first, and himself last; to find his pleasure in serving whom he could. Even then did the bud appear of that sacred flower, which has expanded so widely since, and exhaled its fragrance for so many hearts; and which has gone, now, to bloom, with new and brighter lustres, in the upper gardens of the Lord.

The other trait of which I would speak, as marking the character of our departed friend—or, rather, class of traits—is a downright honesty, an unaffected candor, a single-hearted sincerity, a perfect truthfulness, an old-fashioned—alas! must we call it?—simplicity of conduct and speech. So strongly did these qualities characterize him, that the very abstract statement of them seems almost to bring him before us. He had no guile, no falsehood, no hypocrisy. He scorned the faintest sem-

blance of deceit. There was truth in his heart; there was truth upon his lips. He affected nothing. Or if in any thing he was other than he seemed, it was, as already intimated, in a virtue, and not a fault. If aught in the inner man lacked its true index in the outward, it was the goodness that was there; and this was not through a conscious purpose, but rather a natural infelicity. Speech, with him, had but one office,—to express his actual thought; to declare the simple truth, as it lay in his own mind; not to conceal it, not to mystify, not to adorn, but only to declare it. He cast about for no choiceness of phrase in which to express himself, but took the simplest and directest that came to his mind. He gave but few words—we may think too few—to the conventional courtesies of life; fewer still to its empty trivialities; none whatever to its mean concealments and evasive arts. He respected the feeling rather than the expression of courtesy. It was with him in heart, rather than in manner or tongue; a genuine friendliness, with naught of an enforced cordiality. They who have enjoyed his hospitality will testify how they have seen forgotten the plainness—shall I say bluntness—of the form, in their assurance of the heartiness of the thing. There was a simplicity about him, which, even in its approaches, at times, to something like rudeness, was not without its charm;

for you saw that it answered to an inward grace,— a singleness of purpose and of aim. His peculiarities were not eccentricities. He did not adopt them for the sake of notoriety. He had too much manliness, too much freedom from self-regard, to have allowed of this.

His sincerity and candor had no limits or hiding-places in the politic and the expedient. He would not conceal what he felt to be the truth, even for the sake of others' feelings ; and yet it was from no lack of pitying kindness, but from an honesty that knew not how to dissemble; from a soul whose vernacular was truth. In opposition to his own interests, no less than to others' feelings ; in utter recklessness, or, more probably, thoughtlessness, as to any effect it might have upon his professional standing, would he be strictly true to the conviction of his mind. Few of his calling would feel that they could afford to make the admissions, as to the limitations of its knowledge and skill, which dropped from him naturally and carelessly, because he believed them true. He would not stand — he could not — nor would he have his profession, on any false or factitious grounds, but on those only of reality and fact ; and if so they could not, he was willing that both he and it should fall. Doubtless he suffered, in some ways — and was aware that he did — by his honesty and truthfulness. There are so many who

court deception — so much of it, at least, as shall confirm their hope, or flatter their self-esteem — that he who will have none of it, must give disappointment, if not offence. And strong indeed must be his love of sincerity and truth, who, seeing the desire, and knowing the reward, yet declines to gratify it. The truthfulness that bends to nothing, must expect to be misunderstood and misnamed ; to have its erectness and inflexibleness referred to a less worthy than their actual source. That there is an extreme in this direction, which, being needless, is to be avoided ; that there may be truth in the inward parts, and a most loyal allegiance to it, in word and manner, and, at the same time, a certain deference and regard for the harmless conventionalities, and gentle courtesies, and genial amenities of social life, — this is to be allowed and considered. But who does not feel that the danger, with most, is in the opposite direction ? And amidst the artificialness and falseness which so abound, the duplicities and pretences, the smooth speech and unmeaning civilities, it is refreshing and delightful to see the man whose word is simply true ; whose language means just what it expresses ; who has no masks, no concealments, no subterfuges ; who turns never aside, however others may, from the straightforward path of honesty and integrity ; who, while his heart is warm with a true benevolence, and ready to sacri-

fice personal interests to its dictates, will never, for any being, or any purpose, sacrifice or compromise the truth.

There is one other trait, which ought not to be omitted in any delineation, however general, of the character of our departed friend, — and that is, his reverence for times and places consecrated to religious worship and instruction; a reverence savoring not in the least of superstition, or a narrow religiousness, but intelligent and wise; in part, perhaps, a result of early culture and association, but more a cherished sentiment and principle of his life. That growing disregard for the institutions of religion, which is to be seen around us; that notion that all times and places are alike sacred, which so often ends, if it does not originate, in a practical regard for none as such, in view of religious ends, — found no countenance, in act or word, from him. Even in the matter of uncovering his head as he crossed the threshold of the house of prayer, he was noticeably particular — a thing too trivial to be named, except as the expression of an inward grace. Although the number and nature of his duties would have furnished plausible excuses for non-attendance on the services of public worship, his absence from them was extremely rare, and only where cases of sudden illness or injury compelled it. As a habit of his life, he scrupu-

lously avoided all professional labor on Sunday, both at home and abroad, which could possibly have have been anticipated, or could be deferred. Against the custom, which he found existing among his brethren, of selecting that day for "consultations," he set himself, when first called to take part in them, with an impracticable opposition. Both upon the stated services of the sanctuary, and the great ordinance of Christianity, he was an habitual and reverential attendant.

Thus, imperfectly, but not, I trust, untruly, have I sketched the character of our "beloved physician"; a character strongly marked, both by virtues and peculiarities — whose virtues were genuine; whose peculiarities, innocent; whose failings and deficiencies himself and his God know better than man.

And now, rising above all that is personally afflictive in it, what is the true feeling which the passing away of such a life should call up within us? That — is it not? — of *thankfulness*, to the Almighty Giver, for the blessing, which, early and late, to itself and others, it was made to be; thankfulness, for the work wrought upon it, by the Spirit of God and the discipline of earth, and for the work itself wrought around it, of comfort and help; thankfulness, that, through the years and changes of its lengthened way, amidst its cares and duties and

responsibilities, it was so informed and guided by a holy principle: and for itself, *congratulation* — that its work is finished, its conflicts over, its reward secure; congratulation, at that word of approving welcome, which, we doubt not, has gone forth to meet it — and in the sweet joy of which all human commendation is unthought of and unheard — “Well done, good and faithful servant.”

Oh, better than monuments of sculptured marble, is that which has its foundations in human hearts; the one shall crumble at the touch of time, the other is immortal as that whereon it rests. Who would not rather have the tribute which waited around that coffined dust, in moistened eye and heaving breast, than any that ever echoed from the trump of Fame? Who would not rather have *that* his epitaph, which has fallen, irrepressibly, from so many lips, in reference to that ascended one — “He was a good man,” than any which the proudest mausoleum ever bore?

THE CHRISTIAN SCHOLAR.

A

DISCOURSE

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

FIRST PARISH IN CAMBRIDGE,

ON THE

SUNDAY FOLLOWING THE DEATH

OF

MR. ANDREWS NORTON,

SEPTEMBER 25, 1853.

BY WILLIAM NEWELL.

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“THE minds which go forth from privacy to act with strong moral power upon thousands and ten thousands of other minds, are the real agents in advancing the character of man and improving his condition. They are instruments of the invisible operations of the Spirit of God.”

ANDREWS NORTON.

DISCOURSE.

"JESUS SAID UNTO HER, I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE: HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE: AND WHOSOEVER LIVETH AND BELIEVETH IN ME SHALL NEVER DIE." — John xi. 25, 26.

FROM the tower of Mount Auburn I looked down on clustering villages, filled with a busy population, and on a smiling landscape, waving with golden harvests. Bathed in the glad sunshine, "the trees of the wood rejoiced before the Lord," while the waters of the winding river danced and sparkled in its beams. I heard the husbandman singing as he worked, and the merry calls of children at play. For a time death and the dead were forgotten. I saw only the garden of the Lord; the sepulchre in the midst of the garden was hidden under the embowering trees.

But, as I gazed, sudden shadows fell upon the earth; a funeral train passed through the dim aisles of the forest sanctuary. Mingling with the brightness of the scenery below, heavy clouds came creeping over the firmament, or hung low in the horizon, muttering

and threatening. Breaking in upon the cheerful sounds of prosperous labor, and the glad tones of social merriment and childhood's joyous shout ringing through the earth, mournful voices came sighing and sobbing on every breeze to the quick ear of the listening soul. I seemed to hear from the four winds of heaven the echoes of the funeral knell; and the low wail of bereavement from the multitudes all over the earth, in cottage and palace, who were bidding their dear ones the last farewell. "There was a garden; but in the midst of the garden a sepulchre," — and Mary weeping at the tomb.

Like the flower-decked monuments of the dead, hiding themselves under the green leaves, Death nestles unseen in the heart of this stirring life. Sooner or later, in every place, his presence is felt, or the rustling of his wing is heard. Sooner or later, in every family, he claims his own. Since the dawn of this Sabbath morn, on how many tearful eyes has the sun shone! How many anxious watchers have welcomed the breaking light! How many are now ceasing to hope! And how many, under their ministrations of love, or perchance alone and forsaken, are at this moment passing from the earth! And under what varied forms of accident and disease, in what strikingly contrasted conditions of age, of fortune, and of all that makes up the outer and the inner life!

This mysterious change which we call Death, often nearest when it seems most distant, passing by the

aged and the infirm to the vigorous and the young, coming in infinitely varied shapes, and at times known only to Him who knoweth all, is ever hovering about our steps, a dread spectre that we would fain keep out of our sight and out of our thoughts. And entering, as it does, only at intervals into each habitation, it leaves us to slumber on, heedless of its coming, at least willing to believe that it will be long delayed. But none of us can escape, even if we would, the frequent monitions of its presence and its might. As we follow one by one to the grave the friends and companions of our youth, as we resign some cherished object of affection and hope, as the little circle of the most dearly loved is broken in upon by a hand which no human art can arrest, as the larger circle which surrounds us shows in its continually falling links the touches of its resistless power, we begin to feel, and as we grow older to feel more and more, the solemn uncertainties amidst which we live.

There are heathen moods of mind, gloomy seasons of the soul, in which a funeral pall seems to drop down on this fair universe, and the green earth looks to us only like a vast cemetery, half hidden with verdure and flowers, covering the dead millions that have already passed away, and waiting to receive the living millions that follow in their steps. The darkness of death settles thick upon it, as it did in the eyes of the weeping sisters and friends who were gathered around the tomb of Lazarus. But Jesus Christ comes

to us with his message of good news, and all is changed.

“The morning breaks ; the shadows flee.”

We see the smiling sunshine of God's love, rising over the night of the tomb. The glorious Gospel comes to transfigure the world, and to fill it with bright hopes that have the seal of God. It illumines life and changes the aspect of death. It brings heavenly consolation to the mourner, and promises him reunion with the friend who is gone. For it tells us, that, “though dead, yet shall he live.” It ministers support in the prospect of death. For it tells us that “who-soever liveth and believeth in Christ shall *never* die.”

Bending over the tomb of one whose life seemed to be the half of our own, or looking forward through the shortening years to the hour in which we also shall lie down in the last sleep, the words of Christ to his mourning disciple at Bethany come to us with a consoling and uplifting power, for which we cannot be too grateful to him and to the Father who sent him.

This consoling and uplifting power in all its fulness was received and felt by that Christian scholar, our revered townsman and fellow-worshipper, whose life on earth, all too short for our wishes and hopes, has just passed away. O that it might be received and felt by us all, as it was received and felt by him !

The words of Christ at the tomb of his friend bring up the image of my own friend freshly before me, as I

well remember with what force they came from his lips, with what suggestive emphasis he repeated them to his pupils, and with what a calm, solemn eloquence, peculiar to himself, out of the depths of a conviction that seemed to pervade his whole being, he drew out and enforced the grand ideas in the text. "He that liveth and believeth in me shall *never* die." There is no death at all, — only what appears to be death, — death to the outer shell of the man, but no death to the man. And no death, even in prospect, to the believer in Christ, who has made his Master's words the life of his soul and the light of his way. Most surely the promise of the text has been fulfilled in him whom we have lost. For if there has ever been one, since the days of Paul, who believed in the Lord Jesus with his whole mind and heart and strength, it was he. It was no half-way persuasion, no superficial, carelessly received belief, caught from the atmosphere around him, and contentedly acquiesced in as the tradition handed down from the venerated past. His faith in Christianity, so strong and so thorough, penetrating his whole nature and coloring all his views of life and duty, was a faith resting on deep, adamantine foundations. It was the mature result of patient thought, of large investigation, of original research, of comprehensive study. And the faith of such a man adds another testimony, were it needed, to the multitude of testimonies that have come down to us from the great names of the past, to the divinity of

the religion under which it is our privilege (let it not be at length our condemnation) to live. He was not one who took his opinions on trust; or followed tradition as his law; or bowed to ecclesiastical authority as his master. He thought, and spoke, and acted for himself. His testimony was an independent and individual testimony to the claims of the religion in which he so devoutly believed. The faith of such a man has a meaning, and carries a weight with it, which is not to be easily set aside. And this faith was the key to his life; — the motive power which urged him on to the critical and theological labors on which his strength was chiefly spent. He believed in Christ as the perfect Teacher, sent by God in his infinite mercy to reveal and bear witness to the Truth, as the perfect example in which that truth as it bears upon human life and human duty is embodied. He believed the Gospel, as it is to be found in its purity in the sacred records, unadulterated by church traditions and the inventions of a false philosophy and the glosses of a narrow and erroneous interpretation, — the Gospel of Christ, and not the Gospel of Calvin, — the Gospel as it came fresh from heaven, in its own native beauty and power, he believed to be God's most precious gift to the children of men, the most worthy of our study, our obedience, and our love. And under this conviction, he felt it to be the work of his life, — the work which with his gifts and opportunities God invited him to do, — and the work to which his own heart,

grateful for the high boon of Heaven and feeling the obligation to preserve and to impart it, was ever prompting him, — to defend the Christian revelation, not only against its accusers and adversaries, but against the wounds dealt by its friends ; not only against the assaults of bold or secret infidelity without, but against the undesigned but real treachery within. With a jealous care for the safety of the priceless treasure, he stood on the watch to keep it intact, on which side soever the enemy might approach ; with prophetic eye he saw the danger and sounded the alarm ; and by his words of wisdom, not always heeded as they should have been, he threw new bulwarks around the faith which he loved with a strength of feeling proportioned to his strength of mind.

I do not propose to enter into any minute account, which time would hardly allow, of his theological and literary labors, or of his controversial writings. But some general notice of them is due to his memory. His great work on “the Genuineness of the Gospels” will be a lasting monument of his intellectual ability and his patient, conscientious research, and one of the standard contributions to the evidences of our Christian faith, which will go down to posterity in company with those of the greatest names in this department of Christian learning and genius. It is an honor to our country of which we have quite as much reason to be proud, as of other

illustrious achievements by other pens in more popular and better appreciated, but certainly not higher or more useful, subjects of human thought. Time and death will give it consecration. The world will at length acknowledge its high merits, and it will take, in the estimation of the many, the place which it already holds in the estimation of the few, who have the leisure, the capacity, and the taste for the inquiries with which it deals. Its author did not compose it for a temporary use, nor expect from it the kind of honor or popularity which follows much smaller power and easier labor in other fields of mental action. The historian, the poet, the orator, rise at once into the upper sky of a nation's admiration, and their names become world-renowned. The great theologian, the profound thinker, the retired scholar, elaborating in his study the noblest products of thought, and establishing truths of the most vital importance to the highest interests of man, must, like Kepler, wait his time. Sooner or later that time will come, and the tardy verdict of the world will crown his name with its laurel wreath.

There is another work, unpublished, but, as I understand, in a finished state, and yet to be given, I trust, to the world,—delayed as it has been, partly by the ill health, partly by the conscientious thoroughness of the author,—on which the last labors of his life were spent. All who sympathized with him in his views of Christian doctrine, and who knew his eminent qualifi-

cations for the task, in his intellectual power, his critical acumen, his rare and finished scholarship, his straightforward good sense, his disciplined habits of thought, as well as in his deep religious feeling,—not less necessary to a true interpretation of the holy word,—have been long looking for it with eager expectation, trembling lest sickness or death should leave it unfinished. I mean a translation of the Gospels, and a commentary upon them, such as no other man among us could give, and such as will throw new light on many portions of the New Testament, which, dark as they sometimes are, even in the original, to a reader of this day, have been made doubly dark under an imperfect version, and through the mists of a false interpretation and a false theology. I cannot doubt that the posthumous work to which I refer will raise its author, even in the minds of those who differ from him, to a still higher rank among the critical and theological writers of our country, and, in the view of the liberal Christian, will entitle him to a still stronger claim upon the gratitude of the world.

Our own denomination, as you already know, are under peculiar obligations to him, not only for various articles of masterly power, contributed by him, in the early stages of the Unitarian controversy, to the religious periodicals of the time, but for a volume more recently published, especially devoted to the confutation of what we believe, as he believed, to be an erroneous system of faith, and to the explanation of those

passages of the New Testament on which, misinterpreted, that system was founded, or to which it appeals for support. His "Statement of Reasons for not believing the Doctrines of Trinitarians concerning the Nature of God and the Person of Christ," is a mine of clear and forcible reasoning, of critical learning and sound exposition, in which all thinking men, and especially the class of minds for which it was designed, will find abundant materials for thought, and the strongest arguments, both from reason and Scripture, for the positions he undertakes to maintain.

More recently, he wrote and published his views respecting the modern anti-supernaturalism which, coming from abroad, had begun to make its appearance in this country. He wished to expose what he called "the latest form of infidelity" in its true light, and to put the Church and the community on their guard against it. His severity against Straussism and its rationalistic kindred, like his severity against Calvinism, was the severity of an honest conviction, as honestly expressed, of the pernicious tendencies of the views that he opposed. He believed them, not only to be wholly unsound, but to be, whether so designed or not, hostile to Christianity, betraying it, like Judas, with a kiss.

In all these works, and in whatever he has left us upon those subjects which were always nearest to his heart, and which he deemed the noblest themes of human study, the worthiest of one's best strength, and

the most important in their influence on the virtue and happiness of men, we find the same strongly marked qualities, bearing the image of the man ; the same calm but deep tone of religious feeling ; the same exalted seriousness of view, as that of a man standing in sight of God and on the borders of eternity ; the same high moral standard ; the same transparent clearness of statement ; the same logical closeness of reasoning ; the same quiet earnestness of conviction ; the same sustained confidence in his conclusions, resting as they did, or as he meant they should, on solid grounds and fully examined premises ; the same minute accuracy and finish ; the same strict truthfulness and sincerity, saying nothing for mere effect. And the style is in harmony with the thought : pure, chaste, lucid, aptly expressive, unaffected, uninvolved English undefiled, scholarly, yet never pedantic, strong, yet not hard or dry ; and, when the subject naturally called for it, clothing itself in the rich hues and the beautiful forms of poetic fancy, that illumined, while it adorned, his thought.

The works of this eminent man will be always valuable, not only for the treasures of learning which they contain, and the light which they throw on questions of the deepest importance to every thinking man and every Christian theologian, but for the instructive example which they present of rare virtues, never more needed than in this age of hurry and excitement. They furnish lessons to the scholar and the student

which he will do well to ponder and profit by ; — lessons of patience, of persevering research, of scrupulous accuracy, of thorough and independent investigation, and of a conscientious slowness in the publication of facts and opinions, which can be properly established only by long and diligent inquiry. He did not believe in any intuitional knowledge, — knowledge snatched up in a day and by hasty glances into the written or the unwritten page of truth ; he did not believe that there is any royal road to solid and trustworthy learning, — any road to it except the old one, as old as man, — the beaten path of patient study, toiling on day after day, year after year. He believed with Newton, himself the example of what he said, that it is by concentration and fixedness of thought, by intent devotion to its subject, more than by native genius, that the best and greatest results are to be wrought out. He thought it much better to do a little, and to do it well and thoroughly, than to do a great deal poorly. He was, therefore, in no hurry to throw off into the seething world a multitude of books. He had no ambition to shine as a writer and to keep himself in the world's eye. Apparently, he was quite indifferent to the kind of fame to which so many aspire. He had nobler aims. He cherished a wiser ambition. He cared little for present popularity. He wrote for permanent effect and lasting usefulness. And thus year after year passed away in the faithful endeavor to give greater completeness to the work

before him, or to verify its statements, or to supply some missing link in the argument, or to correct some minor blemish that might have crept in, until he could in some degree satisfy his severe taste, his high sense of responsibility, and his conscientious love of the perfect truth. It is easy enough to make a book ; but he wished to make a book worth making and worth keeping. And this, to one of so high a standard, of so fastidious a taste, of so self-exacting a love of accuracy and completeness, and of so conscientious a purpose, was not easy. But the slow ripening of his mental harvests was amply compensated by the final richness of the product. It would be well in this surfeiting age of half-made books, if more would follow the example.

But Mr. Norton was not only a learned critic, an accomplished theologian, a powerful controversialist, a most able and zealous defender of the Christian revelation, a profound and original expositor both of the external and internal evidences of its divine character ; he was also one of the pioneers of literary progress in this country, a man of letters, of very varied knowledge, and generally cultivated tastes, interested in the advancement of all good learning. He was a strong and graceful writer on other subjects besides those which formed the chief occupation of his life ; of fine poetic talent also, occasionally exercised in his earlier days and in his intervals of leisure, but only enough to give a glimpse of the wealth within. The

few specimens which he has left behind are gems of rare beauty, finished of their kind. Apart from their beauty of thought and expression, they all have a higher value derived from a higher source. They all breathe the same pure, elevated spirit, the same deep religious feeling, the same devout filial trust, the same profound sense of the nearness of God and of eternal things.

One of them you are already familiar with as a favorite hymn, often sung in our churches, as it has been this morning in our own, — a hymn of Christian resignation, which has softened and soothed many a grief-stricken spirit. He did a good greater than he could know, when he wrote it out of his own experience to be as angel-music to the mourner. It is but a short time since an aged parishioner, then under the rack of a painful and long protracted disease, expressed to me, with tears in his eyes, his gratitude to the author, personally unknown to him, for the comfort which it had given him, and his admiration of the touching lines, which he was never weary of repeating, and which were often in his mind and on his lips in the long watches of the silent night.* They have endeared the writer's name to many all over the land who never saw him. His "Lines written after a Summer Shower," — well known, I hope, to most of you, beginning with the words,

* Mr. Norton had frequent and gratifying expressions from various quarters to the same effect.

“ The rain is o’er ! How dense and bright
 Yon pearly clouds reposing lie !
 Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
 Contrasting with the dark blue sky ! ” —

are among the most exquisite in the language. Almost the last verses * which he wrote were composed, at my suggestion, for a hymn to be sung at the dedication of this house of worship. It gives the occasion an added interest in my mind, as I look back.

Whenever we read the scattered effusions of his Christian Muse, we are tempted to lament that he has left us so few of these polished diamonds of thought, till we remember that he was in quest of other and larger treasures, hidden deeper in the mine. He had but one life to work with, — and it must select its prize and leave the rest, however fair and sweet, untouched, or with but a passing glance and touch. And yet the little which he did in this way shows how much good even a little well done may do, when moulded into beautiful forms. If there were time, I do not know that I could better employ it on this occasion, or with sweeter and more solemn religious impressions, than in repeating to you some of the short poems to which I refer. It was the delight of his pupils to read and to recite them. But I must pass on to what is much higher in the sight of God than any work of genius, however splendid, or any product of thought, however elaborate and mature.

* See Appendix, p. 28.

His character and his life were marked by the high virtues, — the fruits of a Christian faith, — whose rich aroma breathes through his written works.

“ His youth was innocent ; his riper age
 Marked with some acts of goodness, every day ;
 And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage
 Faded his late declining years away.
 Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
 To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.”

The partiality of friendship and the dimming tears that creep into the eyes over the graves of those whom we have long loved and revered, as grateful and tender recollections of the past come up out of the hazy vista of years gone by, may sometimes half blind us in our estimate of what they were, and of what they did. But false eulogy, or overstrained, I hope never to indulge in : knowingly, I never will. It is a poor tribute to the memory of a good and true man, and one which a good and true man, like him who is gone, will not thank us for, where he is.

To say that he had none of those infirmities which, to use his own words, “ have clung to the best and wisest,” would be ascribing to him a perfection which has belonged to but one who has lived on the earth. To say that he never erred in opinion or in action would be to say what no man can venture to say of himself or of any other. Certainly he, who was truth itself, would claim no such exemption from human frailty. On the other hand, in our judgments of others,

both the living and the dead, we are quite as apt to err on the side of intolerance as of false charity. What we want is the simple truth. And this we cannot always see, because we cannot look into the heart. The outside appearance may deceive us, and show us a man much better or much worse than he is. It is only the nearest friends who can see the whole, and truly judge. Certain peculiarities of temperament or manner may at first and for a time convey a false impression ; — till a closer view shows that what seemed to be defects of mind or of heart are only defects of the body, — wholly on the outside, — and for which one is as little accountable as for the color of his skin or the shape of his head. We must learn to think less of the form and more of the substance, to look at the great and noble and pure soul, in its substantial and pervading beauty and goodness, instead of seeking and dwelling upon some minor flaw, that seems, and perhaps only seems, to mar its brightness.

It is good for us to remember and to gaze upon the nobler features of the dead, who have gone up ; upon those prominent and characteristic excellences whose general brightness suffuses the memory of the departed ; and while we gaze, to bring their best influence to bear upon our own souls, to be the light of our own way. In him whose loss we now mourn, and on whose life we now look back with a gratitude that will be felt most deeply by those who knew him best, there were virtues which the world will not willingly

let die; and which will make him still a blessing to it in death, as he was a benefactor to it in life. And that which we think would be first and above all remembered by those who had the happiness to enjoy his friendship, and to listen to his wise discourse, whether in the lecture-room or in his delightful home, was the peculiar devoutness of his spirit, — the profoundly religious tone of thought and of sentiment which seemed to form the atmosphere in which he lived, — the unformal, unostentatious, but deep piety, so perfectly sincere and unaffected, that made his presence like the air of a temple, — the ever-present sense of those higher relations in which we stand to God and to eternity, springing naturally out of that strong faith in Christ, and in his truth, which had struck down its roots into his whole being.

I think few could be often in his presence and in his society without feeling this, and being influenced by it. No man could be at all intimate with him, or be brought into near communication with him, either as a friend or a pupil, without receiving religious impressions such as few men whom we have known have the power to impart. There was something mightier than any common eloquence, which entered into the hearer's soul and led it by a calm and spiritual force into the presence of God and of things unseen and eternal.

And this high religiousness of spirit — born of his vital Christian faith — was seen in union with other

virtues which are the proper fruits of that faith. He endeavored to bring his life into harmony with the elevated moral standard which he believed it to be one great object of our Saviour's mission to hold up before his followers, in his inspired word and in his moving example. Purity of heart, singleness of purpose, devotion to duty, integrity of dealing, perfect openness and honorableness in all the affairs of life, marked his whole career. Truth — truth in thought, truth in speech, truth in manner, truth in conduct — shone through his life. He specially honored it in others; it made a vital part of his own being. All shams and falsehoods, all equivocations and manœuvrings, all forms of cant and hypocrisy, and all affectations of every kind, were therefore peculiarly offensive to his sincere and upright spirit. And in close union, as it commonly is, with his perfect truthfulness and rare simplicity, was that Christian courage which dares always to choose its own course, and to carry it out without asking leave except of conscience. He held decided opinions upon every important subject that bears upon human life and duty in all a man's public and private relations, and he acted upon them. He did not fear to differ from others or to walk apart from others.

“ Nor number nor example with him wrought
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
 Though single.”

Without any false pride of singularity, he cherished

a self-relying independence of thought and of action. As in his religious views and his religious course, so in all other things he judged and acted for himself; and judged and acted from high principles fearlessly applied. He sought to try each case at the tribunal of a thoroughly Christianized reason, and to follow out what he accepted as its final decisions. I dare not say that he always did what was best, but I will say, what is in truth greater praise, that he always did what he thought was right.

His independence, however, was not a selfish or cold-hearted independence. It was united with the truest and warmest kindness. His retired habits, the habits of a student and scholar, — the individuality of his character and life, — his slowness and reserve of manner, — his occasional severity of speech, — the flashes of a pure and just indignation against some act of folly, meanness, or misconduct, — his decided and stern condemnation of opinions which he held to be false and dangerous, — were not connected with any want of Christian tenderness or Christian sympathy. It was a part of his creed, and one of the first lessons which his pupils in the Christian ministry learnt from him, that timely reproof is often the truest friendship, that the exposure of error, and the cure of it by the needed caustic of sharp and plain-spoken truth, may be the highest charity. But those who knew him best knew the real warmth of his heart, and the real kindness — the kindness both of feeling and of principle — which

were sometimes hidden from a stranger's eye by the peculiarities of his manner. He was no ascetic, no declaimer against the innocent festivities of the world, no morose hater or proud scorner of its pleasant triflings, no misanthrope, shunning converse with men. If he mingled little in the gayer scenes of society, it was more from his engrossment in the studies that occupied his thoughts, and from the want of a quick flow of animal spirits, than from any unsocial feeling. As a friend, a neighbor, a citizen, he was ever prompt to do his part. His hand was always open to every work of charity. He knew the Christian blessedness of giving. His generous consideration of others, his readiness to help whenever his help was needed, his benevolence to the poor, ever guided by his strong good sense, his judicious and thoughtful kindness in all the varied occasions of life, his quiet and unostentatious charities, will be remembered by many who shared in them. They were much better known to himself than to the world. His alms were not done to be seen of men.

But it was on the nearer circle around him, on the Christian home in which he lived, that his strong and tender affections beamed out most brightly and warmly. What he was there, where the true character most fully shows itself, they know whose loss is the greatest, and whose grief will be ever mingled with gratitude for the great blessings which they have enjoyed in the privileges of his society, in the tenderness of his

love, in the wisdom of his counsels, in the Christian influence of his conversation and his life. To them his memory will be peculiarly blessed ; for it will be associated not only with the tenderest, most delicate, most sympathizing love, but with the highest, happiest influences, — influences that do not end at the grave. No man had more exalted views than he of the duties and the happiness of domestic life, and of the place which Christianity should hold in it. What he said many years ago in a “ Discourse upon Religious Education,” delivered in the place of his birth, has a touching and solemn interest to us now. It impresses truths which must go to the heart of every Christian parent. He, being dead, yet speaketh to us, as he did to the generation that is now passing on and away.

“ In giving your children a religious education, you will have conferred upon them the greatest blessing which one human being can confer upon another. You will have laid them under obligations, which will never be burdensome, though they can never be repaid ; but the memory and feeling of which will be an inseparable part of their minds. You will have connected them to yourselves by living bonds of affection, which cannot be loosened or snapt asunder. You will have planted and watered high principles and honorable feelings ; and if they should flourish and bear fruit, there is none to whom their best fruits will be offered more gladly. You will have blended the thought of yourself with all that is most excellent in their char-

acters, and placed your image in the sanctuary of their affections. There is no favor, which he who has lived long enough to know its value, will remember with such unremitted gratitude. Amid all the changes to which we are exposed in life, whatever other affections may be broken down, or decay around it, this feeling will remain imperishable and unaltered."

And something of this feeling is shared by those to whom he has been a spiritual father, and who look back to their connection with him, as their instructor in sacred learning and in the interpretation of that Gospel on which rest our immortal hopes, with peculiar interest, and with thankful remembrances of what they owe to him, in the training of the intellect, in the discipline of the heart, and the awakening and deepening of religious faith and hope. With what admiration and reverence they listened to his thoughtful and chosen words, in his exposition of the Scriptures, or in his simple, solemn, and affecting presentation of the character, purposes, and teachings of Christ, or in his discussion of theological doctrine, or in his argument, so clear, cogent, and impressive, upon some mooted question in metaphysics or in morals, they will bear witness whose privilege it was to be his pupils. They will never forget the impression which he made upon them at the most important season of their lives.

What he was to myself in the various relations in which from my youth it has been my happiness to be

associated with him, after what has been said, I need not say. What is in my heart to say, you know.

I feel that I can have done but imperfect justice to his memory in space and time so brief. But inadequate as it is, the offering is at least sincere. I stand at his grave with many mingled feelings; tender and hallowed memories of the past blending with the hopes of that future which has already opened upon his eyes. We mourn not for him; for him there is no more death. The believer in Christ and the servant of Christ lives in a more glorious life. Death has unfolded to him the gates of heaven. He has joined those whom he so tenderly loved and mourned.

He has ascended from the study of God's works and word in this lower world, where with all his knowledge he could know but in part, to the study of God's works and word in that more glorious sphere where, with Buckminster and Eliot, with Frisbie and Channing, he shall know even as he is known.

The thoughts of the funeral anthem, which he composed many years since, are now swelling in our hearts over his own grave:—

“ He has gone to his God, he has gone to his home,
 No more amid peril and error to roam;
 His eyes are no longer dim;
 His feet will no more falter;
 No grief can follow him,
 No pang his cheek can alter.

“ There are paleness, and weeping, and sighs below ;
For our faith is faint, and our tears will flow ;
But the harps of heaven are ringing ;
Glad angels come to greet him ;
And hymns of joy are singing,
While old friends press to meet him.

“ O honored, beloved, to earth unconfined,
Thou hast soared on high ; thou hast left us behind.
But our parting is not for ever ;
We will follow thee, by heaven's light,
Where the grave cannot dis sever
The souls whom God will unite.”

APPENDIX A.

THE following is the hymn of dedication alluded to on page 17: —

- “ Where ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract’s ocean-fall ;
On the lone mountain’s silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all !
- “ All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee ; — but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thine own words of love are taught.
- “ Here be they taught ; and may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears, through weal or woe,
Till death the gates of heaven unfold.
- “ Nor we alone ; may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares,
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to thee still holier prayers.”

APPENDIX B.

ANDREWS NORTON, the youngest child of Samuel and Jane Norton, of Hingham, Massachusetts, was born in that place, December 31st, 1786. He was descended from Rev. John Norton of Hingham, a nephew of the celebrated John Norton, minister of Ipswich, and afterwards of Boston. Grave and studious from his childhood, he was fitted for the University at the Derby Academy in Hingham, then under the charge of Mr. Abner Lincoln, and in 1801 was admitted into the Sophomore Class in Harvard College. He graduated in 1804, the youngest of his class, at the age of eighteen, with a high character both in point of scholarship and of moral worth. He chose the ministry for his future profession; but, devoting himself to a more extended course of literary and theological study, he did not commence preaching till the year 1809, when he accepted an invitation from the society in Augusta, Maine, to supply their pulpit, which he did for a few Sundays, until, being chosen Tutor in Bowdoin College, he went to Brunswick, where he remained a year, and then returned to Cambridge. In 1811, he was appointed Tutor in Mathematics in Harvard College, but resigned his office at the close of the year. In 1812, he un-

dertook the publication of the General Repository, a work devoted to the maintenance and defence of Liberal Christianity. It was conducted by him with great power, learning, and boldness for two years. In 1813, he was chosen Librarian of the College; and performed the duties of his office with his accustomed fidelity and good judgment for eight years. The same year in which he became Librarian, he was also appointed Lecturer on the Criticism and Interpretation of the Scriptures, under the bequest of Hon. Samuel Dexter. In 1819, upon the organization of the Divinity School, Mr. Norton was elected by the Corporation to the Dexter Professorship of Sacred Literature. He held his office till his resignation in 1830; "bringing to it," to use the testimony of one of his associates in the Divinity School, still living and honored among us,* "his large and ever-increasing stores of knowledge; imparting it in the clearest manner; never dogmatizing in an ill sense of the word; but, on the contrary, fortifying his doctrines, solemnly and deliberately established in his own mind, with all the arguments and proofs that his critical studies and logical power could furnish." In 1821, he married Miss Catherine Eliot, daughter of Samuel Eliot, Esq., of Boston. In 1822, he delivered an address before the University at the funeral of Professor Frisbie, one of his most valued friends, whose literary remains he afterwards published, with notices of his life and character, as he had before done, in 1814, for another dear friend, Charles Eliot, whose early death was among the severest bereavements of his life. In the warm discussions which took place, in 1824 and 1825, respecting the College and the relation of the Corporation to the Immediate Gov-

* Hon. Sidney Willard.

ernment, he took an active part. In 1826, he undertook the collection and republication of the Poems of Mrs. Hemans in this country. In 1828, he visited England for a few months, and derived much enjoyment and benefit from the tour. After the resignation of his professorship, in 1830, he continued to devote himself to literary and theological pursuits. His "Statement of Reasons" for disbelief in the Trinitarian doctrine was published in 1833. The same year he commenced, in connection with his friend, Charles Folsom, Esq., the publication of the "Select Journal of Foreign Periodical Literature," in which there was also much original matter of his own. The first volume of his elaborate work on "the Genuineness of the Gospels" was published in 1837. He had commenced it in 1819, with the expectation of completing it in six months. In 1839, at the invitation of the Alumni of the Divinity School, he delivered the first annual discourse before them, afterwards published, "On the Latest Form of Infidelity." It led to a controversy in which he further illustrated and defended his views.

In 1844, appeared the second and third volumes of his work on "the Genuineness of the Gospels." In 1852, he published a volume entitled "Tracts on Christianity," composed chiefly of his larger essays and discourses which had before appeared in a separate form. His translation of the Gospels, with notes, on which he had been engaged for many years, and which at his death was fully prepared for the press, will be looked for with great interest; as will any other writings of his, which may have been left in a sufficiently finished state to justify their being published.

Besides his more elaborate works, Mr. Norton wrote many valuable articles for periodicals, of which I have given some account in a more extended notice of his life and labors in the *Christian Examiner* for November.

In the autumn of 1849, he was prostrated by a severe illness from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. After this, his summers were passed at Newport, R. I. At first, he received decided benefit from the change of air ; but during the last season it was evident that he was constantly failing. Towards the close of the summer he was unable to leave his room. He was fully aware of his approaching end, and as fully prepared for it. He met it, as a firm believer in Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, with all a Christian's faith and a Christian's sweetness ; with affectionate farewells to his friends, with devout trust in God, and a hope full of immortality. On Sunday evening, September 18, 1853, on the island already consecrated to us as the birthplace of his great fellow-laborer, Channing, his pure spirit passed into life ; —

“ Where they for faith and hope have perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.”

Tribute to the Memory of Selb Low, Esq.

A SERMON

PREACHED IN THE

CHURCH OF THE SAVIOUR,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.,

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 26, 1853.

BY

Augustus
FREDERICK A. FARLEY, D. D.,

MINISTER OF THE CHURCH.

NEW YORK :

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1853.



BROOKLYN, SUNDAY, }
June 26, 1853. }

TO THE REV. F. A. FARLEY, D D.,—

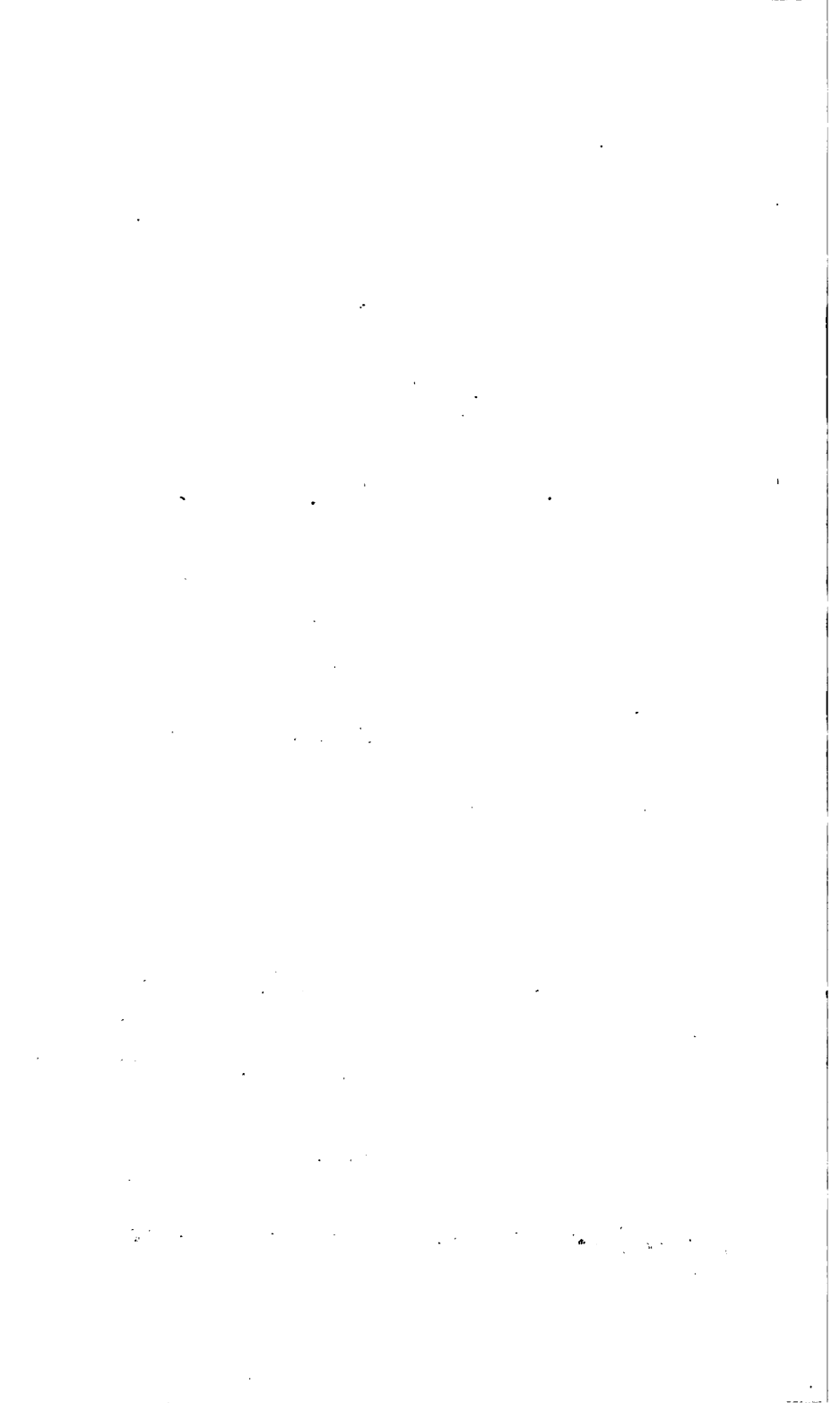
Dear Sir : At a full meeting of the Board of Trustees of the FIRST UNITARIAN CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY, held this day after morning service, the undersigned were appointed a Committee to communicate to you the unanimous request of the Board, that you will furnish a copy for the press of your discourse this day delivered, commemorative of our late respected fellow-worshipper, Mr. Low.

Happy to be charged with this duty,

We remain, very truly,

Your friends and parishioners,

BENJAMIN BLOSSOM, }
A. R. FROTHINGHAM, } Committee.



S E R M O N .

NUMBERS XIII: 10.

"LET ME DIE THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS, AND LET MY LAST END BE LIKE HIS."

I am sure your hearts must have anticipated mine to-day, brethren, in the subject of my morning sermon, for God himself, in His Providence, has proclaimed and prescribed it. The funeral services of Tuesday last were the only offices of love and respect which were left for family, and kindred, and friends, and the church, to render to the mortal remains of one who had been so long spared to them all, as a light and a blessing. Still this pulpit owes a tribute to his memory,—at once its high privilege and pleasure to pay. It were strange, indeed, if one whose personal efforts had done so much to establish and sustain this pulpit and this altar, and whose whole life and character, by the honor they reflected on both, to encourage and strengthen him who—albeit too poorly—fills the one and ministers at the

other, should pass away unremembered, unhonored here. It cannot be. "The stone would cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber would answer" in remonstrance, were this pulpit silent. For more than thirty years, our revered and beloved friend, in a spirit of devout self-consecration to our holy faith, in a living and well tried trust in God, liberally gave time, counsel, money, and, better than all, a godly, christian life and conversation, to the work of founding and supporting, in this flourishing city, his adopted home, our branch of the Universal Church. Grateful to God for his life and for his death, the life and "death of the righteous,"—do I enter this morning on the work of—eulogy, shall I call it?—yes—eulogy, let it be. For, in eulogizing him I have no misgivings, nor should you have, lest I should overstep the line which the profoundest reverence for the Being whose presence is all around us prescribes, when we speak the praises of a mortal like ourselves. Did I not believe, with the sweet Psalmist of Israel, that "precious in the sight of the Lord," as well as of man, "is the death of His saints"—"precious," among other things, because it seals up for their survivors the rich legacy of their example, I would hold my peace. But I feel that God, in the very dispensation which has removed our friend, Himself bids me

speak out ;—and speak out I must and will, praying for the Divine guidance to help me to speak only the words of soberness and of truth.

SETH Low was born at Gloucester, Cape Ann, in the county of Essex, Massachusetts, on the 29th day of March, 1782. He was prepared to enter Harvard University, under the instruction of the late Rev. Dr. Abiel Abbott, of Beverly, in the same county and State ; and actually entered it with the class which graduated in 1808. A severe affection of the eyes deprived him of the full enjoyment of his University privileges, obliging him to leave college in the third year of his course ; and diverting his mind from the pursuit of that profession, the ministry of the Gospel, to which, by temperament and choice, he was alike inclined, and for which, on all occasions throughout his long life, he entertained and showed the most marked respect. He became a clerk in the store of an eminent druggist in Salem Mass., where, for several years after his majority and his subsequent marriage in 1807, he followed the same business, and finally failed in it. With no stain upon his reputation in consequence, but on the contrary, with the heartiest respect, sympathy, and confidence of all who had known him, he came to reside in this city in 1828, in what was deemed by many of his friends a desperate hope of

retrieving his broken fortunes. He established himself in the neighboring metropolis, in substantially the same business with that in which he had before been unsuccessful. After encountering fresh reverses and embarrassments, and a long and severe trial of straitened circumstances, with the charge all the while of a numerous family, his religious faith and trust and his high-souled integrity never deserting him, but being only the better illustrated under the pressure,—we have seen him in his advancing years, enjoying by the kind Providence of God the position of a prospered and honored Christian Merchant, surrounded by every important outward comfort; and at last, when fatal disease had seized him for its victim, passing through its various stages in the command and ready ministry of whatever could by possibility mitigate his sufferings, and make easy the bed of death.

Mr. Low lived long enough, and in the public eye long enough, to secure a just and fair estimate of his character in this community. It is a striking fact, that when he first entered it, he should have been refused admission to the Lord's table by one of the prominent Presbyterian churches, on account of his heretical opinions; while at this moment I doubt whether there be a church of any name amongst us, that would not deem it an honor to have enrolled

him among its members. Follow him into any of the various scenes and spheres through which he passed, or which he was called to fill, and in every one of them the same high claims upon your consideration would meet you. The largest and noblest traits of human nature, developed and moulded by the benign and potent influences of a Christianity, which was enthroned in the heart as the fountain whence all that was good flowed, as the grand central principle which guided, inspired, and controlled the entire character, were everywhere conspicuous in his life.

In looking at the minute features of Mr. Low's character, there appears such a remarkable union of beautiful and noble traits, that to discriminate is difficult; and to attempt to name them all, would seem to justify, to a hearer who did not know him, a suspicion of overweening partiality to the departed. It was a character, which, though originally furnished with the finest elements, was built up amid varied and sometimes severe discipline. The exterior man presented an example of entire simplicity and freedom from pretence in his air and bearing, and yet a marked and natural dignity. Benevolence was stamped ineffaceably upon his countenance, and his smile was most genial and winning. He took you by the hand with a frank and hearty

good will, and you were instantly inspired with the confidence that you were in the presence of a man who could be trusted with the veriest secrets of your soul. But you saw, too, at a glance, that he was a man of great strength and force of character, a man of great resolution and moral courage. By the mere carriage of his head, at times, you knew that you had to do with one, who recognized in difficulty only a demand and an impulse for higher and more persistent effort ; and who would shrink from no sacrifice demanded of him in the way of his duty.

With all this there was great gentleness in his nature, which you saw in his treatment of the poor, his deportment toward the humble, and his intercourse with children. Poverty and humble station attracted instead of repelling him ; and the burden they carried was made lighter, not simply by the alms which he bestowed or the direct services he rendered, but by the kind interest which he showed, and the sympathy which he manifested ; so that while he retained their profoundest respect, the thought of mere difference of outward condition seemed to vanish, and they recognized in him only a friend and a brother. Childhood drew to itself the deepest joy and warmth of his heart, and, as might be expected, paid it back in ready confidence and affection.

He was a most disinterested and unselfish being, for he seemed never, indeed, to think of himself. To spend and be spent for others, was the spirit of his life. His time, his money, his labor,—his counsel, so wise and timely as often to be the kindest gift, the truest service,—were bestowed without stint, wherever they could avail to aid honest industry, to ameliorate present suffering, to relieve in embarrassment or difficulty.

He was a man of great public spirit; and was always ready to countenance and help on whatever promised to serve and secure the highest interests of the community. From a very early period to the close of life, popular education, by every means and through every channel, by schools, lyceums, libraries, public lectures, to say nothing of professional schools and colleges, lay near his heart. The improvement of our public schools is largely owing to his personal exertions; begun at a time when the cause was unpopular enough in this vicinity, but continued for years, in the full trust which he lived to see justified, that it would yet engage the love and liberal support of the people and the authorities. His benevolence, always so large in his own private walk, enlisted him ardently in behalf of our best charities, either in establishing them at the outset, or in carrying them on, and in administering their

affairs ; and whenever called by his fellow-citizens into the service of the county or city, the measures and objects which found him the most devoted were such as bore most positively on the general welfare, the public morals, the public enlightenment, the great problems of pauperism and of popular ignorance. While his untiring personal devotedness, in season and out of season, to the Society for Ameliorating the Condition of the Poor of our city—an organization which only needs the support and co-operation of every housekeeper who has any alms to give, to make it a most efficient public blessing—was most conspicuous and notorious from first to last.

He was a well-informed and cultivated man, clear-headed, intelligent, and far-sighted. He had read a good deal, and in the best books, and found in reading a very choice pleasure. He had a great love of, and respect for, learning and learned men ; and retained his love and veneration for the University upon whose academic course of study he had once, as we have seen, entered, and which some years ago honored itself by honoring him with its highest degree of arts.

Mr. Low was eminently a just man—that is a great thing ; but he was a generous man also. He not only would give every man his due—allow every man his full weight of influence and honor—maintain nobly

the rightful claims of any, however lowly—but he knew where to make allowances for the power of temptation, and made them ; he saw and acknowledged the good traits beneath—or brought them forth to the light rather, that they might be made to overlay and relieve—the bad traits or the bad deed ; not because he would disguise the true character of the last, but because he was hopeful of goodness, and of its power were it encouraged, to conquer and uproot the evil. It was very hard for him to give over as hopeless the case of any ; and to attribute bad purposes or bad motives to a man on mere suspicion, was with him a moral impossibility.

He was a man of great firmness of character and of principle ; and this inclined him to be tenacious of his opinions, and to hold fast his conclusions. I have heard it said sometimes, that having once made up his mind, he was obstinate in his adherence to the result. Perhaps he was : he was mortal, and therefore imperfect. But it is to be recollected, that he rarely,—never, I will venture to say, in any important matter—reached his conclusion, except by patient and careful thought. In every case, it was the result, I verily believe, of his fixed regard to the right as an inflexible test of duty, and never to what was merely politic or expedient, or even legal. By

all such considerations, never lived the man who was less swayed than he. So conscientious and high-principled was he, so uniformly did he strive to be guided by what in itself was strictly right, right in the sight of God, right according to that Gospel which to him was the supreme and infallible expositor and rule of right,—that it was part of the consistency of his character to afford to seem obstinate, whenever the question, as he thought, involved moral principle. His moral character acknowledged and took only the highest standard.

Shall I venture to speak of him in his home, as I have known it? That spot, so dear and close to his heart, and which he did so much to make so happy! That sphere, from which he is and will be so sadly missed! That place, now so hallowed by the tenderest and holiest memories in the large circle of his family and friends ;—where the wife of his bosom can look back through the long vista of six-and-forty years of blessed union in joys and sorrows, in counsellings and prayers, in hope and faith and duty ;—where his children, and children's children can go as to a sacred shrine, and recal so many passages of deep and ever ready affection, so many occasions which make the heart beat quicker to think upon ;—where so many that have shared it, will remember his graceful and generous hospitality and

kindness, and his frank, cheerful, and manly bearing, as the head of his household, and their host ! I have seen him there in some of the brightest of his joys ; and gratitude to God seemed his first and promptest thought. I have seen him there in some of the severest of his sorrows ; and while awed by the majesty of his grief, I have been most deeply moved by his un murmuring and cheerful submission to God's will, and the strength and fortitude he could inspire in others. And how can I, or any who have known, forget the genial atmosphere of its more every-day life, when the general results of Christian training and culture, and of genuine affection, constantly met you ! But I forbear.

And now, brethren, in reviewing what I have said of our departed friend, confident as I am that I have exaggerated nothing, though speaking, I am well aware, the language of eulogy, suppose we pause a moment and ask what was the basis of this remarkable character ?—on what specially did it rest ?—on what was it built up ? In every man's character, which is at all marked, there must be something on which peculiarly it rests. In the case of our friend, I believe it would be found to be threefold :—

A conscientious sense of responsibility to God ;

A vivid sensibility at all times to the nearness and presence of God ; and

An entire trust and cheerful acquiescence through his firm faith in Christ, in the over-ruling, all-wise, and parental Providence of God.

What is this but saying—and this is just what I intend to say—that at the foundation of all that was excellent in his character, was Religion in the best sense, in the Christian sense—devoutness—better than any other word, Godliness? This was the basis of all. His benevolence was not a mere impulse, an instinct of his being, a necessity of his nature, but a principle infused, strengthened, guided, supported, by that law which is unfolded and urged in the God-given Gospel of Jesus Christ, and disciplined and matured in the school of adversity, in which by experience he had learned how best to feel for and meet the sorrows of others. His moral purity and conscientiousness, were the growth of his abiding reverence of the Most High, and his desire to obey and honor and please Him. His activity in all good works, his generous labors for others, his firm, inflexible adherence to what he believed right, resulted from feeling himself to be thus doing God's will, and his obligation to consult that will in all things.

Mr. Low was emphatically a man of prayer. I so describe him, in no cant phrase; for cant I des-

pise, and should despise all the more in speaking of him. He was a man of prayer. He used himself to pray, because he valued prayer as a high privilege. He believed in not the duty only, but the efficacy of prayer. He felt its need to the soul's growth. Nobody spoke more strongly than he, of the aid which the habitual use of prayer had given him, and would give any, in the conflict of the soul with worldliness and sin. From his early childhood, he had been accustomed to it; for in his early childhood, I have been told by one who knows, he had a most devout spirit.

Mr. Low had great respect for the stated institutions of our Religion. Sunday was to him a true and holy Sabbath, but divested of all extravagance and austerity. He believed in the duty and the worth of public worship; and was always, if at home and not absolutely disabled by sickness, in his place at church. He honored in their devout and faithful observance, the ordinance of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. He loved the sanctuary, as "the place where God's honor dwelleth," and the congregation of his fellow-worshippers, gathered in the name of Christ. As I before said, he respected and honored the Christian ministry. As Senior Deacon of this church, he "magnified," as Paul uses the word, he "magnified" his office. He has

often expressed to me his deep regret at the reluctance in some quarters to accept the office, on account of the slurs cast upon it by the thoughtless, or the reproaches brought upon it by the unworthy ;—and said that he felt it only the more incumbent on him to do what he could to sustain and make it honorable. During my illness and absence, a year ago, I learned, not from himself,—he was too modest for that,—but from the objects of his kindness after my return, how faithfully and tenderly he had gone in the place of his Pastor to the suffering and the afflicted, with his counsels and his prayers.

His religious character was, indeed, finely formed, He was a man of most earnest, affectionate, and ardent piety ; and with the strongest convictions of the truth of those views of the Gospel which he held and cherished, he had the largest charity for those who differed from him. In that charity he rose above all sectarian trammels ; and rejoiced in meeting in heaven the good of every name and age. In regard to theology, he exhibited a beautiful union of wholesome conservatism with a spirit of liberal inquiry and the love of progress—a thing which to some now-a-days strangely seems impracticable. He carried into practice the Apostle's rule —“ Prove all things—hold fast that which is good.”

He loved to dwell on the grand fundamental idea

which the Gospel unfolds of God, as the Father ; and was never weary of the theme. He once told me that he thought a full realization of that idea must give light and peace to the soul. He held the most exalted views of Christ, consistent with the supremacy of the Father. He believed in his pre-existent glory, but also his dependence on the Father. He believed him to have been specially sent by the Father, " who so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He regarded him as a miraculously attested messenger of the Most High, who spoke by His express authority " the things he had heard of Him." He had no sympathy with those rationalistic views of Christ and of the Gospel, which have been revived in our day ; but while he deemed them fraught with temporary mischief to the cause of Revealed Religion, his faith in the triumph of " the truth as it is in Jesus " was never clouded, but bright and clear to the last.

I do not like, Brethren, in general, the recital of death-bed scenes ; there seems to me a sacredness and privacy about them, which make it of more than doubtful propriety. But in the case of our beloved and venerable friend, there was in the approach of death so much that was illustrative of

and consistent with his whole life, that I cannot entirely forbear making for once an exception. Death wore for him no terrors, for it was to him a familiar theme ; and he was prepared at any time for the final summons. His piety, always of the most cheerful tone, never seemed more attractive than throughout every stage of his disease. At an early period of his confinement, some new and alarming symptoms having appeared which excited fresh anxiety in his family, his eldest son obtained the result of the medical consultation upon the case. Upon returning to his father's chamber, the latter asked—" Well, my son, what is the report ?" And when he frankly admitted that it was not at all encouraging, our friend's face suddenly lighted up with a most radiant expression of composed joy—and then, without an allusion to that subject, he passed to speak with entire composure of others near to his heart. Months ago, in writing to a dear sister in a remote city, on occasion of his seventy-first birth day, he said that he " was setting his house in order ;" and when that sister, who had come from her distant home to gladden her eyes with the sight of him once more, asked him a short time before his death if he could respond to the Apostle's words—" though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed

day by day,"—he calmly replied, that he felt "that work was done!"—After some days and nights of most severe suffering, he had for two days an interval of comparative ease :—it was Saturday evening. As I approached his bed he took my hand, and, smiling cheerfully, expressed his thankfulness to God for His mercy—and dictated to me in substance the note of thanks which he requested should be read the next day to the congregation before prayer, and which you heard three weeks ago to-day. But in making that request, he spoke of his love for this church,—of his interest in the congregation,—of his confidence in their sympathy,—of his sense that it was his duty, as well as privilege, here, where he was wont to worship with them, to unite his offering with their prayers.

Throughout his sickness, his entire trust in God's goodness—his patience amid protracted and exhausting suffering—at every interval of ease, his ready and overflowing thankfulness—his thoughtfulness of others, those present, and those away—never deserted him. From the first of the attack, I think he had no expectation of recovery. His familiarity with and love of the Scriptures made him delight in hearing them read ; while prayer and silent communion with God, and, as his failing strength permitted, brief conversation with his Pastor and familiar friends upon the loftiest themes of his faith,

and thoughts of the glory about to be revealed, made the light and joy of his sick room. With what confidence he spoke to us, of meeting those whom he had loved, in Heaven ! With what a subdued rapture, of the visions which were to open on his soul !

But the crowning scene of all, was at the dawn of the first day of this month, when he summoned me to his bedside. I found him with two or three of his family ; and successively the rest, children and grandchildren and kindred, gathered there, and all, from oldest to youngest, of that large company each received his last counsel, his parting blessing ;—the clear, apt thought and word for every one. God seemed to have granted him special strength for that hour ; and we cannot be too grateful that he was led to use it, since the opportunity never recurred. It was as though a venerable patriarch pronounced his dying benediction on those nearest and dearest to his heart. God help them, that those words never be forgotten ! For myself, however, —never have I felt so humbled in the presence of man, as at that early hour when I first came to him. As he grasped my hand and said warmly, “ I’m glad to see you ! ” my feelings overpowered me. To have such a man, in that solemn moment, when the soul seemed well nigh loosened from the body, thank and bless me for what poor service I could have

rendered him, was more than I could bear. But, when, rising in almost majesty with the theme, he bade me go on and preach the Gospel of God, and "Christ the Power of God and the Wisdom of God unto salvation," and never doubt the might and the triumph of God's holy Truth, I felt that I was no longer the teacher, but the taught. It was like the voice of a prophet ; and rings in my ear and my soul to this very hour !

But I have said enough—perhaps too much ; if I have, forgive me ; for God knows I have spoken through a warm, deep love, and from a most thankful heart : thankful for the privilege of such intimate communion with such a true and Christian friend—thankful for his excellent, invaluable "spirit of counsel" which I have so long enjoyed—thankful for the lessons of his life and of his death. If anything could add conviction to my previous sense of the power and worth of the Christian faith, I have it here. If anything could give me greater encouragement and confidence in preaching that faith, it were this. That death was at last gentle and easy as an infant's sleep. As the death chills were creeping over him, he uttered his last audible prayer—and then said, "Cover me up warm, and lay me down to die !" and thus the spirit of the good man left us, and went to its God.

No words of mine, Brethren, can be needed to impress the lessons to be drawn from this review, imperfect as it is, of the character of our venerated and endeared friend. Nothing that I could say, could add to the rich consolations which the blessed Gospel in which he confided authorizes us to draw therefrom, even while we mourn his departure. How forcibly are the few among you who survive him at an age approaching his own reminded, that your time is beyond question nearly spent, so that in good season you may "set your houses in order," as he did ! How plainly are the young taught, that a life like his cannot be begun too early, in order to be built up so loftily ! Though, however, the aged seem nearest to death, they may outlive the strongest here ; the very youngest here may be the first called, as the fact, that the day before and the day after our friend's funeral I followed two infants to the grave, abundantly proves. As we turn our eyes to that vacant seat, as we recal the venerable and benevolent countenance of him who so long and so lately filled it, and meditate upon his saintly and beautiful character,—may the prayer of my text go up from every heart, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his !"—and may the life, therefore, become consecrated afresh by the baptism of the Spirit, to God and to duty ! AMEN.

1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that the study of the history of the United States is essential for a full understanding of the country and its people. The paper then discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States in the context of the world. It is argued that the study of the history of the United States is essential for a full understanding of the world and its people.

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A

DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

ERECTION IN THE CHURCH OF TABLETS

IN MEMORY OF

**JOHN VAUGHAN, RALPH EDDOWES,
AND WILLIAM Y. BIRCH,**

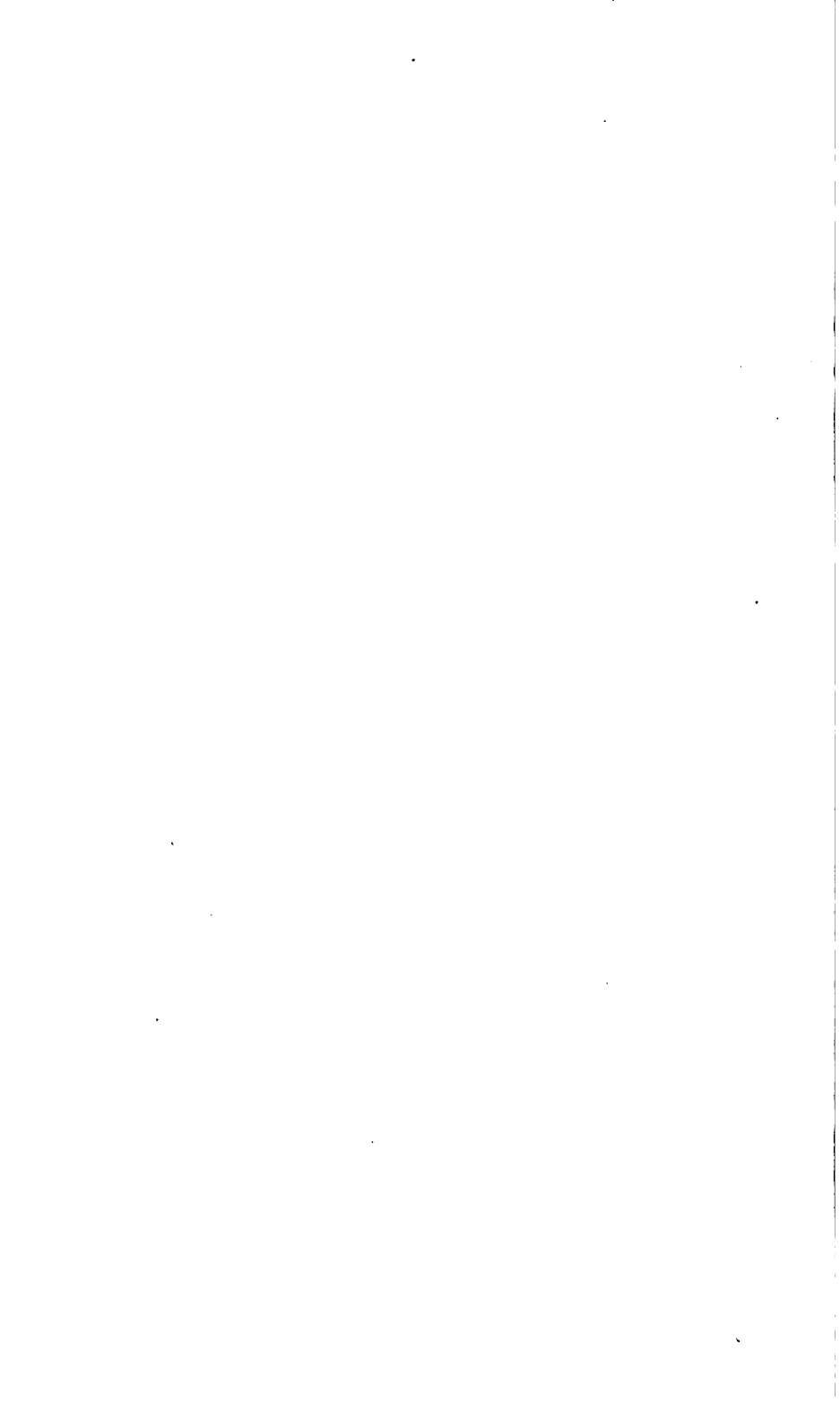
August 30th, 1843,

Being
BY WILLIAM H. FURNESS.

PRINTED FOR THE USE OF THE SOCIETY.

J. Crissy, Printer, No. 4 Minor Street.

TO
THE MEMBERS
OF THE
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL UNITARIAN CHURCH,
THIS DISCOURSE IS
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,
BY
THEIR FRIEND AND PASTOR.



DISCOURSE.

Prov. X. 7.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.

WE assemble again in this place, my friends, after a brief separation, with impressive circumstances. You see upon the walls the names of three of the earliest and most devoted members of this church. By this visible means we are brought into communion with the Dead. Always and everywhere the memorials of the dead are around us. They are set up in all the walks of life. Our books and our dwellings, our public institutions, and our household comforts,—are they not all the works of the departed? Where are the traces of their steps not visible? Our whole condition of existence is what it is, through their agency. The world, in which we live, has received its present fashion from the dead, and is their most significant and enduring monument.

Yet obvious as this is, we are sadly insensible to the numerous, impressive, and perpetual memorials, which, in speaking to us of the dead, remind us also of that unknown state into which they have irrevocably entered,

and where we are rapidly going to join them. To the divine and imperishable soul, when awake to its immortal faculties and unearthly destination, when thirsting for those things, unseen and eternal, Truth, Justice, Freedom, Holiness, and loathing every stain of sin—to the awakened soul, I say, every object assumes a monumental form. It commemorates the past. It announces the future. It points to that invisible world, whither the departed have gone and we are bound. The soul then is freed from the thralldom of the Present, which is seen and temporal, and lives with, and through, and for, the unseen, which is everlasting. But alas! we are not thus awake. We do not thus thirst for spiritual good and abhor spiritual evil. The spirit of God is in us. We have—nay, we are, immortal souls, created to live, not by bread alone, but by the love and practice of Righteousness. But, sunk in the lap of self-indulgence, we are corrupted and blinded by our animal wants and appetites. And thus the memorials of the departed and the intimations of a world unseen, which are written upon every thing, are overgrown and hidden by the corroding cares and false pleasures of the visionary Present. The voice of Eternal Wisdom, speaking from all the appearances and through all the incidents of Life, how faintly and how seldom does it reach our ears! The visible is rarely the remembrancer and symbol of the invisible. We see with the bodily eye, but the soul has lost its sight.

As such is our insensibility, may we not hope that these new and special memorials of the dead, which now adorn our walls, will appeal, not only to our eyes, but to our hearts? It is to little purpose that they are placed here, if we rest only in their visible beauty. You do not see them,

you do not apprehend their real meaning, if you regard them only as agreeable objects for the eye. Some there are, probably, who are now glancing at them only for the pleasure which they give to the sense of vision, and to whom they give nothing more. Others again, you, who knew those, whom these tablets commemorate, see farther. The familiar forms of those venerable men rise before you. You see them again, as they were when living among us—in some well-remembered attitude. Their eyes meet yours. The sound of their voices is in your hearts, and you are lost in a dream of the past. Still you have not yet penetrated the whole significance of these mementos. Gaze, brothers! sisters! gaze, not only with the eyes of the body, but with the eyes of the soul! Look at these monuments with the earnestness that becometh the immortal spirits that you are, and then, solid marble though they be, they shall become as glass—nay, they shall be open windows, through which Eternity is revealed to you.

Conscious of a spiritual and indestructible nature, aware that you are created to find your subsistence not only in the food which cometh out of the ground, but in obedience to the righteous law of God, you are reminded by these simple tokens of the awful Future in which our friends have vanished, and which we are steadily approaching. The form and shape of that Future you cannot know. The heights and the depths, the joys and the woes of that dark abyss of being, no imagination can fathom. But you do know that the harvest that you will gather there is springing from the seed that you are sowing to-day, that you will reap there, either life and honour, or corruption and shame. Look again and

again at these monuments and ponder your destiny. Transport yourselves, as you may, into the unknown Future, and strive to anticipate the amazement and remorse and anguish with which you will look back upon this little Present, then irrevocably lost, and upon the miserable subterfuges and excuses with which we evade our obligations and justify our sins. Lord God Almighty! touch these marble tables with the rod of thy Spirit, and let healing streams gush forth to cleanse and revive the souls of this people! Take away our hardness that we may feel, and our blindness that we may see. Reveal to us ourselves, our vast obligations, our momentous destiny as thine immortal children sent hither not for our own pleasure, but for Thine—to obey thee, no matter at what loss to ourselves!

These memorials are not only fitted to put us in mind of our highest interests, they speak to us of the venerable men, whom they are specially intended to commemorate. They revive their images in our hearts. But we are led to remember, not merely those visible forms in which they dwelt among us, and which are now mouldering in the earth, but those invisible and enduring qualities, which commanded our respect and affection, while they lived, and which justify us in thus perpetuating their memories. And it strikes me, my friends, as a coincidence, worthy of our particular consideration, that the leading traits of their respective characters, as illustrated in their lives, form together a lesson of especial value to the members of this church. Their names represent three valuable qualities, or principles, which they severally exemplified, and which it would be well for us to adopt for our guidance.

On the right, you read the name of one, the labour of whose life was love. To do good and to give, to allay heart-burnings, to conciliate, and make peace, was his delight. The discharging of kind offices, the promotion of goodwill and happiness, these are the things for which he was so cordially beloved, and will be so long remembered.

The first name on my left is the name of one, who, descended from a stern old Puritan stock, was distinguished for his determined resistance to unjust power. The magistrates of his native place, Chester in England, having violated the chartered liberties of that ancient city, he resisted their arbitrary authority, and the case was carried before Parliament. And although by some legal flaw our friend was in form defeated, yet, in fact, he was accounted victorious, and his fellow-citizens accorded him their grateful respect. In a Chronological History of the City of Chester, you will find the emigration of Mr. Ralph Eddowes to America mentioned as one of the interesting events of the year in which it took place. And his memory is still preserved in that city as an upright and fearless defender of popular rights. He breathed the independent spirit of his ancestry and would not submit to the slightest infringement of justice. After sacrifices of personal comfort and property in the cause of civil freedom in his own country, for the same sacred cause he came to this land; and here was spent his serene and dignified old age, but little known beyond the limits of this religious society, to which for some years he ministered, and occasionally receiving from distinguished persons on the other side of the water, who knew his worth, expressions of cordial and respectful remembrance. His name admonishes

us to be loyal to Justice, to Right. For this he spent his wealth, and relinquished the pleasant ties of home.

The third name, recorded on these walls is the name of one who, devoid of all pretension, led an industrious and frugal life, and devoted the wealth which he gathered to the Instruction of the Blind. He was a warm and generous friend of this church, and took a leading part in its services when it was in its infancy; and from the quiet and modest tenor of his life we may learn a lesson, and deduce an invaluable principle.

Now there remain these three qualities, represented by our three venerable friends—untiring Love, unswerving, self-sacrificing Integrity, and unpretending Simplicity. Are they not needful under all circumstances, in all the relations of life, in our transactions with the world, in the circle of our own families? To be sternly upright, and yet unweariedly considerate, and all the while to cherish no assuming temper, but be simple and unpretending as a child—is not this the difficult virtue? Difficult as it is, is it not indispensable? Without these qualities, what a wretched work do men make of life! What a scene of defeat and unhappiness does it become!

But, my friends, it is in reference to our duties, as members of this church, that I would plead for those principles, of which we now have enduring memorials on these walls. Let me speak freely, a friend among friends. Do not suppose that I am going to breathe a word of personal complaint. I seek only the enlightenment of your minds and my own. And first, in regard to myself, is it not plain that I can find no support in the discharge of duties which every year that I live grow more and more solemn to me, un-

less I am actuated and sustained by those principles of which I speak, an all-considering love, an undeviating loyalty to the sacred convictions of duty, and an avoidance of all offensive assumption in word and in thought. It is not in consulting your wishes or my own, but in cherishing these principles that I must find my strength. You may forget the fearful responsibilities under which I speak. But how can I ever forget them? They press upon me at times almost to overwhelming. And when I have failed in the discharge of my duties, it is not because I have been forgetful of them, but because I have been dismayed at their greatness and my own insufficiency. I can hope for strength only through a pure, loving, honest spirit. There is indeed another and a great support, your sympathy, the assurance of your confidence and kind and cordial co-operation. How dear your sympathy has been to me, I cannot tell you. I can only say that when I feel myself bound as I do, to utter ungracious truth, to speak what it offends and pains you to hear, it is one of the very hardest duties that I have ever undertaken to perform. But hard as it is, it must be done. I may not evade it. And I will not despair of you. I trust in God that every member of this church, present and absent, shall one day sympathize with me, and in reference to the very point on which we now differ. And in the meanwhile, for the strength that is needful, I will turn from the living to the dead. These monuments shall be my strengtheners. I will commune with them, and they will commune with me. And while my right-hand counsellor admonishes me to speak the Truth in Love, the shade of my venerable friend on my left charges me to speak the Truth—to be faithful to the dictates

of my own conscience. God grant that the spirit of truth and love and humility may forever lead our services!

But, my friends, you have a duty in this place as well as I. If upon one is imposed the duty of speaking unwelcome truth, upon others devolves the corresponding duty of listening, disagreeable and painful though it be, a duty that may not be disregarded with impunity. And before we refuse to listen to one who is speaking seriously to us, and whom we believe to be actuated by no unworthy motives, (I put it to you, as candid men) are we not bound to be satisfied that we have faithfully looked at the offensive subject on all hands, have meditated it long and faithfully as in the presence of God, and with minds divested of all prejudices, and bent upon seeing the truth, and the truth only. The very fact that we refuse to hear affords some presumption that we have not weighed the matter conscientiously and thoroughly; for they who study and examine and decide for themselves, seeking only the truth, are always the most patient listeners. And if we do refuse to listen to what is spoken in love and honesty, we are in danger of violating, not merely the laws of common courtesy, but the spirit of charity and candour. We are not only uncourteous. That may readily be forgiven. We are unfair and unjust; and this may be forgiven too, but for this we cannot so easily forgive ourselves. In view of these things, brethren and friends, let me pray you, not for my sake, but for yours, to look at these memorials and ponder the qualities, which, as it seems to me, they commemorate. Take heed how you hear. There is a responsibility in hearing as in speaking, and the ear, as well as the eye, is a trust, of which we must render a

strict account. Let the spirit of these honoured old men dwell among us, and become one of the sanctifying influences of this church, guarding it from the encroaching spirit of the world, and helping us to feel more deeply than ever that it is the house of God, the gate of Heaven.

And now, my friends, is it not incumbent upon us all to consider whether as members of this religious body, we have not plain and urgent duties to the community in which we dwell, to our fellow-men, to the world, overcast with ignorance, and oppressed and defiled with sin. The Religion which we profess is not a form nor a phrase. It is not this visible place, nor this appointed day of worship. It is a spirit, a power, a life, entering in and taking possession of the very soul, and when it has once gained a lodgment there, it is heard in the voice, it is seen in the whole man, in all that he does and is. Alas! our religion is not thus vital among us. We have the form of it, but where is the power? We have costly places of worship, and a multitude of religious services, and associations without number for purposes of moral reform. Yet in whatever company you go, in whatever conversation you join, do you not hear lamentations poured forth, over the disorder and moral degeneracy of the times, the lack of moral principle, which is everywhere so fearfully disclosed?

I am not going to re-echo these lamentations, although there is cause enough therefor in the recent events which have disgraced our community, in the brutal violence which has been witnessed, and the shameful deference which has been paid to the menaces of the

cruel and savage. Now that these scenes have passed away for awhile, I do not mean to indulge in the unprofitable declamation, with which we are prone to satisfy ourselves, and which furnishes not the slightest security against the recurrence of those frightful disorders. But as sober and thoughtful men, there is one plain question which we are most urgently bound to consider. It is simply this. Do not these disorders cry out shame upon our churches and our religion, and our professions of faith and principle? We may denounce the ignorant and the brutal. But are not those who are termed the better classes—are not they implicated? Have not we much to answer for? Continually in one part of the land or another we see whole masses of what is accounted a moral and enlightened population intimidated and palsied by mere handfuls of ignorant and violent men! Now what does this prove but the hollowness of our moral and religious pretensions? Were the religion and civilization, of which we make our boast, Realities, instead of cowering before the irreligious and uncivilized, these would have been overawed. They would not have dared to show themselves in the presence of a virtuous and religious community. If the great body of those who are considered the sober and enlightened portion of society, were really under the influence of a commanding principle, their authority would be felt. The base and disorderly would shrink away, withered by their glance. The simple presence of true and religious men would be a consuming fire, and riot and injustice and cruelty could not exist before it.

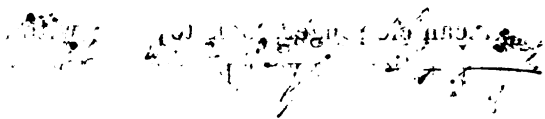
If these things are so, then the inference from recent events as to the worth of our moral and religious pro-

fessions is any thing but flattering. It is humiliating indeed. I declare to you, my friends, that when I hear of such outrages, in other places, as well as among us, I am instinctively prompted to ask, In God's name where are the Churches and their ministers? Where is the Christianity that should have rendered such things impossible? And I feel ashamed, not for those who are concerned in these disorders, for they are probably ignorant and know not what they do, but for our own miserable weakness and inefficiency.

I adjure you, my brethren, let not our church-going be any longer such a wretched and hypocritical appearance. It is not worth the expense it costs you, if it presents no resistance to the unrighteous and violent, if it cannot speak with power for simple justice and mercy, and the everlasting Law of God. Guard the Church as the last place of refuge whither the persecuted rights of humanity may flee for protection. Let it not be corrupted and enslaved by the low and despotic fashion of the world,—the beautiful daughter of Heaven carried away captive by the foul spirit of darkness. Let this holy place at least, be free. It is not holy, if it is not free. For, as, where the spirit to the Lord is, there is liberty, if there is not liberty, the sanctifying presence of the spirit is not. You know full well that your reliance upon governments and legislatures, and all the costly civil and municipal apparatus of society must be shaken. You can no longer look to them with a full assurance of protection for your persons and your property, especially if you are resolved to be faithful to your own convictions. You may be assaulted with a violence with which the constituted authorities dare not interfere. Cherish the Church then, I say, as

your only remaining safeguard. Remember that you come hither not to study how you may be conformed to the world, but to be transformed in the whole spirit of your minds. The Church is set, not to express the sentiments and wear the livery of the world, but to proclaim and enforce a law above the way and opinion of man, even the holy Law of God. Let it be true to its office, and then when the civil fabric, assaulted by evil passions begins to totter, no longer affording a shelter to the interests entrusted to its keeping, then shall come forth from the Church a power more mighty and terrible than an army with banners. It shall come in its majesty, not through the feeble lips of those who speak, but through your living characters, clad in the whole armour of God. This moral power, inspired by the Church, will make itself to be felt and revered. It will calm the noise of the waves and the tumult of the people, and at its command they shall be still.

I commend these things, my brethren, to your most serious attention, and pray God to send down his truth out of the holy heavens to enlighten our minds, to cleanse and kindle our hearts, so that we may be ready to lay ourselves living sacrifices upon the altar of Truth and Humanity.



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S E R M O N

ON OCCASION OF THE

DEATH OF REV. FREDERICK T. GRAY,

PREACHED IN THE BULFINCH-STREET CHURCH,

MARCH 18, 1855.

BY EPHRAIM PEABODY.

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S E R M O N .

1 TIM. iv. 7, 8: — "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day. And not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

THESE are the words of Paul, as his career drew near its end, to his beloved and youthful follower, Timothy. They are noble words of Christian faith and confidence. But, while they exhibit the great apostle as rejoicing in hope, they also show how the hopes of the future grow out of faithfulness in the past.

The best test of character is fidelity in the work which is given one to do. The work varies with each individual; but every one, through the position in which Providence has cast his lot and the gifts and dispositions with which he is endowed, has an appropriate sphere of labor and duty, in which to serve God, to benefit man, and to be trained for the immortal life. Whether life is in vain or not — whether one shall have God's approval or not — depends on the fidelity with which the duties thus committed to him have been discharged. The aged may pass away, having neglected the work assigned them; and those who die earliest may have performed it. But, when the last hour comes, one great question to every reasonable person must be, not, Have

I said, Lord, Lord? not, Have I been indignant at others' neglect? but, Have I, according to my place and time, done the work which God gave me to do? Have I served God, and been useful to man, according to my opportunity and ability? Happy they, of whom it may at the last hour be declared, They have finished the works given them to do!

The text I have chosen has come to me without my seeking. Before I was invited to join with you in this commemorative service, it had already many times repeated itself in my mind, as the natural utterance of the event which has brought us together. We have met to express, in this imperfect way, our sense of a great public and private loss; to recall and retain before our minds the image of one whom we shall never forget, — your friend and mine, — known, honored, and beloved. To you, during many of the best years of his life, he sustained peculiar and sacred relations. And though the pastoral connection, which had so long subsisted, was terminated before his death, the spiritual bonds, which, through its whole course, had been multiplying and strengthening, were none of them sundered. Especially must this be true with the older members of this church, who had been with him, and joined with him in Christian works, the longest. How many ties bound you to him, whose full strength you were not conscious of until his departure! You remember him, not in this place alone, but in a thousand scenes, quite as holy and far more tender. Some will remember him as he came, with his bright and sympathetic look, to their lonely and desponding sick-chambers, and cheered them by friendly offices and Christian hopes. Some of you took counsel with him in benevolent enterprises for the general good. Some of you labored with him, and denied yourselves for Christian objects, within your own body. There must be young men and young

women here, to whom, in some critical and turning point of life, he was the friend who rescued them from peril, or guided them through sore troubles that they knew not how to meet. Many will look back, and say, "His inspiring example roused us to more Christian views of our duty to others." Many will date from his words their awakening to more serious religious purposes. How many who in their fresh childhood, before they could understand how much they owed him, received some of their earliest, deepest, and probably life-long impressions of pious trust and reverence from his instructions! While, scattered far and wide throughout the land, are young people, in different walks of life, who, wherever they are, are better members of society, and more conscientious in their duties to God and man, because of his influence on their forming characters. I can well believe that many of your absent ones, who in their distant dwelling-places have read the record of his death, have felt their hearts sink within them at the thought that they should never again behold him who had endeavored to guide them, as the very children of his love, in the paths of religion and virtue. His best funeral sermon is in these unuttered memories of their saddened, but grateful, minds. And may we not believe that some who had caught from him a warmer trust and faith, and who had gone before him, have already welcomed him to holier scenes?

One whose life bore such fruits did not live in vain. Here were works worth the doing. And to what else but such works was his life devoted? I doubt not that he had the limitations and infirmities which belong to our common humanity; and that, had he judged himself, he would, with his sensitive conscience, have recalled neglects, and mingled motives, mistakes, and errors, which, even when unobserved by others, he did not the less regret. But of us, who looked on his daily occupations; who saw him for

years go out and come in before us, and witnessed his course so laborious with good works, — who can recall any thing in his life or words to injure any good cause, or to harm righteousness, justice, or peace? It is no purpose of mine to deliver an indiscriminate and meaningless eulogy. If we speak of the dead at all, we will endeavor to speak the truth. We will not mock them, or Heaven, or ourselves by false words. But I think that all of us who best knew his prevailing objects and interests must say, that, so far as human eyes could reach, — and can more be said of any one? — here was a man who sought habitually to do a Christian's duty with a Christian purpose. It was a good man whom you followed to the grave. The earth shall lie gently on a heart which never beat with any thing but love and good-will towards men, and trust in God.

I make no attempt here to give an account of his life. That belongs to another place; but, did it not, in this city of his birth, and among those with whom he was so intimately associated, it would be superfluous. I shall refer to particular events only so far as they serve to illustrate the more prominent traits of his character.

He was a native of this city, born in 1804; and here, with a brief exception, was the place of his labors; and here, in a community which loved and honored him for his virtues, he died. In early life, he was trained to business, and, while yet a young man, was entering on a flattering career of success. But his heart was not in such pursuits; his tastes were in another direction; and he left the promises of a large prosperity, to devote himself to labors which had no earthly prizes to offer, but the toil without the reward. He had not the advantage of an early academical culture; but a devoted heart, and a practical knowledge of life, seemed more than to supply its place, and to furnish

a better education for the great duties to which he gave himself, than the training of the schools. On entering into the ministry, he became, almost at once, one of the most useful, influential, and respected among his brethren.

Of all the men I have known, there is no one whom I should more quickly select as an example of how much may be done without any peculiar advantages, provided there be a definite purpose of good, and a Christian heart entirely devoted to its accomplishment. It is an example which might be held up as a sufficient answer to those who complain that they would gladly be useful, but have no opportunity; for it would show that a true heart knows how to find and to make opportunities.

There never was a more consistent life. In our departed friend's case, "the child was father of the man;" and his early course is full of instructive lessons, not only because it shows how much depends on a right beginning, but because it was one which might have been taken by any young man. In 1822, he, and three others of like dispositions with himself, associated themselves together for their own religious improvement, and for works of charity among the destitute and neglected. Two of the number are now dead; and two yet remain among us, to give the wisdom of their ripened manhood to the same beneficent labors which awoke the enthusiasm of their youth. They met every week; and, a few friends joining them, before the end of the year they formed a society, which, though destined soon to occupy so prominent and leading a position among the Christian activities of the city, at first was composed of but nine persons. This society was styled "The Association of Young Men for their own Mutual Improvement, and for the Religious Instruction of the Poor." Their numbers increased. They met regularly at each other's houses, and discussed together, always with a view

to some practical action, the great questions of philanthropy and religion; such as the remedies of pauperism, the employment of a missionary, the wants of vagrant children, the diffusion of Christianity abroad, the promotion of peace and temperance, the improvement of prisons, the publication of religious tracts and books, and, in short, whatever subjects had to do with the practical welfare of mankind. Many of these subjects were then comparatively new, and were less understood than now; and this association thus became an important instrumentality in training its members to a more just comprehension of the true conditions of social progress.

The utility of such associations, thus conducted, can hardly be overrated. The immediate good which is done is the least part. Beyond this, the habit of considering and investigating important subjects in this practical way is an admirable discipline for the higher qualities of character. It accustoms the mind to broad and generous views, secures a more extended information respecting the great interests of society, and educates men to take an active, wise, and efficient part in all useful labors. The young men who were united in these meetings were not specially distinguished from a multitude of others; but the habits of thought and action which they were led to form, could not fail of having important consequences. If we were to enumerate those who, since that period, have been at the same time most judicious and most active in promoting the religious and benevolent interests of this city, it would surprise one to find how many of them were trained in this modest society of friends, united for personal religious improvement and social usefulness. A thousand noisier and more proclamatory enterprises have been left by their projectors to perish at the roadside; while the results of this Association remain in our most valuable philanthropic agencies.

The conclusions to which these young men came in their discussions were speedily embodied in action. They almost immediately commenced an evening course of religious lectures, in one of the most exposed parts of the city, for those who had no connection with the regular churches. These were well attended. Occasionally clergymen officiated; but, for the most part, the services were conducted by the members of the Association. In connection with the lectures, they opened the Hancock Sunday School, one of the earliest among us, and signally successful. It collected within its influence the poor and neglected children of the neighborhood, and was soon entirely full. Of this school, Mr. Gray was a superintendent. The Association, by degrees, drew into its ranks a large number of members. They became familiar with the wants of the community, and learned to understand better the remedies which were required. As their strength increased, their plans were enlarged. Without entering minutely into the history of subsequent events, after continuing their lectures for more than two years, they found it necessary, for the accomplishment of the good they wished, to have a regular and permanent missionary among the poor. They, however, no longer acted alone. In their attempts to find a suitable person, and afterwards to sustain him, they had the co-operation of the American Unitarian Association, then recently formed. Several candidates took the subject into consideration; but no one was willing to undertake the office. At length, they learned that Dr. Tuckerman was inclined to enter into this field of service. His mind had already been deeply interested in questions of philanthropy; and thus, on his side, he found the opening which he desired. He was engaged, and immediately entered on the duties of a minister at large. His first sermon was preached in a large upper chamber which had been a

painter's loft, at the junction of Merrimack and Portland Streets, Dec. 2, 1826, — just four years after the formation of the Association with which, at first, he principally acted. At the same time and place, the Howard Sunday School was established, which was equally successful with the Hancock; numbering, before long, several hundreds of children, although, on the first morning, it had seven teachers and only three scholars.

The energy, enthusiasm, and devotedness of Dr. Tuckerman, and his theories, earnestly set forth, respecting the true mode of meeting pauperism; the extent to which the character of the mission was formed by his influence; and the more general sympathy enlisted by him in its behalf, — have identified his name, justly, with the origin of the Ministry at Large.

When this is said, however, it is not meant to be understood, that, in the great cities of Christendom, the spiritual wants of the poor had been entirely uncared for. It was not a new, though it was an uncommon thing, to have missionaries devoted to their special service. In Boston, there was already at least one such missionary among our Orthodox brethren. But such cases were exceptional, originating in the benevolent impulses of individuals, and dying with them. So far as is known, however, the Ministry at Large was the first systematic attempt to embody in a *permanent institution* the best ideas of the time respecting the true methods of Christian benevolence. It was a great and good work. No better method has as yet been devised to supersede it. It has expanded itself in this city till it has now eight persons regularly employed in its different ministries, and four chapels, with their numberless related and affiliated agencies. Nor is it confined to the place of its birth, but has been adopted in a large number of the principal cities of our own country and of England.

But, while the attention of many had been awakened to the

subject of pauperism, and while many contributed to the support of the Ministry at Large, and while we place the name of Dr. Tuckerman in the front rank of the great benefactors of modern society, it should be remembered, for the encouragement of modest and humble efforts to do good, that the way had been prepared for him by others. This Association of Young Men had broken the ground; they had, during four years, been ministering to the poor; they were constant co-workers with Dr. Tuckerman, on his right hand and on his left; and the efficiency of his labors depended very much on their zealous co-operation. The charge of sustaining the Ministry at Large at first fell mainly into the hands of the Unitarian Association, by whom it was finally transferred to the Fraternity of Churches. But, whatever collateral supports and aids it may have had, and although, as an institution, it would never have assumed its present form and magnitude except for the influence, the zeal, and labors of its first missionary; it is equally true, I suppose, that, as a matter of history, it was an outgrowth of the Association of Young Men whom I have described. They laid in obscurity the foundations, on which has been built a superstructure fairer than temple or tower; and, without those foundations, the superstructure would not then, nor in that form, have been built.

I have dwelt long on this history; but it shows how much may be accomplished by those who perseveringly and wisely pursue a Christian end; and also because it is necessary in order to show how large is the claim of our departed friend on the respectful and grateful memory of all good men. He did not act alone: but he was one of the four who commenced the Association; he devoted himself to carrying out its ends; he took a large share in providing the evening lectures; he was a

superintendent of its first Sunday School; he took a leading part with those who consummated the arrangement with Dr. Tuckerman; and, his heart being constantly more and more engaged in the work, after Mr. Barnard, who had for a time been associated with Dr. Tuckerman, established the Warren-street Chapel, he succeeded them in the ministry which they had held.

His ministry began at the Friend-street Chapel, in October, 1833. But, under his vigorous and judicious administration, the number of worshippers increased, until the chapel could not accommodate them. The Pitt-street Chapel was built; and to this Mr. Gray removed in 1836. After laboring here with signal fidelity and success during some years, he became, at their desire, the minister of the Bulfinch-street Church. With this church he was connected till nearly the time of his death, when he asked a dismissal, and was appointed Secretary of the Sunday School Society. In 1853, he visited California for the purpose of ministering, during a year, to a church recently established in San Francisco. With this exception, he has dwelt among you, and been united with you as a Christian minister, during the last fifteen years of his life.

If I were required to select the most prominent characteristic of our friend, I should say, in general, that it was an earnest, ardent, never-faltering *zeal to do good*. I mean more than the words may seem at first, perhaps, to express. His labors of usefulness were not tasks or duties to him, but pleasures. As other minds are filled with plans of business, his was filled with plans for the improvement of the young; for the religious awakening of the sinful; for the rescue of the corrupted, the neglected, or exposed. He had the same enjoyment in witnessing the successful progress of any work which had for its object the

moral or religious improvement of men, — the same relish and taste for it, — which an artist has for the beautiful in nature or art; which a man of business has for seeing successful enterprises and thriving communities; or a scholar for exploring some new realm of knowledge. The whole bent of his mind was in that direction. Had he been in Judea, it is easy to think that he would have loved to follow Him who went about doing good. This characteristic pervaded the whole man. It was no matter of calculation, no exceptional emotion, no transient sentimentalism. Had any friend, after being absent a year or ten years, thought of the probable occupations of those whom he had left behind, he would have said, One is engaged in politics; another is occupied in quiet and retired pursuits; and, with equal certainty, he would have said of our friend, He is probably engaged enthusiastically about some new project of good. This tendency of character appeared in early life. At the age of eighteen, the leisure time which others give to pleasure, he devoted to the poor and their children. His interest in such works growing stronger every year, he sacrificed the prospects of worldly gain which were before him, in order that he might devote himself entirely to these labors, which he loved more; and the same feeling with which he began life, inspired and impelled him to the close.

My first personal acquaintance with him was just about eighteen years ago, and arose in connection with the Ministry at Large. I remember, almost as if it were yesterday, the interview. He explained at length his ideas respecting the true remedies of pauperism. He gave various details respecting his plans and labors, and all with an earnest enthusiasm which carried one's sympathies and convictions along with him. He made the impression of a man who had a noble object in life, to which he was altogether devoted; who knew distinctly what that

object was ; and who had the practical energy and good sense to accomplish it. Not long after, I had the privilege of accompanying him in one of his daily rounds of visits, through streets and lanes and alleys, to the dwellings of the poor. His way took him to cases of the most varied descriptions, — from the haunt of profligacy to the room of a crippled child ; from the reformed inebriate, in his place of labor, to the bleak attic, high up blind and stumbling steps, where a mother was slowly dying. And everywhere his coming seemed to bring the sunshine. It was evident that somehow the most worthless had got the idea, that in this lonely world he was their friend. He seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of what to do. Now it was a decisive direction to shiftless parents about their children ; now, some practical counsel about work ; now, some cheerful, encouraging words to a bedridden and desponding woman ; now, some trifling memento, with a kind word, to a little child. Always it was the right thing. It was a strong man and a tender man, among those who needed tenderness to attract them, and who needed the strength on which to lean. There the character of our friend appeared.

Since then, I have had his friendship, and, for years past, more or less of his intimacy ; and never, from that day to the last parting, did I hear a word, or see an act, inconsistent with that first impression. I allude to these personal reminiscences, because they enable me, better than by any general phrases, to portray the worth of him whom we have lost. In later years, we met, sometimes almost every day, and always with only brief intervals between. Our conversations had all the frankness of entire confidence ; but, with him, they turned almost entirely on some plan or project for promoting the true good of those with whom he was related. His strong interests ran always in one

direction, — the moral and religious improvement of society. He took little interest in politics ; theoretical questions of philanthropy or theology had little hold on him ; and, in the intimacy of years, I never heard him allude more than once or twice, and then casually, to his own secular affairs. But show a distinct evil or social want, where it was possible that something might be done, and where he could do something besides look on as a fault-finding spectator, and his countenance lighted up, and his heart rushed forth into action.

It was a part of this character, that he should carefully avoid wounding the characters of others. I never heard him say any thing to make one think the worse of a human being. Nor was this owing to that feeble charity which does not discriminate between right and wrong ; nor was it owing to any want of courage to rebuke a wrongdoer face to face, when that was fitting to be done. He had a large knowledge of men, and had seen the evil and suffering in the world, and the disastrous fruits of sin, more than most ; but he was not one who showed his benevolence by abusing or slandering those whom he thought in the wrong. He had a real love of man ; and, instead of dwelling on the defects and sins of others, his question was, whether they might in any way be encouraged to do better. He said nothing to the injury of others, because he thought only of how he might benefit them, — thought thus even of those who had injured him ; and, when he saw no opportunity to do them good, he was apt to say nothing about them.

Our friend was essentially what is termed a practical man. He never speculated for the mere pleasure of speculation. All his thoughts went into acts. The nerves of the hand responded to those of the brain. In all discussions with his brethren, it was interesting to see how whatever was merely speculative

seemed, in his mind, to drop off from the question ; while, by a kind of instinct, he seized on that part which related to action. Perhaps he was liable to error in that direction, and did not always estimate highly enough the relation of more remote truths to ultimate practical results. But, however this may have been, this was his peculiarity ; and it was one which bore admirable fruits.

His intense conviction of the importance of Christian truth partook of the same character. It was not merely a persuasion that it was true, but a conviction, deepened by his large acquaintance with human wants, that the reception of it as the guide of life was the only remedy for the evil and misery and sin which prevail. He valued it for its practical influence ; because he saw and knew that it was the very power of God for the salvation of man. All plans, debates, and enterprises were brought up by him to the same test, — What do you propose to accomplish ? and what can be accomplished under the circumstances ? To secure his interest, these questions, and these only, had to be answered.

I have no doubt, that, in your relations with him, you had abundant evidence of this practical wisdom. I know that the perpetual question in his mind was, What can I do for the furtherance of those under my charge in Christian knowledge and virtue ?

This practical judgment, which he so eminently possessed, led him to attach the importance which he did to sabbath-school instruction. It was his conviction, that, if men are to be Christians in manhood, they must have a Christian nurture in childhood. No one was more anxious that the sinner should be converted from his evil ways, and live ; but he believed it to be madness to neglect the child, and trust to the chance of

conversion in after-years. There was nothing, therefore, in which his heart was more bound up than in the Sunday School ; and no object which he more desired to see accomplished, than the establishment of the custom in our churches of giving the young a more thorough and careful Christian nurture.

This practical character had blended with it, to an extent which rendered it remarkable, a fresh and warm enthusiasm. To one who knew him little, this ardor and warmth might have seemed to be, what they sometimes are, a transient sentiment, and likely to die away when the occasion had passed. But it was the reverse of this. There are shallow and rapid streams, where the waters on the surface, as they dash over the rocks, catch the air, and flash in bubbles for a moment in the sun. The very shallowness is a cause of the sparkling and glancing tumult. There are other streams, deep and steady, and fed by fountains beneath, from which, ever and anon, the bubbles rise and drift silently away, showing only the depth and direction of the current. It was thus with our friend. The enthusiasm in words was merely accidental ; betokening a steady, permanent earnestness of intention beneath. The feeling never died out. It was as ardent at the end of the year as at the beginning. It did not depend on the sympathy of others, but had its origin in his own most sacred convictions. Here lay his power. When other men grew cold in a good work, he was as earnest as ever, and either quickened them to renewed exertions, or drew new laborers into the vineyard. Nor was the enthusiasm confined to the general end. It was so superabundant, so fed from unfailing fires within, that it took hold of each particular case that bore on the main result. He did not merely form plans and theories about relieving pauperism in general ; but, while engaged in this, his heart and mind were occupied with the one poor family thrown

on his care, as much as if, for the moment, there had been no other in the world. He was not interested in Sunday Schools in general, merely; but his heart went out to every individual child with which he had to do. Thus all he undertook was undertaken in earnest. His enthusiasm inspired those around him. He went forward with such a hearty and victorious spirit, that others could not help following; and in general, whatever plan of good he entered upon, he gave himself to it so unreservedly, that it rarely failed of being accomplished.

This practical tendency, united with this perennial warmth of interest in what he was about, gave a character to his public services. Without knowing, — for I do not remember to have heard him preach, — I should have expected, that, when treating of general subjects, with no special practical object in view, his best powers would not have been likely to be called forth. But, on those occasions when something was to be done; when he himself was roused to some good work, and there was need of arousing the sleeping or negligent interest of others, — he was endowed with a persuasive and awakening eloquence which belongs to few. The clear, practical perceptions, and the warm, earnest heart, there found their proper sphere; and few ever listened to him on such occasions, without feeling that he was one fitted to take a lead in good works.

Perhaps the best description which could be given of our friend would be to say, that he was in truth, in heart, and life, what he was in name, a Christian minister. It is not for me to speak of his special ministrations here, during almost a third part of his life, among you, his friends and brethren. I know that his days were filled with labor, that his heart was always warm, and that the great and constant thought with him was the benefit of those to whom he ministered. But all this you know

better than I, and a thousand things beside, of which I can know nothing. Your meeting thus this day to pause on his virtues, is only an expression of the value which you placed upon his ministry.

But there were certain general views, of great importance, which governed his course, before as well as after he was connected with you, on which it may not be unprofitable to dwell.

I have said that our friend was a Christian minister. From early childhood, his tastes were in that direction. He was drawn to it by his affections; and the way was so opened for him, and the demand laid on him so clear and strong, that, in entering the ministry, he obeyed not only an interior call, but almost, it might seem, an outward voice of Providence. And his heart was in his work till his last day.

As one might have expected, he had no vague, undefined notions of what he was undertaking, but positive objects and a settled theory. Whatever good a minister does, it must, in most cases, be chiefly done in the society with which he is specially connected. Whatever he does elsewhere, he must start from that as the centre. In his view, the simply preaching from sabbath to sabbath was only one among various methods essential to those results for which a church is organized. If a society has no bond except the ownership of pews in the same church, and if nothing is done but to meet on Sunday to hear a favorite preacher, the society can have no existence as a living Christian body. Its members are but so many separate individuals, who meet in the same place to hear a discourse, as long as the preacher attracts them; but, at his departure or death, they crumble apart like a heap of sand. Our friend's theory was, that a society should be in itself a Christian body, — its members mutually helpful in the

religious life; recognizing a close and sacred relation to one another; using their different gifts for one another's edification, and for the Christian training of the young; and, finally, that the spiritual life cherished by them in the church, should be manifested in works of benevolence towards their fellow-men. He believed that a church whose members took no interest in each other's religious welfare would lose the religious spirit; and that, if their faith did not appear in works of mercy and love, it would soon become a dry and sapless branch. For such reasons, it was his earnest desire to bring the members of a society together in friendly sympathies, and in mutual co-operation in good works, and to unite them as a Christian church, having objects far beyond the mere attendance on the ministrations of the sabbath. He then considered it essential that all who could engage in Christian works should do so. Especially, he endeavored to enlist the enthusiasm of the young in practical Christian offices, with the hope that the young men and young women might thus be trained up with enlarged and generous and Christian views of their duties to society. This was with him a primary point, — this training of the young to liberal, philanthropic, and Christian action. Without knowing the result, I have little doubt that the character of this society has been greatly influenced in this way. I should expect to find among you a large number of those in youth and early manhood accustomed to take Christian views of their social duties, and to engage in them heartily and effectively. I should expect to find that large numbers who have gone abroad from this church, in the places where they reside, are among the most ready and active in all good works. I know that this was his hope; and, if he accomplished what he hoped, no nobler success could have rewarded devoted labors.

In his view, the Christian church was the great institution for regenerating the world. He strove in every way to develop its power for good, and to secure for it its true place and influence. In accordance with his general convictions, he thought that every young child should grow up a Christian, in its bosom. To him, the sabbath school was not an appendage to the church, but a vital part of its organization. He laid great stress on the Christian ordinances, and attached much value to social religious meetings. But all the different plans which he was so fertile in devising, and in which he was so anxious to enlist others, had one great end, — the building up of a true Christian church, in which men and women, young and old, should be mutual helpers of each other in the Christian life and in Christian duty.

I dwell on this, because I think that, almost more than any one among us, he here took hold of a great want, and endeavored to remedy a great and growing evil. The excitements of the times, the competitions of business, the multiplication of affairs, the numberless organizations of every description, are drawing men away from that organization which must, from the nature of the case, be the only permanent centre of Christian activity and influence, and whose decay must necessarily be followed by the general decay of Christian faith and the Christian spirit.

In saying, then, that he was a true Christian minister, I do not mean merely that he was a good man, discharging faithfully the duties prescribed in a certain traditional routine; but he had an elevated and enlarged view of the place of the Christian church, and he devoted himself to whatever promised to give Christianity greater efficiency in society.

And whatever he did, was done — it seemed sometimes almost instinctively — under the pressure and guidance of his warm, earnest, Christian convictions. He grew up in the midst of

religious influences in childhood. His intimate friends in youth speak of him not only as of an unstained character, but as then devoted, with all the ardor of an enthusiastic nature, to Christian works. There was never any change in his course. The same spirit governed his youth which governed his manhood. For more than thirty years, he actively co-operated with nearly every benevolent enterprise in this city, of a general kind, for the benefit of the poor, and for the improvement of the young. In many such enterprises, he had a controlling place and influence; and there are few, now living, who have done more to give a wise and effective direction to the benevolent activity among us. Some of those who acted with him from the beginning still live, active leaders in all good works. As they look back over so many years, they will feel that they have lost a brother not to be replaced on earth; and they can best tell the debt which this community owes to our friend.

I hardly know how to speak of his religious character; and the reason is, that it was so plain and obvious. His religion was nothing apart from himself, — a speculation or a form, — but was wrought into every fibre of his being. He was one who believed from the heart. Religion, with him, was so much a matter of happy experience; he had seen its power so much in others, and felt it so much in himself, — that he never had the doubts and misgivings which disturb merely speculative minds. His trust was as undoubting as that of a child. He walked in faith as confidently as in the light of the sun. He did not argue: religion was to him something which had got beyond the region of argument. Back of all his exhortations, and what gave them their meaning and their power, were a lifelong religious faith and experience.

His faith was simple. The practical character of his mind

would probably have made it so. But his acquaintance with the needs of men in the great trials of life, his familiarity with all forms of want and trouble, of sin and of penitence, of fidelity and failure, had convinced him that the power of Christianity resides in its simplest truths, — as, indeed, he might well believe, if it be a religion for the humble and ignorant as well as the wise and strong, for the child as well as the sage. But those truths whose power he had seen subdue the hardened, and comfort the grief-stricken, and reclaim the guilty, and encourage the good, and inspire men with devout trust and reverence, like the daily light and air, entered into his very life; and what he himself felt the worth of so intensely, he earnestly desired might be diffused abroad among others. He was thus ready to join heartily in all Christian methods of bringing men into an acquaintance with those views of God, of the Saviour, and of the future life, which, it seemed to him, no one could receive without being a regenerated man. It was this feeling that led him, when no other one, at the time, could be found, to entertain and finally adopt the idea of spending a year with the church in San Francisco; and this feeling was the one which guided his labors wherever he was called upon to preach the gospel.

Thus he continued to the end of his career. In most cases, I think that experience disposes us to place little reliance on the moral manifestations of the closing hours of life. As death approaches, the mind is sometimes stupefied by pain, sometimes bewildered by fever, and sometimes seems to share the weakness of the failing body. The bold, bad man may die with confident words on his lips; while the self-distrustful good man, though submitting himself devoutly to God's will, may have a sense of unworthiness stronger than the sentiment of hope. Above all, there is little reason to place confidence in deathbed changes and

repentances, or in any exhibitions of character which are at variance with the preceding life. In no case do we pretend to sit in judgment on a fellow-mortal at that hour. That judgment we leave to Him who seeth the heart.

But sometimes death approaches slowly, and is long anticipated; and in such cases, when the same essential qualities of character appear, during the long weeks and months of sickness and pain, which had before been exhibited in the active duties of life, it is impossible to doubt that we see the real man. Sickness gives the same testimony to his character which had already been given by health. The essential consistency under such different circumstances shows that we have not misjudged him; and, when such a man, on the horizon of life, looking backward and before, in God's presence, bears witness to the worth of religious truth and the blessedness of a religious trust, we cannot help feeling that he speaks almost with a prophet's authority. Such, signally, was the close of our friend's mortal career.

What more I have to say, I should hesitate about repeating, except among those who loved him, and whom he loved. There can, however, be no impropriety in speaking here of the spirit which he exhibited as his earthly ministry drew near its end; and it may not be unprofitable for you to know that the religion which he urged on your acceptance in life was his triumphant support and hope in death. You know the sickness of months, which early began to give omens of its fatal termination. You know how patiently — with what Christian fortitude and sweetness — he bore the long-continued pain and anguish of disease. For a long time, he was unable to see his friends; but he always had the conviction, that, before the end, there would be an interval of peace and relief, during which he might do whatever was essential. And that season came, continuing for many days.

As far as his strength allowed, he sent messages to his friends ; he made arrangements which he thought might be of service to those who were in any way connected with him ; he remembered numberless little offices of kindness, and occupied himself in parting with those whom he loved. Among those friends who had the privilege of seeing him, it was my happiness to be one. I went at his request, but with a sad and heavy heart ; for I knew it was to part with one who was dear to me. When I entered the chamber, he was asleep ; and I sat for a time, silently, with her who had watched there so long and so tenderly the failing strength on which she had leaned. At length, he awoke, and I went to his side. At a gesture from him, the window curtain was withdrawn, letting in the light of the descending day on features worn and wasted, but which met the sun's light with a smile as peaceful and cheerful as its own. I know not how it was ; but, with the first tone of the feeble voice, the sadness of the death-chamber was gone. He conversed for half an hour or more ; and never had I seen him more tranquil, more cheerful, or with a mind more entirely composed. He said that he had wished to see me again, and referred to our past intercourse. He spoke of his departure, and said, "There is nothing to me fearful in death ; it is a blessed hope we have before us." And to another he said, "I do not understand what is meant by the valley and shadow of death. It seems to me that there is no darkness, but that it is all light." In the course of our conversation, I said, "The faith which you thought good in health, you find does not fail you now." "Better," he replied, as his face lighted up, — "Better in sickness than in health ! better even in death than in life ! " "A simple faith," he said, — "God our Father, Christ the Saviour, and the Holy Spirit shed abroad in the heart. That is all that one needs here,

or that can sustain one here. Trust in God through Christ." Then said he, "These speculations, and matters of strife, among Christians, here amount to nothing. One comes back here to the plain and simple faith as it is in Jesus." He then said, "Remember me to our brethren." One of them he had seen on the same day; and, referring to this, he said, "I would be glad to see all; but I have not strength. Give my love to them; and may God bless them!"

He then referred to his life. Said he, "I have had every thing to be grateful for, — wife, children, home, and the opportunities of useful labor. My lot has been always a happy one. I have nothing else to remember." Then he added, "My last sickness has sometimes been painful and distressing; but, as I have been lying here," — and his countenance brightened at the words, — "I have thought how much more our Saviour suffered for us; and it has seemed to me that my sufferings were a small matter." Then he said, referring to the new office which he had undertaken, "I had some plans which I hoped to have carried out; but others will do the work better than I. I hoped to do something for the young. But I have only to be thankful that God has allowed me to do what I have done." He spoke of California. Said he, "My only object in going there was to serve my Master. Yes," said he, "the sole purpose for which I went was in the service of my Master." I made no reply; but those who knew him best, needed no assurance of that.

He then again referred to his brethren in the ministry, and again said, "Give my love to them," mentioning one or two by name. Then, repeating it, he said, "Give my love to the Ministers at Large," referring particularly to one with whom he had been much connected. And then he added, what seemed to me in beautiful consistency with his life, the earliest interests of his

opening manhood lingering in his latest thoughts, "God bless the Ministers at Large! God bless the poor! God bless the children!" He then referred to his burial, of which he had already spoken to the brother who had left him not long before, "Arrange it between you," he said, "only let it be very simple, — perfectly simple, — here, at home, and very simple." He then said with the same bright look, "I want once more in this world to join with you in prayer to our heavenly Father;" and with that service, we parted. Many things more, of course, were said; but all in the same tone, all with the same cheerful trust. It was a Christian's deathbed, and its beauty consisted in the fact that it was the natural, simple close of a Christian life.

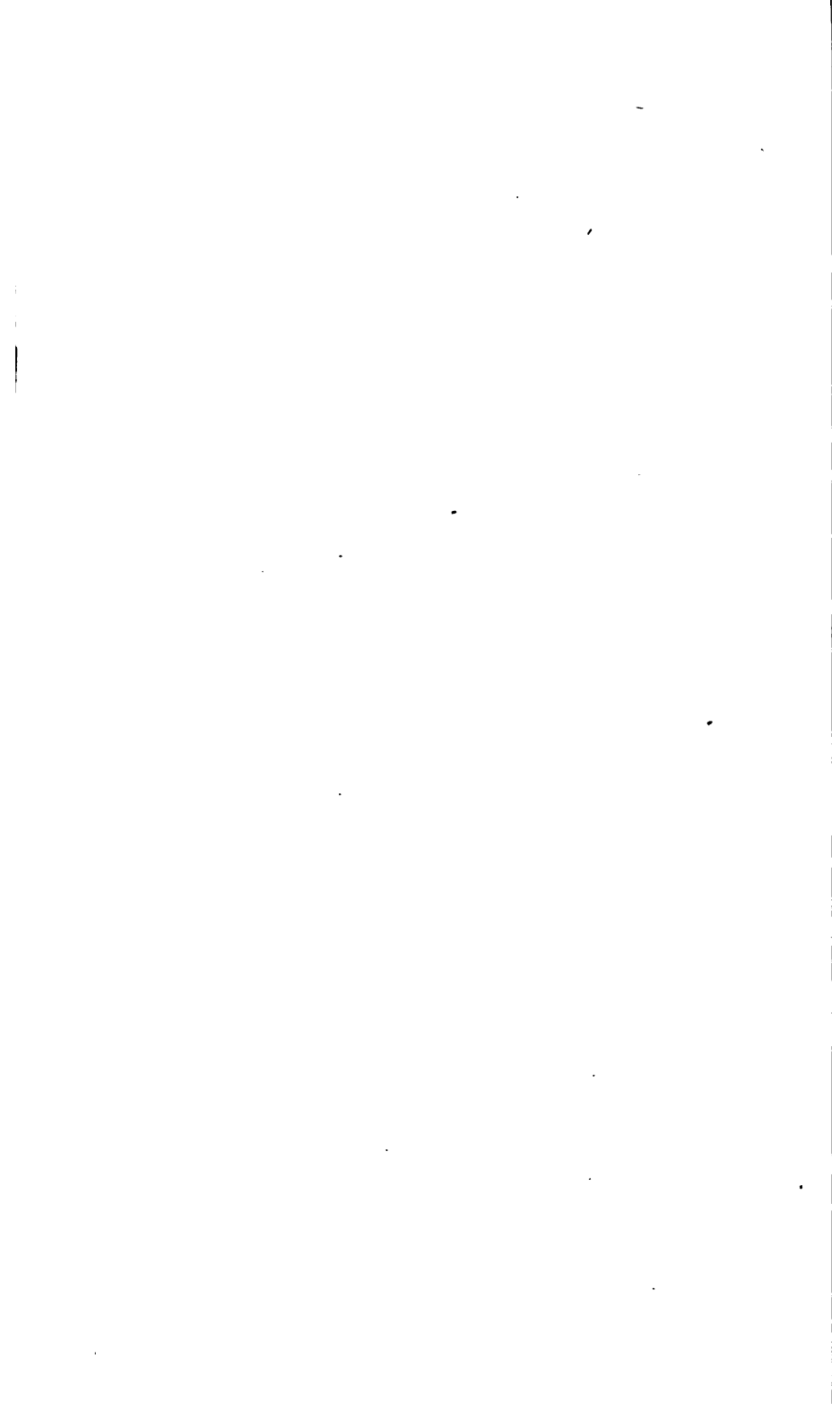
With all the sad thoughts that I brought away, the whole scene was one full of cheerfulness and hope. It was such a death as seemed the fitting conclusion of such a career. It was a death which raised the thoughts to a higher life. Though his body be laid away in the grave, it is not as being there that we shall think of him; but as among the good and the pure whose society he loved, and as engaged in the ministries of Him in heaven, whom he served on earth. The snows may fall on his grave, the spring renew its blossoms above it, and the autumn may cast its leaves upon it, and those who loved him visit it with tender memories; but he is not there. He has passed before us to a better country, leaving his example to inspire those who remain.

May I add that, as it seemed to me, here was what we so rarely witness, a completed life? Here was one who had really done, as far as our eyes see, the very work which had been given him to do; who had used his whole faculties, and seized on all opportunities, in the service of his Master, while the vigor of his powers remained; and who, before his strength failed, but at the

time when he might soon expect to be hindered by growing infirmities, was called away; the sun sinking calmly, peacefully, but in full-orbed brightness. Many lives are wasted; they are misplaced, faculties are misdirected, opportunities are suffered to go past; but it seemed as if our friend had been faithful from the beginning, both in the use of talents and opportunities. Nor was his work an unimportant one. Acting in concert with others, he has left a deep impression on the permanent institutions of this community. His influence is felt, and will long be felt in all the best methods for remedying the evils of pauperism, for helping the poor, for the religious nurture of the young, and the promotion of Christian truth and a Christian spirit in the denomination with which he was connected.

Henceforth his voice shall no more be heard in this place. Others will take up the ark which he has set down, and will bear it forward. But he will no longer be with you. You will miss him in the social meeting for prayer and praise; you will miss him in the sabbath school; you will miss a wise and sympathetic friend in your private troubles and perplexities. You will listen in vain for his step entering your sick-chamber. You will no longer have him to lead the way in good works. Others shall enter into the vineyard, to carry forward the same Christian ends; but his work is over; and, as far as they are concerned who have been long associated with him, a vacant space is made by his death which cannot be filled. So long as you live, you will not cease to recall the memory of a true Christian pastor and friend. But let not the thoughts rest in the past. Let the memory of the departed encourage and inspire you. The day hastens when we who travelled the journey of life side by side with him, his companions and friends, will be called to follow him. When that day comes, may it find us possessing the same

peaceful trust and hope which illumined his dying bed ! And may it be said of us, as our hearts prompt us to say of him, He has done the work given him to do ! Over the tombs of all of us may it be truly inscribed, " I have finished my course ; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in the last day."







7

A

DISCOURSE

OCCASIONED BY THE

DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER,

PREACHED AT THE MELODEON

ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1852.

BY

THEODORE PARKER,

MINISTER OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY IN BOSTON.

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P R E F A C E.

It is now four months since the delivery of this Sermon. A phonographic report of it was published the next morning, and quite extensively circulated in all parts of the country. Since then, I have taken pains to examine anew the life and actions of the distinguished man who is the theme of the discourse. I have carefully read all the criticisms on my estimate of him, which came to hand; I have diligently read the most important sermons and other discourses which treat of him, and have conversed with persons who have known Mr. Webster at all the various periods of his life. The result is embodied in the following pages.

My estimate of Mr. Webster differs from that which seems to prevail just now in Church and State; differs widely, differs profoundly. I did not suppose that my judgment upon him would pass unchallenged. I have not been surprised at the swift condemnation which many men have pronounced upon this sermon, — upon the statements therein, and the motives thereto. I should be sorry to find that Americans valued a great man so little as to have nothing to say in defence of one so long and so conspicuously before the public. The violence and rage directed against me is not astonishing; it is not even new. I am not vain enough to fancy that I have never been mistaken in a fact of Mr. Webster's history, or in my judgment pronounced on any of his actions, words, or motives. I can only say I have done what I could.

If I have committed any errors, I hope they will be pointed out. Fifty years hence, the character of Mr. Webster and his eminent contemporaries will be better understood than now ; for we have not yet all the evidence on which the final judgment of posterity will rest. Thomas Hutchinson and John Adams are better known now than at the day of their death ; five and twenty years hence they will both be better known than at present.

Boston, March 7, 1853.

INTRODUCTION.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA.

GENTLEMEN, — I address this Discourse to you in particular, and by way of introduction will say a few words.

We are a young nation, three and twenty millions strong, rapidly extending in our geographic spread, enlarging rapidly in numerical power, and greating our material strength with a swiftness which has no example. Soon we shall spread over the whole continent, and number a hundred million men. America and England are but parts of the same nation, — a younger and an older branch of the same great Anglo-Saxon stem. Our character will affect that of the mother-country, as her good and evil still influence us. Considering the important place which the Anglo-Saxon tribe holds in the world at this day, — occupying one-eighth part of the earth, and controlling one-sixth part of its inhabitants, — the national character of England and America becomes one of the great human forces which is to control the world for some ages to come.

In the American character there are some commanding and noble qualities. We have founded some political and ecclesiastical institutions which seem to me the proudest achievements of mankind in Church and State. But there are other qualities in the nation's character which are mean and selfish; we have

founded other institutions, or confirmed such as we inherited, which were the weakness of a former and darker age, and are the shame of this.

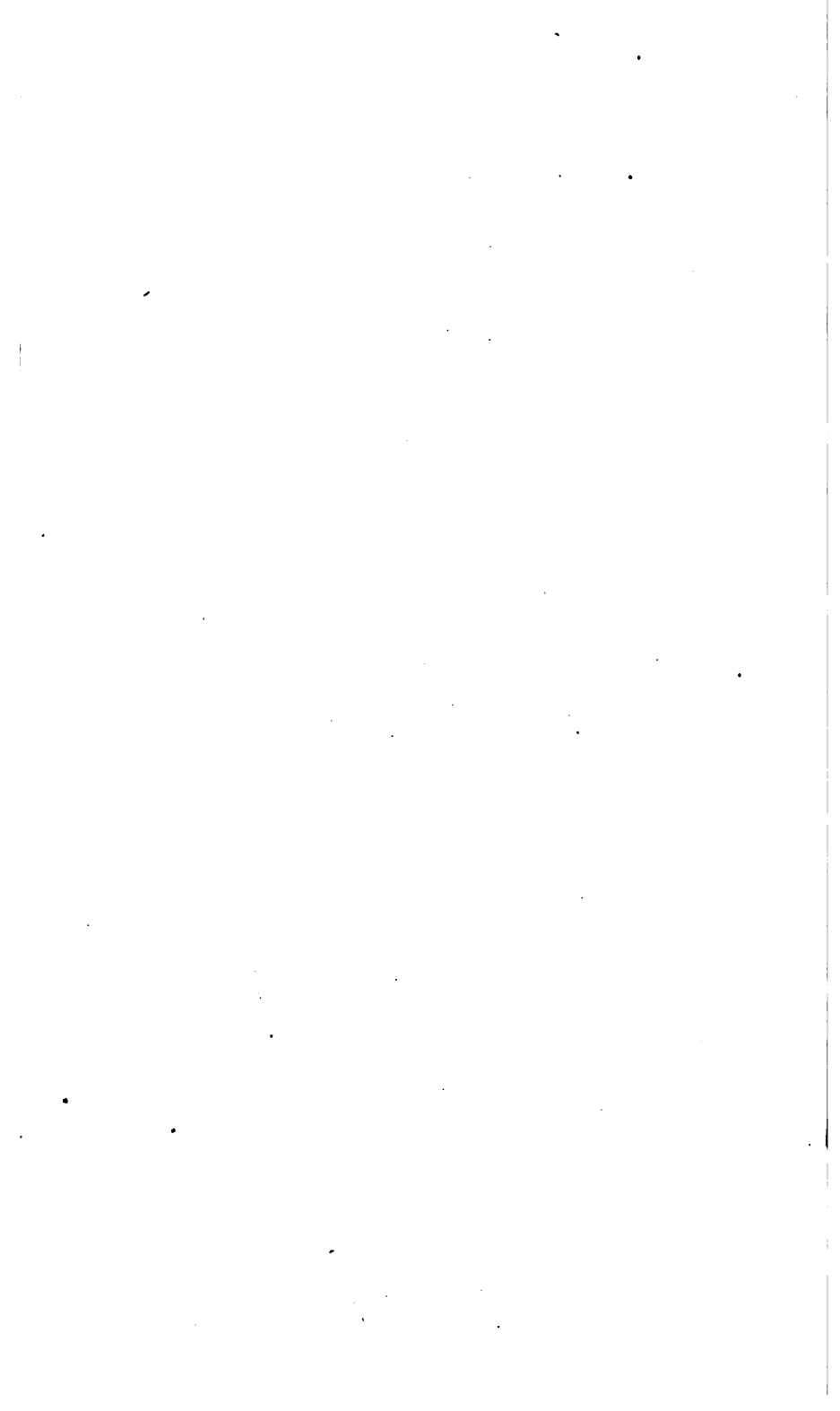
The question comes, Which qualities shall prevail in the character and in the institutions of America, — the noble, or the mean and selfish ? Shall America govern herself by the eternal laws, as they are discerned through the conscience of mankind, or by the transient appetite of the hour, — the lust for land, for money, for power, or fame ? That is a question for you to settle ; and, as you decide for God or mammon, so follows the weal or woe of millions of men. Our best institutions are an experiment : shall it fail ? If so, it will be through your fault. You have the power to make it succeed. We have nothing to fear from any foreign foe, much to dread from Wrong at home : will you suffer that to work our overthrow ?

The two chief forms of American action are Business and Politics, — the commercial and the political form. The two humbler forms of our activity, the Church and the Press, — the ecclesiastic and the literary form, — are subservient to the others. Hence it becomes exceedingly important to study carefully our commercial and political action, criticizing both by the Absolute Right ; for they control the development of the people, and determine our character. The commercial and political forces of the time culminate in the leading politicians, who represent those forces in their persons, and direct the energies of the people to evil or to good.

It is for this reason, young men, that I have spoken so many times from the pulpit on the great political questions of the day, and on the great political men ; for this reason did I preach, and now again publish, this Discourse on one of the most eminent Americans of our day, — that men may be warned of the evil in our Business and our State, and be guided to the Eternal Justice which is the foundation of the common weal. There is a Higher Law of God, written imperishably on the nature of things, and in

the nature of man; and, if this nation continually violates that law, then we fall a ruin to the ground.

If there be any truth, any justice, in my counsel, I hope you will be guided thereby; and, in your commerce and politics, will practise on the truth which ages confirm, that Righteousness exalteth a Nation, while Injustice is a reproach to any People.



DISCOURSE.

WHEN Bossuet, who was himself the eagle of eloquence, preached the funeral discourse on Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, and wife of Charles the First of England, he had a task far easier than mine to-day. She was indeed the queen of misfortunes; the daughter of a king assassinated in his own capital, and the widow of a king judicially put to death in front of his own palace. Her married life was bounded by the murder of her royal sire, and the execution of her kingly spouse; and she died neglected, far from kith and kin. But for that great man, who in his youth was called, prophetically, a "Father of the Church," the sorrows of her birth and her estate made it easy to gather up the audience in his arms, to moisten the faces of men with tears, to show them the nothingness of mortal glory, and the beauty of eternal life. He led his hearers to his conclusion that day, as the mother lays the sobbing child to her bosom to still its grief.

To-day it is not so with me. Of all my public trials, this is my most trying day. Give me your sympathies, my friends; remember the difficulty of my position,—its delicacy too.

I am to speak of one of the most conspicuous men that New England ever bore, — conspicuous, not by accident, but by the nature of his mind, — one of her ablest intellects. I am to speak of an eminent man, of great power, in a great office, one of the landmarks of politics, now laid low. He seemed so great that some men thought he was himself one of the institutions of America. I am to speak while his departure is yet but of yesterday; while the sombre flags still float in our streets. I am no party man; you know I am not. No party is responsible for me, nor I to any one. I am free to commend the good things of all parties, — their great and good men; free likewise to censure the evil of all parties. You will not ask me to say what only suits the public ear: there are a hundred to do that to-day. I do not follow opinion because popular. I cannot praise a man because he had great gifts, great station, and great opportunities; I cannot harshly censure a man for trivial mistakes. You will not ask me to flatter because others flatter; to condemn because the ruts of condemnation are so deep and so easy to travel in. It is unjust to be ungenerous, either in praise or blame: only the truth is beautiful in speech. It is not reverential to treat a great man like a spoiled child. Most of you are old enough to know that good and evil are both to be expected of each man. I hope you are all wise enough to discriminate between right and wrong.

Give me your sympathies. This I am sure of, — I shall be as tender in my judgment as a woman's love; I will try to be as fair as the justice of a man. I shall tax your time beyond even my usual wont, for I cannot crush Olympus into a nut. Be not alarmed: if I tax your time the more, I shall tire your patience less. Such a day as this will never come again to you or me. There is no DANIEL WEBSTER left to die, and Nature will not soon give us another such as he. I will take care by my speech that you sit easy on your bench. The theme will take care that you remember what I say.

A great man is the blossom of the world ; the individual and prophetic flower, parent of seeds that will be men. This is the greatest work of God ; far transcending earth and moon and sun, and all the material magnificence of the universe. It is "a little lower than the angels," and, like the aloe-tree, it blooms but once an age. So we should value, love, and cherish it the more. America has not many great men living now, — scarce one : there have been few in her history. Fertile in multitudes, she is stingy in great men, — her works mainly achieved by large bodies of but common men. At this day, the world has not many natural masters. There is a dearth of great men. England is no better off than we her child. Sir Robert Peel has for years been dead. Wellington's soul has gone home, and left his body awaiting burial. In France, Germany, Italy, and Russia, few great men appear. The Revolution of 1848, which found every thing else, failed because it found not them. A sad Hungarian weeps over the hidden crown of Maria Theresa ; and a sadder countenance drops a tear for the nation of Dante, and the soil of Virgil and Cæsar, Lucretius and Cicero. To me these two seem the greatest men of Europe now. There are great chemists, great geologists, great philologists ; but of great men, Christendom has not many. From the highest places of politics great men recede, and in all Europe no kingly intellect now throbs beneath a royal crown. Even Nicholas of Russia is only tall, not great.

But here let us pause a moment, and see what greatness is, looking at the progressive formation of the idea of a great man. In general, greatness is eminence of ability ; so there are as many different forms thereof as there are qualities wherein a man may be eminent. These various forms of greatness should be distinctly marked, that, when we say a man is great, we may know exactly what we mean.

In the rudest ages, when the body is man's only tool for work or war, eminent strength of body is the thing most

coveted. Then, and so long as human affairs are controlled by brute force, the giant is thought to be the great man,—is had in honor for his eminent brute strength.

When men have a little outgrown that period of force, cunning is the quality most prized. The nimble brain outwits the heavy arm, and brings the circumvented giant to the ground. He who can overreach his antagonist, plotting more subtly, winning with more deceitful skill; who can turn and double on his unseen track, “can smile and smile, and be a villain,” — he is the great man.

Brute force is merely animal; cunning is the animalism of the intellect,—the mind’s least intellectual element. As men go on in their development, finding qualities more valuable than the strength of the lion or the subtlety of the fox, they come to value higher intellectual faculties,—great understanding, great imagination, great reason. Power to think is then the faculty men value most; ability to devise means for attaining ends desired; the power to originate ideas, to express them in speech, to organize them into institutions; to organize things into a machine, men into an army, or a state, or a gang of operatives; to administer these various organizations. He who is eminent in this ability is thought the great man.

But there are qualities nobler than the mere intellect, the moral, the affectional, the religious faculties,—the power of justice, of love, of holiness, of trust in God, and of obedience to his law,—the Eternal Right. These are the highest qualities of man: whoso is most eminent therein is the greatest of great men. He is as much above the merely intellectual great men, as they above the men of mere cunning or of force.

Thus, then, we have four different kinds of greatness. Let me name them bodily greatness, crafty greatness, intellectual greatness, religious greatness. Men in different degrees of development will value the different kinds of greatness.

Belial cannot yet honor Christ. How can the little girl appreciate Aristotle and Kant? The child thinks as a child. You must have manhood in you to honor it in others, even to see it.

Yet how we love to honor men eminent in such modes of greatness as we can understand! Indeed, we must do so. Soon as we really see a real great man, his magnetism draws us, will we or no. Do any of you remember when, for the first time in adult years, you stood beside the ocean, or some great mountain of New Hampshire, or Virginia, or Pennsylvania, or the mighty mounts that rise in Switzerland? Do you remember what emotions came upon you at the awful presence? But if you were confronted by a man of vast genius, of colossal history and achievements, immense personal power of wisdom, justice, philanthropy, religion, of mighty power of will and mighty act; if you feel him as you feel the mountain and the sea, what grander emotions spring up! It is like making the acquaintance of one of the elementary forces of the earth, — like associating with gravitation itself! The stiffest neck bends over: down go the democratic knees; human nature is loyal then! A New England shipmaster, wrecked on an island in the Indian Sea, was seized by his conquerors, and made their chief. Their captive became their king. After years of rule, he managed to escape. When he once more visited his former realm, he found that the savages had carried him to heaven, and worshipped him as a god greater than their fancied deities: he had revolutionized divinity, and was himself enthroned as a god. Why so? In intellectual qualities, in religious qualities, he was superior to their idea of God, and so they worshipped him. So loyal is human nature to its great men.

Talk of Democracy! — we are all looking for a master; a man manlier than we. We are always looking for a great man to solve the difficulty too hard for us, to break the

rock which lies in our way, — to represent the possibility of human nature as an ideal, and then to realize that ideal in his life. Little boys in the country, working against time, with stents to do, long for the passing-by of some tall brother, who in a few minutes shall achieve what the smaller boy took hours to do. And we are all of us but little boys, looking for some great brother to come and help us end our tasks.

But it is not quite so easy to recognize the greatest kind of greatness. A Nootka-Sound Indian would not see much in Leibnitz, Newton, Socrates, or Dante; and if a great man were to come as much before us as we are before the Nootka-Sounders, what should we say of him? Why, the worst names we could devise, — Infidel, Atheist, Blasphemer, Hypocrite. Perhaps we should dig up the old cross, and make a new martyr of the man posterity will worship as a deity. It is the men who are up that see the rising sun, not the sluggards. It takes greatness to see greatness, and know it at the first; I mean to see greatness of the highest kind. Bulk, anybody can see; bulk of body or mind. The loftiest form of greatness is never popular in its time. Men cannot understand or receive it. Guinea negroes would think a juggler a greater man than Franklin. What would be thought of Martin Luther at Rome, of Washington at St. Petersburg, of Fenelon among the Sacs and Foxes? Herod and Pilate were popular in their day, — men of property and standing. They got nominations and honor enough. Jesus of Nazareth got no nomination, got a cross between two thieves, was crowned with thorns, and, when he died, eleven Galileans gathered together to lament their Lord. Any man can measure a walking-stick, — so many hands long, and so many nails beside; but it takes a mountain-intellect to measure the Andes and Altai.

But, now and then, God creates a mighty man, who greatly influences mankind. Sometimes he reaches far on

into other ages. Such a man, if he be of the greatest, will, by and by, unite in himself the four chief forces of society, — business, politics, literature, and the church. Himself a stronger force than all of these, he will at last control the commercial, political, literary, and ecclesiastical action of mankind. But just as he is greater than other men, in the highest mood of greatness, will he at first be opposed, and hated too. The tall house in the street darkens the grocer's window opposite, and he must strike his light sooner than before. The inferior great man does not understand the man of superior modes of eminence. Sullenly the full moon at morning pales her ineffectual light before the rising day. In the Greek fable, jealous Saturn devours the new gods whom he feared, foreseeing the day when the Olympian dynasty would turn him out of heaven. To the natural man the excellence of the spiritual is only foolishness. What do you suppose the best educated Pharisees in Jerusalem thought of Jesus? They thought him an infidel: "He blasphemeth." They called him crazy: "he hath a devil." They mocked at the daily beauty of his holiness: he had "broken the sabbath." They reviled at his philanthropy: it was "eating with publicans and sinners."

Human nature loves to reverence great men, and often honors many a little one under the mistake that he is great. See how nations honor the greatest great men, — Moses, Zoroaster, Socrates, Jesus — that loftiest of men! But by how many false men have we been deceived, — men whose light leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind! If a preacher is a thousand years before you and me, we cannot understand him. If only a hundred years of thought shall separate us, there is a great gulf between the two, whereover neither Dives nor Abraham, nor yet Moses himself, can pass. It is a false great man often who gets possession of the pulpit, with his lesson for to-day, which is no lesson; and a false great man who gets a throne, with his lesson for to-day,

which is also no lesson. Men great in little things are sure of their pay. It is all ready, subject to their order.

A little man is often mistaken for a great one. The possession of office, of accidental renown, of imposing qualities, of brilliant eloquence, often dazzles the beholder; and he reverences a show.

How much a great man of the highest kind can do for us, and how easy! It is not harder for a cloud to thunder, than for a chestnut in a farmer's fire to snap. Dull Mr. Jingle urges along his restive, hardmouthed donkey, besmouched with mire, and wealed with many a stripe, amid the laughter of the boys; while, by his proper motion, swan-like Milton flies before the faces of mankind, which are new lit with admiration at the poet's rising flight, his garlands and singing robes about him, till the aspiring glory transcends the sight, yet leaves its track of beauty trailed across the sky.

Intellect and conscience are conversant with ideas, — with absolute truth and absolute right, as the norm of conduct. But, with most men, the affections are developed in advance of the intellect and the conscience; and the affections want a person. In his actions, a man of great intellect embodies a principle, good or bad; and, by the affections, men accept the great intellectual man, bad or good, and with him the principle he has got.

As the affections are so large in us, how delightful is it for us to see a great man, honor him, love him, reverence him, trust him! Crowds of men come to look upon a hero's face, who are all careless of his actions and heedless of his thought; they know not his what, nor his whence, nor his whither; his person passes for reason; justice, and religion.

They say that women have the most of this affection, and so are most attachable, most swayed by persons, — least by ideas. Woman's mind and conscience, and her soul, they say, are easily crushed into her all-embracing heart; and truth, justice, and holiness are trodden under foot by her

affection, rushing towards its object. "What folly!" say men. But, when a man of large intellect comes, he is wont to make women of us all, and take us by the heart. Each great intellectual man, if let alone, will have an influence in proportion to his strength of mind and will,—the good great man, the bad great man; for as each particle of matter has an attractive force, which affects all other matter, so each particle of mind has an attractive force, which draws all other mind.

How pleasant it is to love and reverence! To idle men how much more delightful is it than to criticize a man, take him to pieces, weighing each part, and considering every service done or promised, and then decide! Men are continually led astray by misplaced reverence. Shall we be governed by the mere instinct of veneration, uncovering to every man who demands our obeisance? Man is to rule himself, and not be over-mastered by any instinct subordinating the whole to a special part. We ought to know if what we follow be real greatness or seeming greatness; and of the real greatness, of what kind it is,—eminent cunning, eminent intellect, or eminence of religion. For men ought not to gravitate passively, drawn by the bulk of bigness, but consciously and freely to follow eminent wisdom, justice, love, and faith in God. Hence it becomes exceedingly important to study the character of all eminent men; for they represent great social forces for good or ill.

It is true, great men ought to be tried by their peers. But "a cat may look upon a king," and, if she is to enter his service, will do well to look before she leaps. It is dastardly in a democrat to take a master with less scrutiny than he would buy an ox.

Merchants watch the markets: they know what ship brings corn, what hemp, what coal; how much cotton there is at New York or New Orleans; how much gold in the banks. They learn these things, because they live by the

market, and seek to get money by their trade. Politicians watch the turn of the people and the coming vote, because they live by the ballot-box, and wish to get honor and office by their skill. So a minister, who would guide men to wisdom, justice, love, and piety, to human welfare; — he must watch the great men, and know what quantity of truth, of justice, of love, and of faith there is in Calhoun, Webster, Clay; because he is to live by the word of God, and only asks, "Thy kingdom come!"

What a great power is a man of large intellect! Aristotle rode on the neck of science for two thousand years, till Bacon, charging down from the vantage-ground of twenty centuries, with giant spear unhorsed the Stagyrte, and mounted there himself; himself in turn to be unhorsed. What a profound influence had Frederick in Germany for half a century! — Napoleon in Europe for the last fifty years! What an influence Sir Robert Peel and Wellington have had in England for the last twenty or thirty years! Jefferson yet leads the democracy of the United States; the dead hand of Hamilton still consolidates the several States. Dead men of great intellect speak from the pulpit. Law is of mortmain. In America it is above all things necessary to study the men of eminent mind, even the men of eminent station; for their power is greater here than elsewhere in Christendom. Money is our only material, greatness our only personal nobility. In England, the influence of powerful men is checked by the great families, the great classes, with their ancestral privileges consolidated into institutions, and the hereditary crown. Here we have no such families; historical men are not from or for such, seldom had historic fathers, seldom leave historic sons. *Tempus ferax hominum, edax hominum.* Fruitful of men is time; voracious also of men.

Even while the individual family continues rich, political unity does not remain in its members, if numerous, more than a single generation. Nay, it is only in families of remarkable stupidity that it lasts a single age.

In this country the swift decay of powerful families is a remarkable fact. Nature produces only individuals, not classes. It is a wonder how many famous Americans leave no children at all. Hancock, and Samuel Adams, Washington, Madison, Jackson — each was a childless flower, that broke off the top of the family tree, which after them dwindled down, and at length died out. It has been so with European stocks of eminent stature. Bacon, Shakspeare, Leibnitz, Newton, Descartes, and Kant died and left no sign. With strange self-complaisance said the first of these, "Great benefactors have been childless men." Here, and there an American family continues to bear famous fruit, generation after generation. A single New England tree, rooted far off in the Marches of Wales, is yet green with life, though it has twice blossomed with Presidents; but in general, if the great American leave sons, the wonder is what becomes of them, — so little, they are lost, — a single needle from the American pine, to strew the forest floor amid the other litter of the woods.

No great families here hold great men in check. There is no permanently powerful class. The mechanic is father of the merchant, who will again be the grandsire of mechanics. In thirty years, half the wealth of Boston will be in the hands of men now poor; and, where power of money is of yesterday, it is no great check to any man of large intellect, industry, and will. Here is no hereditary power. So the personal power of a great mind, for good or evil, is free from that three-fold check it meets in other lands, and becomes of immense importance.

Our nation is a great committee of the whole; our State is a provisional government, riches our only heritable good, greatness our only personal nobility; office is elective. To the ambition of a great bad man, or the philanthropy of a great good man, there is no check but the power of money or numbers; no check from great families, great classes, or

hereditary privileges. If our man of large intellect runs up hill, there is nothing to check him but the inertia of mankind; if he runs down hill, that also is on his side.

With us the great mind is amenable to no conventional standard measure, as in England or Europe, — only to public opinion. And that public opinion is controlled by money and numbers; for these are the two factors of the American product, the multiplier and the multiplicand, — millions of money, millions of men.

A great mind is like an elephant in the line of ancient battle, — the best ally, if you can keep him in the ranks, fronting the right way; but, if he turn about, he is the fatal-
est foe, and treads his master underneath his feet. Great minds have a trick of turning round.

Taking all these things into consideration, you see how important it is to scrutinize all the great men, — to know their quantity and quality, — before we allow them to take our heart. To do this is to measure one of the most powerful popular forces for guiding the present and shaping the future. Every office is to be filled by the people's vote, — that of public president and private cook. Franklin introduced new philanthropy to the law of nations. Washington changed men's ideas of political greatness. If Napoleon the Present goes unwhipped of justice, he will change those ideas again; not for the world, but for the saloons of Paris, for its journals and its mob.

How different are conspicuous men to different eyes! The city corporation of Toulouse has just addressed this petition to Napoleon: —

“MONSIEUR, — The government of the world by Providence is the most perfect. France and Europe style you the elect of God for the accomplishment of his designs. It belongs to no Constitution whatever to assign a term for the divine mission with which you are entrusted. Inspire yourself with this thought, — to restore to the country those tutelar institutions, which form the stability of power and the dignity of nations.”

That is a prayer addressed to the Prince President of France, whose private vices are equalled only by his public sins. How different he looks to different men! To me he is Napoleon the Little; to the Mayor and Aldermen of Toulouse, he is the Elect of God, with irresponsible power to rule as long and as badly as likes him best. Well said Sir Philip Sidney, "Spite of the ancients, there is not a piece of wood in the world out of which a Mercury may not be made."

It is this importance of great men which has led me to speak of them so often; not only of men great by nature, but great by position on money or office, or by reputation; men substantially great, and men great by accident. Hence I spoke of Dr. Channing, whose word went like morning over the continents. Hence I spoke of John Quincy Adams, and did not fear to point out every error I thought I discovered in the great man's track, which ended so proudly in the right; and I did homage to all the excellence I found, though it was the most unpopular excellence. Hence I spoke of General Taylor; yes, even of General Harrison, a very ordinary man, but available, and accidentally in a great station. You see why this ought to be done. We are a young nation; a great man easily gives us the impression of his hand; we shall harden in the fire of centuries, and keep the mark. Stamp a letter on Chaldean clay, and how very frail it seems! but burn that clay in the fire, — and, though Nineveh shall perish, and Babylon become a heap of ruins, that brick keeps the arrow-headed letter to this day. As with bricks, so with nations.

Ere long, these three and twenty millions will become a hundred millions; then perhaps a thousand millions, spread over all the continent, from the Arctic to the Antarctic Sea. It is a good thing to start with men of great religion for our guides. The difference between a Moses and a Maximian will be felt by many millions of men, and for many an age,

after death has effaced both from the earth. The dead hand of Moses yet circumcises every Hebrew boy; that of mediæval doctors of divinity still clutches the clergyman by the throat; the dead barons of Runnymede even now keep watch, and vindicate for us all a trial by the law of the land, administered by our peers.

A man of eminent abilities may do one of two things in influencing men: either he may extend himself at right angles with the axis of the human march, lateralize himself, spreading widely, and have a great power in his own age, putting his opinion into men's heads, his will into their action, and yet may never reach far onward into the future. In America, he will gain power in his time, by having the common sentiments and ideas, and an extraordinary power to express and show their value; great power of comprehension, of statement, and of will. Such a man differs from others in quantity, not quality. Where all men have considerable, he has a great deal. His power may be represented by two parallel lines, the one beginning where his influence begins, the other where his influence ends. His power will be measured by the length of the lines laterally, and the distance betwixt the parallels. That is one thing.

Or a great man may extend himself forward, in the line of the human march, himself a prolongation of the axis of mankind: not reaching far sideways in his own time, he reaches forward immensely, his influence widening as it goes. He will do this by superiority in sentiments, ideas, and actions; by eminence of justice and of affection; by eminence of religion: he will differ in quality as well as quantity, and have much where the crowd has nothing at all. His power also may be represented by two lines, both beginning at his birth, pointing forwards, diverging from a point, reaching far into the future, widening as they extend, containing time by their stretch, and space by their spread. Jesus of Nazareth was of this class: he spread laterally in his life-time, and

took in twelve Galilean peasants and a few obscure women; now his diverging lines reach over two thousand years in their stretch, and contain two hundred and sixty millions of men within their spread.

So much, my friends, and so long, as preface to this estimate of a great man., DANIEL WEBSTER was a man of eminent abilities: for many years the favored son of New England. He was seventy years old; nearly forty years in the councils of the nation; held high office in times of peril and doubt; had a commanding eloquence — there were two million readers for every speech he spoke; and for the last two years he has had a vast influence on the opinion of the North. He has done service; spoken noble words that will endure so long as English lasts. He has largely held the nation's eye. His public office made his personal character conspicuous. Great men have no privacy; their bed and their board are both spread in front of the sun, and their private character is a public force. Let us see what he did, and what he was; what is the result for the present, what for the future.

Daniel Webster was born at Salisbury, N. H. on the borders of civilization, on the 18th of January, 1782. He was the son of Capt. Ebenezer and Abigail Eastman Webster.

The mother of Capt. Webster was a Miss Bachelder, of Hampton, where Thomas Webster, the American founder of the family, settled in 1636. She was descended from the Rev. Stephen Bachiller, formerly of Lynn in Massachusetts, a noted man in his time, unjustly, or otherwise, driven out of the colony by the Puritans. Ebenezer Webster, in his early days, lived as "boy" in the service of Col. Ebenezer Stevens, of Kingston, from whom he received a "lot of land" in Stevenstown, now Salisbury. In 1764 Mr. Web-

ster built himself a log-cabin on the premises, and lighted his fire. His land "lapped on" to the wilderness; no New Englander being so near the North Star, it is said. The family was any thing but rich, living first in a log-cabin, then in a frame-house, and some time keeping tavern.

The father was a soldier of the French war, and in the Revolution; a great, brave, big, brawny man, "high-breasted and broad-shouldered," "with heavy eyebrows," and "a heart which he seemed to have borrowed from a lion;" "a dark man," so black that "you could not tell when his face was covered with gunpowder;" six feet high, and both in look and manners "uncommon rough." He was a shifty man of many functions,—a farmer, a saw-miller, "something of a blacksmith," a captain in the early part of the Revolutionary War, a colonel of militia, representative and senator in the New Hampshire legislature, and finally Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; yet "he never saw the inside of a school-house." In his early married life, food sometimes failed on the rough farm: then the stout man and his neighbors took to the woods, and brought home many a fat buck in their day.

The mother, one of the "black Eastmans," was a quite superior woman. It is often so. When virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it far off in the dear breast of some mother, who melted the snows of winter, and condensed the summer's dew into fair, sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets. Bulk is bearded and masculine; niceness is of woman's gendering.

Daniel Webster was fortunate in the outward circumstances of his birth and breeding. He came from that class in society whence almost all the great men of America have come,—the two Adamses, Washington, Hancock, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, and almost every living notable of our time. New Hampshire herself has furnished a large number of self-

reliant and able-headed men, who have fought their way in the world with their own fist, and won eminent stations at the last. The little, rough State breeds professors and senators, merchants and hardy lawyers, in singular profusion. Our Hercules was also cradled on the ground. When he visited the West, a few years ago, an emigrant from New Hampshire met him in Ohio, recognized him, and asked, "Is this the son of Capt. Webster?" "It is, indeed," said the great man. "What!" said he, "is this the little black Dan that used to water the horses?" And the great Daniel Webster said, "It is the little black Dan that used to water the horses." He was proud of his history. If a man finds the way alone, should he not be proud of having found the way, and got out of the woods?

He had small opportunities for academical education. The schoolmaster was "abroad" in New Hampshire; he was seldom at home in Salisbury. Only two or three months in the year was there a school; often only a movable school, that ark of the Lord, shifting from place to place. Sometimes it was two or three miles from Capt. Webster's. Once it was stationary in a log-house. Thither went Daniel Webster, "carrying his dinner in a tin pail," a brave, bright boy: "The child is father of the man." The common-school of America is the cradle of all her greatness. How many Presidents has she therein rocked to vigorous manhood! But Mr. Webster's school-time was much interrupted: there were "chores to be done" at home; the saw-mill to be tended in winter; and, in summer, Daniel "must ride horse to plough;" and in planting-time, and hay-time, and harvest, have many a day stolen from his scanty seed-time of learning. In his father's tavern-barn, the future Secretary gave a rough currying, "after the fashion of the times," to the sorry horse of many a traveller, and in the yard of the inn yoked the oxen of many a New Hampshire teamster. "Cast the bantling on the rocks."

When fourteen years old, he went to Phillips Academy* at Exeter for a few months; then to study with Rev. Mr. Wood at Boscawen, paying a "dollar a week" for the food of the body and for the food of the mind. In the warm weather, "Daniel went barefoot, and wore tow trousers and a tow shirt, his only garments at that season," spun, woven, and made up by his diligent mother. "He helped do the things" about Mr. Wood's barn and woodpile, and so diminished the pecuniary burthen of his father. But Mr. Wood had small Latin and less Greek, and only taught what he knew. Daniel was an ambitious boy, and apt to learn. Men wonder that some men can do so much with so little outward furniture. The wonder is the other way. He was more college than the college itself, and had a university in his head. It takes time, and the sweat of oxen, and the shouting of drivers, goading and whipping, to get a cart-load of cider to the top of Mount Washington; but the eagle flies there on his own wide wings, and asks no help. Daniel Webster had little academic furniture to help him. He had the mountains of New Hampshire, and his own great mountain of a head. Was that a bad outfit? No millionaire can buy it for a booby-son.

There was a British sailor, with a wife but no child, an old "man-of-war's-man" living hard by Capt. Webster's, fond of fishing and hunting, of hearing the newspapers read, and of telling his stories to all comers. He had considerable influence on the young boy, and never wore out of his memory.

There was a small social library at Salisbury, whence a bright boy could easily draw the water of life for his intel-

* At the commemoration of Mr. Abbott's fiftieth anniversary as Preceptor of Phillips Academy, a time when "English was of no more account at Exeter than silver at Jerusalem in the days of King Solomon," Mr. Abbott sat between Mr. Webster and Mr. Everett, both of them his former pupils. Mr. John P. Hale, in his neat speech, said, "If you had done nothing else but instruct these two, you might say, *EXEQUI MONUMENTUM ERIT PERENNIVS*."

lect; at home was the Farmers' Almanac, with its riddles and "poetry," Watts's Hymns and the Bible, the inseparable companion of the New England man. Daniel was fond of poetry, and, before he was ten years old, knew dear old Isaac Watts all by heart. He thought all books were to be got by heart. I said he loved to learn. One day his father said to him, "I shall send you to college, Daniel;" and Daniel laid his head on his father's shoulder, and wept right out. In reading and spelling he surpassed his teacher; but his hard hands did not take kindly to writing, and the schoolmaster told him his "fingers were destined to the plough-tail."

He was not a strong boy, was "a crying baby" that worried his mother; but a neighbor "prophesied," "You will take great comfort in him one day." As he grew up, he was "the slimmest of the family," a farmer's youngest boy, and "not good for much." He did not love work. It was these peculiarities which decided Capt. Webster to send Daniel to college.

The time came for him to go to college. His father once carried him to Dartmouth in a wagon. On the way thither, they passed a spot which Capt. Webster remembered right well. "When you were a little baby," said he, "in the winter we were out of provisions, I went into the woods with the gun to find something to eat. In that spot yonder, then all covered with woods, I found a herd of deer. The snow was very deep, and they had made themselves a *pen*, and were crowded together in great numbers. As they could not get out, I took my choice, and picked out a fine, fat stag. I walked round and looked at him, with my knife in my hand. As I looked the noble fellow in the face, the great tears rolled down his cheeks, and I could not touch him. But I thought of you, Daniel, and your mother, and the rest of the little ones, and carried home the deer."

He can hardly be said to have "entered college:" he only

"broke in," so slenderly was he furnished with elementary knowledge. This deficiency of elementary instruction in the classic tongues and in mathematics was a sad misfortune in his later life.

At college, like so many other New Hampshire boys, he "paid his own way," keeping school in the vacation. One year he paid his board by "doing the literature" for a weekly newspaper. He graduated at Dartmouth in his twentieth year, largely distinguished, though he scorned his degree; and, when the faculty gave him his diploma, he tore it to pieces in the college-yard, in presence of some of his mates, it is said, and trod it under foot.

When he graduated, he was apparently of a feeble constitution, "long, slender, pale, and all eyes," with "teeth as white as a hound's;" thick, black hair clustered about his ample forehead. At first he designed to study theology, but his father's better judgment overruled the thought. •

After graduating, he continued to fight for his education, studying law with one hand, keeping school with the other, and yet finding a third hand—this Yankee Briareus—to serve as Register of Deeds. This he did at Fryeburg in Maine, borrowing a copy of Blackstone's Commentaries, which he was too poor to buy. In a long winter-evening, by copying two *deeds*, he could earn fifty cents. He used his money, thus severely earned, to help his older brother, Ezekiel, "Black Zeke," as he was called, to college. Both were "heinously unprovided."

Then he came to Boston, with no letters of introduction, raw, awkward, and shabby in his dress, his rough trousers ceasing a long distance above his feet. He sought admittance as a clerk to more than one office before he found a place; an eminent lawyer, rudely turning him off, "would not have such a fellow in the office!" Mr. Gore, a man of large reputation, took in the unprotected youth, who "came to work, not to play." Here he struggled with poverty and

the law. Ezekiel, not yet graduated, came also and took a school in Short-street. Daniel helped his brother in the school. Edward Everett was one of the pupils, a "marvellous boy," with no equal, it was thought, in all New England, making the promise he has since fulfilled.

Mr. Webster was admitted to the bar in 1805, with a prophecy of eminence from Mr. Gore, — a prophecy which might easily be made: such a head was its own fortune-teller. His legal studies over, refusing a lucrative office, he settled down as a lawyer at Boscawen, in New Hampshire. Thence went to Portsmouth in 1807, a lawyer of large talents, getting rapidly into practice; "known all over the State of New Hampshire," known also in Massachusetts. He attended to literature, wrote papers in the *Monthly Anthology*, a periodical published in the "Athens of America" — so Boston was then called. He printed a rhymed version of some of the odes of Horace, and wrote largely for the "Portsmouth Oracle."

In 1808 he married Miss Grace Fletcher, an attractive and beautiful woman, one year older than himself, the daughter of the worthy minister of Hopkinton, N. H. By this marriage he was the father of two daughters and two sons. But, alas for him! this amiable and beloved woman ceased to be mortal in 1828.

In 1812, when thirty years of age, he was elected to the House of Representatives. In 1814 his house was burned, — a great loss to the young man, never thrifty, and then struggling for an estate. He determined to quit New Hampshire, and seek a place in some more congenial spot. New Hampshire breeds great lawyers, but not great fortunes. He hesitated for a while between Boston and Albany. "He doubted;" so he wrote to a friend, if he "could make a living in Boston." But he concluded to try; and in 1816 he removed to Boston, in the State which had required his ancestor, Rev. Stephen Bachiller, "to forbear exercising

his gifts as a pastor or teacher publicly in the Patent," "for his contempt of authority, and till some scandles be removed."*

In 1820, then thirty-eight years old, he is a member of the Massachusetts Convention, and is one of the leading members there; provoking the jealousy, but at the same time distancing the rivalry, of young men Boston born and Cambridge bred. His light, taken from under the New Hampshire bushel at Portsmouth, could not be hid in Boston. It gives light to all that enter the house. In 1822 he was elected to Congress from Boston; in 1827, to the Senate of the United States. In 1841 he was Secretary of State; again a private citizen in 1843; in the Senate in 1845, and Secretary of State in 1850, where he continued, until, "on the 24th of October, 1852, all that was mortal of Daniel Webster was no more!"

He was ten days in the General Court of Massachusetts; a few weeks in her Convention; eight years Representative in Congress; nineteen, Senator; five, Secretary of State. Such is a condensed map of his outward history.

Look next at the Headlands of his life. Here I shall speak of his deeds and words as a citizen and public officer.

He was a great lawyer, engaged in many of the most important cases during the last forty years; but, in the briefness of a sermon, I must pass by his labors in the law.

I know that much of his present reputation depends on his achievements as a lawyer; as an "expounder of the Constitution." Unfortunately, it is not possible for me to say how much credit belongs to Mr. Webster for his constitutional arguments, and how much to the late Judge Story. The publication of the correspondence between these gentle-

* Records of Mass. General Court, Oct. 3, 1832.

men will perhaps help settle the matter; but still much exact legal information was often given by word of mouth, during personal interviews, and that must for ever remain hidden from all but him who gave and him who took. However, from 1816 to 1842, Mr. Webster was in the habit of drawing from that deep and copious well of legal knowledge, whenever his own bucket was dry. Mr. Justice Story was the Jupiter Pluvius from whom Mr. Webster often sought to elicit peculiar thunder for his speeches, and private rain for his own public tanks of law. The statesman got the lawyer to draft bills, to make suggestions, to furnish facts, precedents, law, and ideas. He went on this *aquilician* business, asking aid, now in a "bankruptcy bill," in 1816 and 1825; then in questions of the law of nations, in 1827; next in matters of criminal law in 1830; then of constitutional law in 1832; then in relation to the North-eastern boundary in 1838; in matters of international law again, in his negotiations with Lord Ashburton, in 1842. "You can do more for me than all the rest of the world," wrote the Secretary of State, April 9, 1842, "because you can give me the lights I most want; and, if you furnish them, I shall be confident that they will be true lights. I shall trouble you greatly the next three months." And again, July 16, 1842, he writes, "*Nobody but yourself can do this.*" But, alas! in his later years the beneficiary sought to conceal the source of his supplies. Jupiter Pluvius had himself been summoned before the court of the Higher Law.

Much of Mr. Webster's fame as a Constitutional lawyer rests on his celebrated argument in the Dartmouth College case. But it is easy to see that the facts, the law, the precedents, the ideas, and the conclusions of that argument, had almost all of them been presented by Messrs. Mason and Smith in the previous trial of the case.*

* See the Report of the Case of the Trustees of Dartmouth College, &c. Portsmouth, N. H. [1819.]

Let me speak of the public acts of Mr. Webster in his capacity as a private citizen. Here I shall speak of him chiefly as a public orator.

Two juvenile orations of his are still preserved, delivered while he was yet a lad in college.* One is a fourth of July oration,—a performance good enough for a lad of eighteen, but hardly indicating the talents of its author. The sentiments probably belong to the neighborhood, and the diction to the authorities of the college : —

“Fair Science, too, holds her gentle empire amongst us, and almost innumerable altars are raised to her divinity from Brunswick to Florida. Yale, Providence, and Harvard now grace our land; and DARTMOUTH, towering majestic above the groves which encircle her, now inscribes her glory on the registers of fame! Oxford and Cambridge, those oriental stars of literature, shall now be lost, while the bright sun of American science displays his broad circumference in uneclipsed radiance.”—p. 10.

Here is an opinion which he seems to have entertained at the end of his life. He speaks of the formation of the Constitution : —

“We then saw the people of these States engaged in a transaction, which is undoubtedly the greatest approximation towards human perfection the political world ever yet experienced; and which will perhaps for ever stand, in the history of mankind, without a parallel.”—p. 8, 9.

* “An Oration pronounced at Hanover, N. H. the 4th day of July, 1800, being the Twenty-fourth Anniversary of Independence, by Daniel Webster, member of the Junior Class, Dartmouth University.

“Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence,” &c.

“Hanover, 1800.” 8vo. pp. 15.

“Funeral Oration, occasioned by the Death of Ephraim Simonds, of Templeton, Mass., a Member of the Senior Class in Dartmouth College, who died at Hanover (N. H.), on the 18th of June, 1801, æt. 26. By Daniel Webster, a class-mate of the deceased. *Et vix sentiunt dicere lingua. Vale.* Hanover, 1801.” 8vo. pp. 13.

In 1806, he delivered another Fourth-of-July address at Concord, N. H.,* containing many noble and generous opinions : —

“Patriotism,” said he, “hath a source of consolation that cheers the heart in these unhappy times, when good men are rendered odious, and bad men popular; when great men are made little, and little men are made great. A genuine patriot, above the reach of personal considerations, with his eye and his heart on the honor and the happiness of his country, is a character as easy and as satisfactory to himself as venerable in the eyes of the world. While his country enjoys freedom and peace, he will rejoice and be thankful; and, if it be in the councils of Heaven to send the storm and the tempest, he meets the tumult of the political elements with composure and dignity. Above fear, above danger, above reproof, he feels that the last end which can happen to any man never comes too soon, if he fall in defence of the law and the liberty of his country.” — p. 21.

In 1812, he delivered a third Fourth-of-July address at Portsmouth.† The political storm is felt in the little harbor of Portsmouth, and the speaker swells with the tumult of the sea. He is hostile to France; averse to the war with England, then waging, yet ready to fight and pay taxes for it. He wants a navy. He comes “to take counsel of the dead,” with whom he finds an “infallible criterion.” But, alas! “dead men tell no tales,” and give no counsel. There was no witch at Portsmouth to bring up Washington quickly.

His subsequent deference to the money-power begins to appear: “The Federal Constitution was adopted for no single reason so much as for the protection of commerce.” “Commerce has paid the price of independence.” It has been committed to the care of the general government, but “not as a convict to the safe keeping of a jailor,” “not for close confinement.” He wants a navy to protect it. Such were the opinions of Federalists around him.

* “An Anniversary Address, delivered before the Federal Gentlemen of Concord and its Vicinity, July 4, 1806. By Daniel Webster. Concord, N. H., 1806.” 8vo. pp. 21.

† “An Address delivered before the Washington Benevolent Society at Portsmouth, July 4, 1812. By Daniel Webster. Portsm. N.H.” 8vo. pp. 27. He delivered also other Fourth-of-July addresses, which I have not seen.

But these speeches of his youth and early manhood were but commonplace productions. In his capacity as public orator, in the vigorous period of his faculties, he made three celebrated speeches, not at all political, — at Plymouth Rock, to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of New England's birth; at Bunker Hill, in memory of the chief battle of New England; and at Faneuil Hall, to honor the two great men who died when the nation was fifty years old, and they fourscore. Each of these orations was a great and noble effort of patriotic eloquence.

Standing on Plymouth Rock, with the graves of the forefathers around him, how proudly could he say, —

“Our ancestors established their system of government on morality and religious sentiment. Moral habits, they believed, cannot safely be trusted on any other foundation than religious principle, nor any government be secure which is not supported by moral habits. Living under the heavenly light of revelation, they hoped to find all the social dispositions, all the duties which men owe to each other and to society, enforced and performed. Whatever makes men good Christians makes them good citizens. Our fathers came here to enjoy their religion free and unmolested; and, at the end of two centuries, there is nothing upon which we can pronounce more confidently, nothing of which we can express a more deep and earnest conviction, than of the inestimable importance of that religion to man, both in regard to this life and that which is to come.”

At Bunker Hill, there were before him the men of the Revolution, — venerable men who drew swords at Lexington and Concord, and faced the fight in many a fray. There was the French nobleman, — would to God that France had many such to-day! — who perilled his fortune, life, and reputation, for freedom in America, and never sheathed the sword he drew at Yorktown till France also was a republic, — Fayette was there; the Fayette of two revolutions; the Fayette of Yorktown and Olmutz. How well could he say, —

“Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to

act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration for ever ! ”

On another occasion, when two great men, who, in the time that tried men's souls, were of the earliest to peril “ their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor,” — men who, having been one in the Declaration of Independence, were again made one in death, — then the people returned to the cradle wherein the elder Adams and Hancock had rocked Liberty when young ; and Webster chaunted the psalm of commemoration to the younger Adams and Jefferson, who had helped that new-born child to walk. He brought before the living the mighty dead ; in his words they fought their battles o'er again ; we heard them resolve, that, “ sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish,” they gave their hand and their heart for liberty ; and Adams and Jefferson grew greater before the eyes of the people, as he brought them up, and showed the massive services of those men, and pointed out the huge structure of that human fabric which had gone to the grave : —

“ Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence ; no more, as at subsequent periods, the head of the government ; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there of the great and good which can die ! To their country they yet live, and live for ever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth ; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep-engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example ; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world.”

How loftily did he say : —

"If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. Washington is in the clear, upper sky. These other stars have now joined the American constellation. They circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination let us walk the course of life, and, at its close, devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity."

As a political officer, I shall speak of him as a legislator and executor of the law, a maker and administrator of laws.

In November, 1812, Mr. Webster was chosen as Representative to the Thirteenth Congress. At that time the country was at war with Great Britain; and the well-known restraints still fettered the commerce of the country. The people were divided into two great parties,—the Federalists, who opposed the embargo and the war; and the Democrats, who favored both. Mr. Madison, then President, had been forced into the war, contrary to his own convictions of expediency and of right. The most bitter hatred prevailed between the two parties: "party politics were inexpressibly violent." An eminent lawyer of Salem, afterwards one of the most distinguished jurists in the world, a Democrat, was, on account of his political opinions, knocked down in the street, beaten, and forced to take shelter in the house of a friend, whither he fled, bleeding, and covered with the mud of the streets. Political rancor invaded private life; it occupied the pulpit; it blinded men's eyes to a degree almost exceeding belief: were it not now a fact, we should not believe it possible at a former time.

Mr. Webster was a Federalist, earnest and devoted, with the convictions of a Federalist, and the prejudices and the blindness of a Federalist; and, of course, hated by men who had the convictions of a Democrat, and the prejudices

and blindness thereof. It is difficult to understand the wilfulness of thorough partisans. In New Hampshire the Judges were Democrats; the Federalists, having a majority in the Legislature, wished to be rid of them, and, for that purpose, abolished all the Courts in the State, and appointed others in their place (1813). I mention this only to show the temper of the times.

There was no great principle of political morals on which the two parties differed, only on measures of expediency. The Federalists demanded freedom of the seas and protection for commerce; but they repeatedly, solemnly, and officially scorned to extend this protection to sailors. They justly complained of the embargo that kept their ships from the sea, but found little fault with the British for impressing sailors from American ships. The Democrats professed the greatest regard for "sailors' rights;" but, in 1814, the government forbade its officers to grant protection to "colored sailors," though Massachusetts had more than a thousand able seamen of that class. Said a leading Federal organ,— "The Union is dear; Commerce is still more dear." "The Eastern States agreed to the Union for the sake of their Commerce."*

With the Federalists there was a great veneration for England. Said Mr. Fisher Ames,— "The immortal spirit of the wood-nymph Liberty dwells only in the British oak." "Our country," quoth he, "is too big for union, too sordid for patriotism, and too democratic for liberty." "England," said another, "is the bulwark of our religion," and the "shield of afflicted humanity." A Federalist newspaper at Boston censured Americans as "enemies of England and monarchy," and accused the Democrats of "antipathy to kingly power." Did Democrats complain that our prisoners were ill-treated by the British, it was declared "foolish and wicked to throw the blame on the British government"! Americans

* "Columbian Centinel" for July 25, 1812.

expressed indignation at the British outrages at Hampton, — burning houses and violating the women. Said the Federal newspapers, it is “impossible that their (the British) military or naval men should be other than magnanimous and humane.” Mr. Clay accused the Federalists of “plots that aim at the dismemberment of the Union,” and denounced the party as “conspirators against the integrity of the nation.”

In general, the Federalists maintained that England had a right to visit American vessels to search for and take her own subjects, if found there; and, if she sometimes took an American citizen, that was only an “incidental evil.” Great Britain, said the Massachusetts Legislature, has done us “no essential injury:” she “was fighting the battles of the world.” They denied that she had impressed “any considerable number of American seamen.” Such was the language of Mr. Webster and the party he served. But even at that time the “Edinburgh Review” declared, “Every American seaman might be said to hold his liberty, and ultimately his life, at the discretion of a foreign commander. In many cases, accordingly, native-born Americans were dragged on board British ships of war: they were dispersed in the remotest quarters of the globe, and not only exposed to the perils of service, but shut out by their situation from all hope of ever being reclaimed. The right of reclaiming runaway seamen was exercised, in short, without either moderation or justice.”

Over six thousand cases of impressment were recorded in the American Department of State. In Parliament, Lord Castlereagh admitted that there were three thousand five hundred men in the British fleet claiming to be American citizens, and sixteen hundred of them actually citizens. At the beginning of the war, two thousand five hundred American citizens, impressed into the British navy, refused to fight against their native land, and were shut up in Dartmoor prison. When the *Guerrière* was captured, there were

ten American sailors on board who refused to fight. In Parliament, in 1808, Mr. Baring (Lord Ashburton) defended the rights of Americans against the British orders in council, while in 1812—13 the Federalists could not find out the cases of impressment, — such was the influence of party spirit.

The party out of power is commonly the friend of freedom. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts declared that unconstitutional acts of Congress were void; the Legislature declared it the duty of the State Courts to prevent usurped and unconstitutional powers from being exercised: "It is the duty of the present generation to stand between the next and despotism." "Whenever the national compact is violated, and the citizens of this State oppressed by cruel and unauthorized enactments, this Legislature is bound to interpose its power to wrest from the oppressor his victim."

After the Federal party had taken strong ground, Mr. Webster opposed the administration, opposed the war, took the part of England in the matter of impressment. He drew up the Brentwood Memorial, once so famous all over New England, now forgotten and faded out of all men's memory.*

On the 24th of May, 1813, Mr. Webster first took his seat in the House of Representatives, at the extra session of the thirteenth Congress. He was a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and industriously opposed the administration. In the three sessions of this Congress, he closely followed the leaders of the Federal party; voting with Mr. Pickering a hundred and ninety-one times, and against him only four times, in the two years. Sometimes he "avoided the question;" but voted against thanking Commodore Perry for his naval conduct, against the purchase of Mr. Jefferson's library, against naval supplies, direct taxes, and internal duties.

* I purposely pass over other political writings and speeches of his.

He opposed the government scheme of a National Bank.* No adequate reports of his speeches against the war† are preserved; but, to judge from the testimony of an eminent man, they contained prophetic indications of that oratorical power which was one day so mightily to thunder and lighten in the nation's eyes. Yet his influence in Congress does not appear to have been great. In later years he defended the United States Bank; but that question, like others, had then become a party question; and a horse in the party-team must go on with his fellows, or be flayed by the driver's lash.

But though his labors were not followed by any very marked influence at Washington, at home he drew on himself the wrath of the Democratic party. Mr. Isaac Hill, the editor of the leading Democratic paper in New Hampshire, pursued him with intense personal hatred. He sneeringly says, and falsely, "The great Mr. Webster, so extremely flippant in arguing petty suits in the courts of law, cuts but a sorry figure at Washington: his overweening confidence and zeal cannot *there* supply the place of knowledge."‡

He was sneeringly called the "great," the "eloquent," the "pre-eminent" Daniel Webster. His deeds, his words, his silence, all were represented as coming from the basest motives, and serving the meanest ends. His journal at Portsmouth was called the "lying oracle." Listen to this: "Mr. Webster spoke much and often when he was in Congress; and, if he had studied the Wisdom of Solomon (as some of his colleagues probably did), he would have discovered that *a fool is known by his much speaking.*"

Mr. Webster, in common with his party, refused to take part in the war. "I honor," said he, "the people that

* Speech in the House of Representatives, Jan. 2, 1815. Works, vol. iii. p. 35, *et seq.*

† See his Speech in House of Representatives, Jan. 14, 1814, on the Army Bill. Alexandria, 1814. 8vo. pp. 14.

‡ "New Hampshire Patriot" of July 27, 1813.

shrink from such a contest as this. I applaud their sentiments: they are such as religion and humanity dictate, and such as none but *cannibals* would wish to eradicate from the human heart." Whereupon the editor asks, Will not the federal soldiers call the man who made the speech "a cold-blooded wretch, whose heart is callous to every patriotic feeling?"* and then, "We do not wonder at Mr. Webster's reluctance again to appear at the city of Washington" (he was attending cases at court): "even his native brass must be abashed at his own conduct, at his own speeches."† Flattery "has spoiled him; for application might have made him something a dozen years hence. It has given him confidence, a face of brass, which and his native volubility are mistaken for 'pre-eminent talent.' Of all men in the State, he is the fittest to be the tool of the enemy."‡ He was one of the men that bring the "nation to the verge of ruin;" a "Thompsonian intriguer;" a "Macfarland admirer." "The self-importance and gross egotism he displays are disgusting." "You would suppose him a great merchant, living in a maritime city, and not a man reared in the woods of Salisbury, or educated in the wilds of Hanover."§

Before he was elected to Congress, Mr. Hill accused him of "deliberate falsehood," of "telling bold untruths to justify the enormities of the enemy."|| The cry was raised, "The Union is in danger." Mr. Webster was to bring about "a dissolution of the Union."¶ "The few conspirators in Boston, who aim at the division of the Union, and the English Government, who support them in their rebellion, appear to play into each other's hands with remarkable adroitness." The Patriot speaks of "the mad measures of the Boston junto; the hateful, hypocritical scheme of its canting, disaf-

* "New Hampshire Patriot," Aug. 27, 1814.

† *Id.*, Oct. 4, 1814. ‡ *Id.*, Aug. 2, 1814. § *Id.*, Aug. 9, 1814.

|| *Id.*, Oct. 29, 1812.

¶ *Id.*, Oct. 13, 1812.

fect chief, and the audacious tone of its public prints."* The language of Washington was quoted against political foes; his Farewell Address reprinted. Mr. Webster was charged with "setting the North against the South." The Essex junto was accused of "a plot to destroy the Union," in order "to be under the glorious shelter of British protection."† The Federalists were a "British faction;" the country members of the Massachusetts Legislature were "wooden members;" distinguished characters were "exciting hostility against the Union;" one of these "ought to be tied to the tail of a Congreve rocket, and offered up a burnt sacrifice." It was "moral treason" not to rejoice at the victories of the nation — it was not then "levying war." The Legislature of New Jersey called the acts of the Massachusetts Legislature "the ravings of an infuriated faction," and Gov. Strong a "Maniac Governor." The "Boston Patriot"‡ called Mr. Webster "the poor fallen Webster," who "curses heartily his setters on:" "the poor creature is confoundedly mortified." Mr. Clay, in Congress, could speak of "the howlings of the whole British pack, let loose from the Essex junto:" the Federalists were attempting "to familiarize the public mind with the horrid scheme of disunion."§ And Isaac Hill charges the Federalists with continually "threatening a separation of the States; striving to stir up the passions of the North against the South, — in clear defiance of the dying injunctions of Washington."|| I mention these things that all may understand the temper of those times.

In 1814, Mr. Webster sought for the office of Attorney General of New Hampshire, but, failing thereof, was re-elected to the House of Representatives. In the fourteenth

* March 30, 1813, quoted from the "Baltimore Patriot."

† "Boston Patriot," No. 1.

‡ July 21, 1813.

§ Speech in House of Representatives, Jan. 9, 1813.

|| "New Hampshire Patriot" for June 7, 1814.

Congress, two important measures came up amongst others, — the Bank and the Tariff. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clay favored the establishment of a national bank, with a capital of \$35,000,000. Mr. Webster opposed it by votes and speech, reaffirming the sound doctrines of his former speech: the founders of the Constitution were “hard-money men;” government must not receive the paper of banks which do not pay specie; but “the taxes must be paid in the legal money of the country.”* Such was the doctrine of the leading Federalists of the time, and the practice of New England. He introduced a resolution, that all revenues of the United States should be paid in the legal currency of the nation. It met scarce any opposition, and was passed the same day. I think this was the greatest service he ever performed in relation to our national currency or national finance. He was himself proud of it in his later years.†

The protective tariff was supported by Messrs. Calhoun, Clay, and Lowndes. Mr. Webster opposed it; for the capitalists of the North, then deeply engaged in commerce, looked on it as hostile to their shipping, and talked of the “dangers of manufactories.” Was it for this reason that the South, always jealous of the Northern thrifty toil, proposed it? So it was alleged.‡ Mr. Webster declared that Congress has no constitutional right to levy duties for protection; only for revenue. Revenue is the constitutional substance; protection, only the accidental shadow.§

In 1816, Mr. Webster removed to Boston. In 1819, while he was a private citizen, a most important question came before the nation, — Shall slavery be extended into the Missouri Territory? Here, too, Mr. Webster was on the

* Speech in House of Representatives, Feb. 28, 1816 (in “National Intelligencer for March 2, 1816). See also Works, vol. iii. p. 35, *et seq.*

† It passed April 26, 1816. Yeas, 79; nays, 35.

‡ But see Mr. Calhoun's defence of his course, *Life and Speeches*, p. 329.

§ Speech in House of Representatives.

side of freedom. He was one of a committee appointed by a meeting of the citizens of Boston to call a general meeting of the citizens to oppose the extension of slavery. The United States Marshal was chairman of the meeting. Mr. Webster was one of the committee to report resolutions at a subsequent meeting. Said the preamble: —

“The extirpation of slavery has never ceased to be a measure deeply concerning the honor and safety of the United States.” “In whatever tends to diminish the evil of slavery, or to check its growth, all parts of the confederacy are alike interested.” “If slavery is established in Missouri, then it will be burthened with all the mischiefs which are too well known to be the sure results of slavery; an evil, which has long been deplored, would be incalculably augmented; the whole confederacy would be weakened, and our free institutions disgraced, by the voluntary extension of a practice repugnant to all the principles of a free government, the continuance of which in any part of our country necessity alone has justified.”

It was Resolved, that Congress “possesses the constitutional power, upon the admission of any new State created beyond the limits of the original territory of the United States, to make the prohibition of the further extension of slavery or involuntary servitude in such new State, a condition of its admission.” “It is just and expedient that this power should be exercised by Congress, upon the admission of all new States created beyond the limits of the original territory of the United States.”

In a speech, Mr. Webster “showed incontrovertibly that Congress had this power; that they were called upon by all the principles of sound policy, humanity, and morality, to enact it, and, by prohibiting slavery in the new State of Missouri, oppose a barrier to the further progress of slavery, which else — and this was the last time the opportunity would happen to fix its limits — would roll on desolating the vast expanse of continent to the Pacific Ocean.”*

Mr. Webster was appointed chairman of a committee to prepare a memorial to Congress on this matter.† Said he:

* Account of a Meeting at the State House in Boston, Dec. 3, 1819, to consider the Extension of Slavery by the United States (in “Boston Daily Advertiser” for Dec. 4, 1819).

† “A Memorial to the Congress of the United States, on the Subject of Restraining the Increase of Slavery in the New States to be admitted into the Union,” &c. &c. Boston, 1819. pp. 22.

"We have a strong feeling of the injustice of any toleration of slavery." But, "to permit it in a new country, what is it but to encourage that rapacity, and fraud, and violence, against which we have so long pointed the denunciations of our penal code? What is it but to tarnish the proud fame of our country? What is it but to throw suspicion on its good faith, and to render questionable all its professions of regard for the rights of humanity and the liberties of mankind?" — p. 21.

At that time, such was the general opinion of the Northern men.* Said a writer in the leading journal of Boston: "Other calamities are trifles compared to this (slavery). War has alleviations; if it does much evil, it does some good: at least, it has an end. But negro-slavery is misery without mixture; it is Pandora's box, but no Hope at the bottom; it is evil, and only evil, and that continually." †

A meeting of the most respectable citizens of Worcester resolved against "any further extension of slavery," as "rendering our boasted Land of Liberty pre-eminent only as a mart for Human Flesh."

"Sad prospects," said the "Boston Daily Advertiser," "indeed for emancipators and colonizers, that, faster than the wit or the means of men can devise a method even for keeping stationary the frightful propagation of slavery, other men, members of the same community, sometimes colleagues of the same deliberative assembly, will be compassing, with all their force, the widest possible extension of slavery." ‡

The South uttered its threat of "dissolving the Union," if slavery were not extended west of the Mississippi. "The

* See a valuable series of papers in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," No. I. to VI., on this subject, from Nov. 20 to Dec. 28, 1819. Charge of Judge Story to the Grand Juries, &c.; *ibid.* Dec. 7 and 8, 1819. Article on the Missouri Compromise, in "North American Review," Jan. 1820. Mr. King's speech in Senate of United States, in "Columbian Centinel" for Jan. 19 and 22, 1820. See also the comments of the "Daily Advertiser" on the treachery of Mr. Mason, the Boston representative, March 28 and 29, 1820.

† "L. M." in "Columbian Centinel" for Dec. 8, 1819.

‡ "Boston Daily Advertiser" for Nov. 20, 1819.

threat," said a writer, "when we consider from whence it comes, raises at once wonder and pity, but has never been thought worth a serious answer here. Even the academicians of Laputa never imagined such a nation as these seceding States would form." "We have lost much; our national honor has received a stain in the eyes of the world; we have enlarged the sphere of human misery and crime."* Only four New Englanders voted for the Missouri Compromise, — Hill and Holmes of Maine, Mason and Shaw of Massachusetts.

Mr. Webster held no public office in this State, until he was chosen a member of the Convention for amending the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

It appears that he had a large influence in the Massachusetts Convention. His speeches, however, do not show any remarkable depth of philosophy, or width of historic view; but they show the strength of a great mind not fully master of his theme. They are not always fair; they sometimes show the specious arguments of the advocate, and do not always indicate the soundness of the judge. He developed no new ideas; looked back more than forward. He stated his opinions with clearness and energy. His leaning was then, as it always was, towards the concentration of power; not to its diffusion. It was the Federal leaning of New England at the time. He had no philosophical objection to a technical religious test as the qualification for office, but did not think it expedient to found a measure on that principle. He wanted property, and not population, as the basis of representation in the Senate. It was "the true basis and measure of power." "Political power," said he, "naturally and necessarily goes into the hands which hold the property." The House might rest on men, the Senate on money. Said he, "It would seem to be the part of political wisdom to found government on property;" yet

* "Boston Daily Advertiser" of March 16, 1820.

he wished to have the property diffused as widely as possible. He was not singular in this preference of money to men. Others thought, that, to put the Senate on the basis of population, and not property, was a change of "an alarming character."

He had small confidence in the people; apparently little sympathy with the multitude of men. He was jealous of the Legislature; afraid of its encroachment on the Judiciary, — New Hampshire had shown him examples of legislative injustice, — but contended ably for the independence of Judges. He had great veneration for the existing Constitution, and thought there would "never be any occasion for great changes" in it, and that "no revision of its general principles would be necessary." Others of the same party thought also that the Constitution was "the most perfect system that human wisdom had ever devised." To judge from the record, Mr. Webster found abler heads than his own in that Convention. Indeed it would have been surprising if a young man, only eight and thirty years of age, should surpass the "assembled wisdom of the State."*

On the 2d of December, 1823, Mr. Webster took his seat in the House of Representatives, as member for Boston. He defended the cause of the Greeks "with the power of a great mind applied to a great subject," denounced the "Holy Alliance," and recommended interference to prevent oppression. Public opinion set strongly in that direction.† "The

* Some valuable passages of Mr. Webster's speeches are omitted from the edition of his Works. (Compare vol. iii. pp. 15 and 17, with the "Journal of Debates and Proceedings in the Convention of Delegates," &c. Boston, 1821. pp. 143, 144, and 145, 146.) A reason for the omission will be obvious to any one who reads the original, and remembers the position and expectations of the author in 1851.

† Meetings had been held in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other important towns, and considerable sums of money raised on behalf of the Greeks. Even the educated men were filled with enthusiasm for the descendants of Anacreon and Pericles. The leading journals of England were on the same side. See the letters of John Q. Adams to Mr. Rich and

policy of our Government," said he, "is on the side of liberal and enlightened sentiments." "The civilized world has done with 'the erroneous faith of many made for one.' " *

In 1816 he had opposed a tariff which levied a heavy duty on imports; in 1824 he opposed it again, with vigorous arguments. His speech at that time is a work of large labor, of some nice research, and still of value. † "Like a mighty giant," says Mr. Hayne, "he bore away upon his shoulders the pillars of the temple of error and delusion, escaping himself unhurt, and leaving his adversaries overwhelmed in its ruins." He thought, "the authority of Congress to exercise the revenue-power with direct reference to the protection of manufactures is a questionable authority." ‡ He represented the opinion of New England, which "discountenanced the progress of this policy" of high duties. The Federalists of the North inclined to free trade; in 1807 Mr. Dexter thought it "an unalienable right," § and in 1820 Judge Story asked why should "the laboring classes be taxed for the necessaries of life?" || The tariff of 1824 got but one vote from Massachusetts. As the public opinion of Northern capitalists changed, it brought over the opinion of Mr. Webster, who seems to have had no serious and sober convictions on this subject. At one time the protective system is ruinous to the laboring man, but again "it is aimed point-blank at the protection of labor;" and the duty on coal must not be diminished, lest coal grow

Mr. Luriottis, Dec. 18, 1823; and of John Adams, Dec. 29, 1823. Mr. Clay was on the same side with Mr. Webster. But Mr. Randolph, in his speech in House of Representatives, Jan. 20, 1824, tartly asked, "Why have we never sent an envoy to our sister republic Hayti?"

* See the just and beautiful remarks of Mr. Webster in this speech. Works, vol. iii. pp. 77, 78, and 92 and 93. *Oh si sic semper!*

† Vol. iii. p. 94, *et seq.* See Speech in Faneuil Hall, Oct. 2, 1820.

‡ Speech in reply to Hayne, vol. iii. p. 305.

§ Argument in District Court of Massachusetts against the Embargo.

|| Memorial of the Citizens of Salem.

scarce and dear.* Non-importation was “an American instinct.”†

In 1828 he voted for “the bill of abominations,” as that tariff was called, which levied “thirty-two millions of duties on sixty-four millions of imports,” “not because he was in favor of the measure, but as the least of two evils.”

In 1816 the South wanted a protective tariff: the commercial North hated it. It was Mr. Calhoun‡ who introduced the measure first. Mr. Clay gave it the support of his large talents and immense personal influence, and built up the “American System.” Pennsylvania and New York were on that side. Gen. Jackson voted for the tariff of 1824. Mr. Clay was jealous of foreign commerce: it was “the great source of foreign wars.” “The predilection of the school of the Essex junto,” said he, “for foreign trade and British fabrics is unconquerable.” Yet he correctly said, “New England will have the first and richest fruits of the tariff.”§

After the system of protection got footing, the Northern capitalists set about manufacturing in good earnest, and then Mr. Webster became the advocate of a high tariff of protective duties. Here he has been blamed for his change of opinion; but to him it was an easy change. He was not a scientific legislator: he had no great and comprehensive ideas of that part of legislation which belongs to political economy. He looked only at the fleeting interest of his constituents, and took their transient opinions of the hour for his norm of conduct. As these altered, his own views also changed. Sometimes the change was a revolution. || It

* Works, vol. iv. p. 309.

† Works, vol. ii. p. 352.

‡ See Mr. Calhoun's reason for this. Life and Speeches, p. 70, *et seq.*

§ Speech in House of Rep., April 26, 1820. Works, vol. i. p. 150.

|| Compare his speeches on the tariff in 1824 and 1828 (Works, vol. iii. p. 94, *et seq.*; and 228, *et seq.*) with his subsequent speeches thereon in 1837, 1846. Works, vol. iv. p. 304, *et seq.*; vol. v. p. 361, *et seq.*; and vol. ii. p. 130, *et seq.* and 349, *et seq.* Compare vol. iii. p. 118, *et seq.* and 124, *et seq.* with vol. ii. p. 357. See his reasons for the change of opinion in vol. v. p. 186 and 240. All of these speeches are marked by great ability of statement.

seems to me his first opinion was right, and his last a fatal mistake, that he never answered his first great speech of 1824: but it seems to me that he was honest in the change; for he only looked at the pecuniary interest of his employers, and took their opinions for his guide. But he had other fluctuations on this matter of the tariff, which do not seem capable of so honorable an explanation.*

In the days of nullification, Mr. Webster denied the right of South Carolina to secede from the Union, or to give a final interpretation of the Constitution. She maintained that the Federal Government had violated the Constitution; that she, the aggrieved State of South Carolina, was the judge in that matter, and had a constitutional right to "nullify" the Constitution, and withdraw from the Union.

The question is a deep one. It is the old question of Federal and Democrat,—the question between the constitutional power of the whole, and the power of the parts,—Federal power and State power. Mr. Webster was always in favor of a strong central government; honestly in favor of it, I doubt not. His speeches on that subject were most masterly speeches. I refer, in particular, to that in 1830 against Mr. Hayne, and the speech in 1833 against Mr. Calhoun.

The first of these is the great political speech of Daniel Webster. I do not mean to say that it is just in its political ethics, or deep in the metaphysics of politics, or far-sighted in its political providence. I only mean to say that it surpasses all his other speeches in the massive intellectual power of statement. Mr. Webster was then eight and forty years old. He defended New England against Mr. Hayne; he defended the Constitution of the United States against South Carolina. His speech is full of splendid eloquence; he

* Compare his speech in Faneuil Hall, Sept. 30, 1842, with his tariff speeches in 1846. Works, vol. ii. p. 130, *et seq.* with vol. v. p. 161, *et seq.* and vol. ii. p. 349, *et seq.*

reached high, and put the capstone upon his fame, whose triple foundation he had laid at Plymouth, at Bunker Hill, and at Faneuil Hall. The "republican members of the Massachusetts Legislature" unanimously thanked him for his able vindication of their State. A Virginian, who heard the speech, declared he felt "as if looking at a mammoth treading his native canebrake, and, without apparent consciousness, crushing obstacles which nature had never designed as impediments to him."

He loved concentrated power, and seems to have thought the American Government was exclusively national, and not Federal.* The Constitution was "not a compact." He was seldom averse to sacrificing the claims of the individual States to the claim of the central authority. He favored consolidation of power, while the South Carolinians and others favored local self-government. It was no doctrine of his "that unconstitutional laws bind the people;" but it was his doctrine that such laws bind the people until the Supreme Court declared them unconstitutional; thus making, not the Constitution, but the discretion of the rulers, the measure of its powers.

It is customary at the North to think Mr. Webster wholly in the right, and South Carolina wholly in the wrong, on that question; but it should be remembered, that some of the ablest men whom the South ever sent to Washington thought otherwise. There was a good deal of truth in the speech of Mr. Hayne: he was alarmed at the increase of the central power, which seemed to invade the rights of the States. Mr. Calhoun defended the Carolinian idea;† and Calhoun was a man of great mind, a sagacious man, a man of unimpeach-

* Last remarks on Foote's Resolution, and speech in Senate, 13th Feb. 1833. Works, vol. iii. p. 343, *et seq.*; 448, *et seq.*

† See Mr. Calhoun's Disquisition on Government, and his Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States, in his Works, vol. i. (Charleston, 1851); Life and Speeches (New York, 1843), No. iii. — vi. See, too, Life and Speeches, No. ix. xix. xxii.

able integrity in private. Mr. Clay was certainly a man of very large intellect, wise and subtle and far-sighted. But, in 1833, he introduced his "Compromise Measure," to avoid the necessity of enforcing the opinions of Mr. Webster.

I must pass over many things in Mr. Webster's congressional career.

While Secretary of State, he performed the great act of his public life,—the one deed on which his reputation as a political administrator seems to settle down and rest. He negotiated the Treaty of Washington in 1842. The matter was difficult, the claims intricate. There were four parties to pacify,—England, the United States, Massachusetts, and Maine. The difficulty was almost sixty years old. Many political doctors had laid their hands on the immedicable wound, which only smarted sorer under their touch. The British Government sent over a minister to negotiate a treaty with the American Secretary. The two eminent statesmen settled the difficulty. It has been said that no other man in America could have done so well, and drawn the thunder out of the gathered cloud. Perhaps I am no judge of that; yet I do not see why any sensible and honest man could not have done the work. You all remember the anxiety of America and of England; the apprehension of war; and the delight when these two countries shook hands, as the work was done. Then we all felt that there was only one English nation,—the English Briton and the English American; that Webster and Ashburton were fellow-citizens, yea, were brothers of the same great Anglo-Saxon tribe.

His letters on the Right of Search, and the British claim to impress seamen from American ships, would have done honor to any statesman in the world.* He refused to England

* Works, vol. vi. p. 318, *et seq.*

the right to visit and search our ships, on the plea of their being engaged in the slave-trade. Some of my anti-slavery brethren have censured him for this. I always thought he was right in the matter. But, on the other side, his celebrated letter to Lord Ashburton, in the Creole case, seems to me most eminently unjust, false in law, and wicked in morality.* It is the greatest stain on that negotiation; and it is wonderful to me, that, in 1846, Mr. Webster could himself declare that he thought that letter was the most triumphant production from his pen in all the correspondence.

But let us pause a moment, and see how much praise is really due to Mr. Webster for negotiating the treaty. I limit my remarks to the north-eastern boundary. The main question was, Where is the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, mentioned in the treaty of 1783? for a line, drawn due north from the source of the river St. Croix to the summit of the highlands dividing the waters of the Atlantic from those of the St. Lawrence, was to terminate at that point. The American claim was most abundantly substantiated; but it left the British Provinces, New Brunswick and Canada, in an embarrassed position. No military road could be maintained between them; and, besides, the American border came very near to Quebec. Accordingly, the British Government, on the flimsiest pretext, refused to draw the lines and erect the monuments contemplated by the treaty of 1794; perverted the language of the treaty of 1783, which was too plain to be misunderstood; and gradually extended its claim further and further to the west. By the treaty of Ghent (1814), it was provided that certain questions should be left out to a friendly power for arbitration. In 1827, this matter was referred to the King of the Netherlands: he was to determine where the line of the treaty ran. He did not determine that question, but, in 1831, proposed a new conventional line. His award ceded to the British about 4,119 square

* Works, vol. vi. p. 303, *et seq.*

miles of land in Maine. The English assented to it; but the Americans refused to accept the award, Mr. Webster opposing it. He was entirely convinced that the American claim was just and sound, and the American interpretation of the treaty of 1783 the only correct one. On a memorable occasion, in the Senate of the United States, Mr. Webster declared — “that Great Britain ought forthwith to be told, that, unless she would agree to settle the question by the 4th of July next, according to the treaty of 1783, we would then take possession of that line, and let her drive us off if she can !” *

The day before, and in all soberness, he declared that he “never entertained a doubt that the right to this disputed territory was in the United States.” This was “perfectly clear,—so clear that the controversy never seemed to him hardly to reach to the dignity of a debatable question.”

But, in 1842, the British minister came to negotiate a treaty. Maine and Massachusetts were asked to appoint commissioners to help in the matter; for it seemed determined on that those States were to relinquish some territory to which they had a lawful claim. Those States could not convey the territory to England, but might authorize the Federal Government to make the transfer. The treaty was made, and accepted by Maine and Massachusetts. But it ceded to Great Britain all the land which the award had given, and 893 square miles in addition. Thus the treaty conveyed to Great Britain more than five thousand square miles (upwards of 3,000,000 acres) of American territory, to which, by the terms of the treaty, the American title was perfectly good. Rouse's Point was ceded to the United States, with a narrow strip of land on the north of Vermont and New Hampshire; but the king's award gave us Rouse's Point at less cost. The rights which the Americans gained

* *Evening Debate of Senate, Feb. 27, 1839* (in “*Boston Atlas*” of March 1).

with the navigation of a part of the St. John's River were only a fair exchange for the similar right conceded to the British. As a compensation to Maine and Massachusetts for the loss of the land and the jurisdiction over it, the United States paid these two States \$300,000, and indemnified Maine for the expenses occasioned by the troubles which had grown out of the contested claims, — about \$300,000 more. Great Britain gained all that was essential to the welfare of her colonies. All her communications, civil and military, were for ever placed beyond hostile reach; and all the military positions claimed by America, with the exception of Rouse's Point, were for ever secured to Great Britain. What did England concede? It was fortunate that the controversy was settled; it was wise in America to be liberal. A tract of wild land, though half as large as Massachusetts, is nothing compared to a war. It is as well for mankind that the jurisdiction over that spot belongs to the Lion of England as to the Eagle of America. But I fear a man who makes such a bargain is not entitled to any great glory among diplomatists. In 1832, Maine refused to accept the award of the king, even when the Federal Government offered her a million acres of good land in Michigan, of her own selection, valued at a million and a quarter of dollars. Had it been a question of the south-western boundary, and not the north-eastern, Mexico would have had an answer to her claim very different from that which England received. Mr. Webster was determined on negotiating the treaty at all hazards, and was not very courteous to those who expostulated and stood out for the just rights of Maine and Massachusetts;* nay, he was indignant at the presumption of

* For the facts of this controversy, see, I. The Definitive Treaty of Peace, &c. 1783. Public Statutes of the United States of America (Boston, 1846), vol. viii. p. 80. Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation, &c. 1794. *ibid.* p. 116. Treaty of Peace and Amity, 1814, *ibid.* p. 218. — II. Act of Twentieth Congress, stat. i. chap. xxx. *id.* vol. iv. p. 262. Act of Twenty-sixth

these States asking for compensation when their land was ceded away! Was there any real danger of a war? If England had claimed clear down to the Connecticut, I think the Southern masters of the North would have given up Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock, rather than risk to the chances of a British war the twelve hundred million dollars invested in slaves. Men who live in straw houses think twice before they scatter fire-brands abroad. England knew well with whom she had to deal, and authorized her representative to treat only for a "*conventional* line," not to accept the line of the treaty! Mr. Webster succeeded in negotiating, because he gave up more American territory than any one would yield before, — more than the king of the Netherlands had proposed. Still, we may all rejoice in the settlement of the question; and if Great Britain had admitted our claim by the plain terms of the treaty, and then asked for the land so valuable and necessary to her, who in New England would have found fault?

After the conclusion of the treaty, Mr. Webster came to Boston. You remember his speech in 1842, in Faneuil Hall. He was then sixty years old. He had done the great deed of his life. He still held a high station. He scorned, or affected to scorn, the littleness of party and its narrow platform, and claimed to represent the people of the United

Congress, stat. i. chap. lii, *ibid.* vol. v. p. 402; and stat. ii. chap. ii. p. 413. III. Statement, on the part of the United States, of the Case referred in pursuance of the Convention of 29th Sept. 1827, between the said States and Great Britain, to his Majesty the King of the Netherlands, for his decision thereon (Washington, 1829). North American Boundary, A.: Correspondence relating to the Boundary, &c. &c. (London, 1838). North American Boundary, part I.: Correspondence relating to the Boundary, &c. (London, 1840). The Right of the United States of America to the North-Eastern Boundary claimed by them, &c. &c., by Albert Gallatin, &c. (New York, 1840). Documents of the Senate of Massachusetts, 1839, No. 45; 1841, No. 9. Documents of the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, 1842, No. 44. — IV. Congressional Globe, &c. (Washington, 1843), vol. xii. and Appendix. Mr. Webster's Defence of the Treaty; Works, vol. v. p. 18, *et seq.*

States. Everybody knew the importance of his speech. I counted sixteen reporters of the New England and Northern press at that meeting. It was a proud day for him, and also a stormy day. Other than friends were about him. It was thought that he had just scattered the thunder which impended over the nation: a sullen cloud still hung over his own expectations of the Presidency. He thundered his eloquence into that cloud,—the great ground-lightning of his Olympian power.

I come now to speak of his relation to slavery. Up to 1850, with occasional fluctuations, much of his conduct had been just and honorable. As a private citizen, in 1819, he opposed the Missouri Compromise. Said he, at the meeting of the citizens of Boston to prevent that iniquity, "We are acting for unborn millions, who lie along before us in the track of time."* The extension of slavery would demoralize the people, and endanger the welfare of the nation. "Nor can the laws derive support from the manners of the people, if the power of moral sentiment be weakened by enjoying, under the permission of the government, great facilities to commit offences."†

A few months after the deed was done, on Forefathers' Day in 1820, standing on Plymouth Rock, he could say:—

"I deem it my duty, on this occasion, to suggest, that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt,—I mean the African slave-trade. Neither public sentiment nor the law has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts there dwell no sentiments of humanity or of justice, and over whom neither the fear of

* Reported in the "Columbian Centinel" for Dec. 8, 1819.

† Memorial to Congress, *ut supra*.

God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave-trader is a pirate and a felon; and, in the sight of Heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter page of our history than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all the true sons of New England to coöperate with the laws of man and the justice of Heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer; I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who, by stealth and at midnight, labor in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world. Let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards; and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it."

In 1830, he honored Nathan Dane for the Ordinance which makes the difference between Ohio and Kentucky, and honorably vindicated that man who lived "too near the north star" for Southern eyes to see. "I regard domestic slavery," said Mr. Webster to Mr. Hayne, "as one of the greatest evils, both moral and political." *

In 1837, at Niblo's Garden, he avowed his entire unwillingness to do any thing that should extend the slavery of the African race on this continent. Said he:—

"On the general question of slavery, a great portion of the community is already strongly excited. The subject has not only attracted attention as a question of politics, but it has struck a far deeper-toned chord. It has arrested the religious feeling of the country; it has taken strong hold on the consciences of men. He is a rash man, indeed, and little conversant with human nature,—and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country,—who supposes that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with or despised. It will assuredly cause itself to be respected. It may be reasoned with; it may be made willing—I believe it is entirely willing—to fulfil all existing

* Works, vol. iii. p. 279; see also p. 262, *et seq.*

engagements, and all existing duties; to uphold and defend the Constitution as it is established, with whatever regrets about some provisions which it does actually contain. But to coerce it into silence, to restrain its free expression, to seek to compress and confine it, warm as it is, and more heated as such endeavors would inevitably render it,—should this be attempted, I know nothing, even in the Constitution or in the Union itself, which would not be endangered by the explosion which might follow.” *

He always declared that slavery was a local matter of the South; sectional, not national. In 1830 he took the ground that the general government had nothing to do with it. In 1840, standing “beneath an October sun” at Richmond, he declared again that there was no power, direct or indirect, in Congress or the general government, to interfere in the smallest degree with the “institutions” of the South. †

At first he opposed the annexation of Texas; he warned men against it in 1837. He went so far as to declare:—

“I do say that the annexation of Texas would tend to prolong the duration and increase the extent of African slavery on this continent. I have long held that opinion, and I would not now suppress it for any consideration on earth! and because it does increase the evils of slavery, because it will increase the number of slaves and prolong the duration of their bondage,—because it does all this, I oppose it without condition and without qualification, at this time *and all times, now and for ever.*” ‡

He prepared some portions of the Address of the Massachusetts Anti-Texas Convention in 1845. But, as some of the leading Whigs of the North opposed that meeting and favored annexation, he did not appear at the Convention, but went off to New York. In 1845 he voted against annexation. He said that he had felt it to be his duty steadily, uniformly, and zealously to oppose it. He did not wish America to be possessed by the spirit of aggrandizement. He objected to annexation principally because Texas was a Slave State.§ Here he stood with John

* Works, vol. i. p. 356-7.

† Works, vol. ii. p. 270.

‡ Works, vol. ii. 93, *et seq.*

§ See Works, vol. ii. p. 552, *et seq.*

Quincy Adams, but, alas! did too little to oppose that annexation. Against him were Mr. Calhoun, the South, almost all the Democratic party of the North; Mr. Van Buren losing his nomination on account of his hostility to new slave-soil; and many of the capitalists of the North wished a thing that Mr. Webster wanted not.

He objected to the Constitution of Texas. Why? Because it tied up the hands of the Legislature against the abolition of slavery. He said so on Forefathers' Day, two hundred and twenty-five years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. Then he could not forget his own proud words, uttered a quarter of a century before. I thought him honest then; I think so still. But he said that New England might have prevented annexation; that Massachusetts might have prevented annexation, only "she could not be roused." If he had labored then for freedom with as much vigor and earnestness as he wrought for slavery in 1850 and 1851, Massachusetts would have been roused, New England would have risen as a single man, and annexation of new slave-soil have been put off till the Greek Kalends, a day beyond eternity. Yet he did some service in this work.

After the outbreak of the Mexican war, the northern men sought to pass a law prohibiting slavery in the new territory gained from Mexico. The celebrated "Wilmot proviso" came up. Mr. Webster also wished to prohibit slavery in the new territory. In March, 1847, he presented to Congress the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature against the extension of slavery, — which had been passed unanimously, — and he endorsed them all.

"I thank her for it, and am proud of her; for she has denounced the whole object for which our armies are now traversing the mountains of Mexico." "If any thing is certain, it is that the sentiment of the whole North is utterly opposed to the acquisition of territory to be formed into new Slave-holding States."*

* "Congressional Globe," March, 1847, p. 555.

At the Whig Convention at Springfield, in 1847, he maintained that the Wilmot Proviso was his "thunder."

"Did I not commit myself in 1837 to the whole doctrine, fully, entirely?" "I cannot quite consent that more recent discoverers should claim the merit and take out a patent. We are to use the first and the last and every occasion which offers to oppose the extension of slave power."*

On the 10th of August, 1848, in the Senate of the United States, he said:—

"My opposition to the increase of slavery in this country, or to the increase of slave-representation, is general and universal. It has no reference to the lines of latitude or points of the compass. I shall oppose all such extension at all times and under all circumstances, even against all inducements, against all supposed limitations of great interests, against all combinations, against all compromises."

He sought to gain the support of the Free Soilers in Massachusetts, and encouraged their enterprise. Even when he denounced the nomination of General Taylor as "not fit to be made," he declared that he could stand on the Buffalo Platform; its Anti-Slavery planks were good sound Whig timber; he himself had had some agency in getting them out, and did not see the necessity of a new organization.

But, alas! all this was to pass away. Was he sincere in his opposition to the extension of slavery? I always thought so. I think so still. But how inconsistent his conduct!

Yet, after all, on the 7th of March, 1850, he could make that speech—you know it too well. He refused to exclude slavery by law from California and New Mexico. It would "irritate" the South, would "re-enact the law of God." He declared Congress was bound to make four new Slave States out of Texas; to allow all the territory below 36° 30' to become Slave States; he declared that he would give Texas fifty thousand square miles of land for slave-territory, and ten millions of dollars; would refund to Virginia two hundred millions of dollars derived from the sales

* Remarks in Convention at Springfield, Sept. 10, 1847; reported in "Boston Daily Advertiser."

of the public lands, to expatriate the free colored people from her soil ; that he would support the Fugitive Slave Bill, with all its amendments, "with all its provisions," "to the fullest extent."

You know the Fugitive Slave Bill too well. It is bad enough now ; but when he first volunteered his support thereto, it was far worse, for then every one of the seventeen thousand postmasters of America might be a legal kidnapper by that Bill. He pledged our own Massachusetts to support it, and that "with alacrity."

My friends, you all know the speech of the 7th of March : you know how men felt when the telegraph brought the first news, they thought there must be some mistake ! They could not believe the lightning. You know how the Whig party, and the Democratic party, and the newspapers, treated the report. When the speech came in full, you know the effect. One of the most conspicuous men of the State, then in high office, declared that Mr. Webster "seemed inspired by the devil to the extent of his intellect." You know the indignation men felt, the sorrow and anguish. I think not a hundred prominent men in all New England acceded to the speech. But such was the power of that gigantic intellect, that, eighteen days after his speech, nine hundred and eighty-seven men of Boston sent him a letter, telling him that he had pointed out "the path of duty, convinced the understanding and touched the conscience of a nation ;" and they expressed to him their "entire concurrence in the sentiments of that speech," and their "heartfelt thanks for the inestimable aid it afforded to the preservation" of the Union.

You remember the return of Mr. Webster to Boston ; the speech at the Revere House ; his word that "discussion" on the subject of slavery must "in some way be suppressed ;" you remember the "disagreeable duty ;" the question if Massachusetts "will be just against temptation ;" whether "she will conquer her prejudices" in favor of the trial by

jury, of the unalienable rights of man, in favor of the Christian religion, and "those thoughts which wander through eternity."

You remember the agony of our colored men. The Son of man came to Jerusalem to seek and to save that which was lost; but Daniel Webster came to Boston to crush the poorest and most lost of men into the ground with the hoof of American power.

At the moment of making that speech, Mr. Webster was a member of a French Abolition Society, which has for its object to protect, enlighten, and emancipate the African race!*

You all know what followed. The Fugitive Slave Law Bill passed. It was enforced. You remember the consternation of the colored people in Boston, New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia,—all over the land. You remember the speeches of Mr. Webster at Buffalo, Syracuse, and Albany,—his industry, never equalled before; his violence, his indignation, his denunciations. You remember the threat at Syracuse, that out of the bosom of the next Anti-slavery Convention should a fugitive slave be seized. You remember the scorn that he poured out on men who pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," for the welfare of men.

You remember the letters to Mr. Webster from Newburyport, Kennebec, Medford, and his "Neighbors in New Hampshire." You have not forgotten the "Union Meetings:" "Blue-light Federalists," and "Genuine Democrats dyed in the wool," united into one phalanx of Hunkerism and became his "retainers," lay and clerical,—the laymen maintaining that his political opinions were an amendment to the Constitution; and the clergymen, that his public and

* Institut d'Afrique pour l'Abolition de la Traite et de l'Esclavage. Art. ii. "Il a pour but également de protéger, d'éclairer et d'émanciper la race Africaine."

private practice was one of the evidences of Christianity. You remember the sermons of Doctors of Divinity, proving that slavery was Christian, good Old Testament Christian, at the very least. You remember the offer of a man to deliver up his own brother. Andover went for kidnapping. The loftiest pulpits, — I mean those highest bottomed on the dollar, — they went also for kidnapping. There went up a shout against the fugitive from the metropolitan pulpits, "Away with such a fellow from the earth! — Kidnap him, kidnap him!" And when we said, mildly remonstrating, "Why, what evil has the poor black man done?" the answer was, — "We have a law, and by that law he ought to be a slave!"

You remember the first kidnappers which came here to Boston. Hughes was one of them, an ugly-looking fellow, that went back to die in a street-brawl in his own Georgia. He thirsted for the blood of Ellen Craft.

You remember the seizure of Shadrach; you remember his deliverance out of his fiery furnace. Of course it was an Angel who let him out; for that court, — the kidnappers' court, — thirsting for human blood, spite of the "enlargement of the testimony," after six trials, I think, has not found a man, who, at noonday and in the centre of the town, did the deed. So I suppose it was an Angel that did the deed, and miracles are not over yet. I hope you have not forgotten Caphart, the creature which "whips women," the great ally of the Boston kidnappers.

You remember the kidnapping of Thomas Sims; Faneuil Hall shut against the convention of the people; the court-house in chains; the police drilled in the square; soldiers in arms; Faneuil Hall a barrack. You remember Fast Day, 1851, — at least I do. You remember the "Acorn" and Boston on the 12th of April. You have not forgotten the dreadful scenes at New York, Philadelphia, and Buffalo; the tragedy at Christiana.

You have not forgotten Mr. Webster's definition of the object of government. In 1845, standing over the grave of Judge Story, he said, — "Justice is the great interest of mankind." I think he thought so too; but at New York, on the 18th of November, 1850, he said, — "The great object of government is the protection of property at home, and respect and renown abroad."

He went to Annapolis, and made a speech complimenting a series of ultra-resolutions in favor of slavery and slave-catching. One of the resolutions made the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law the sole bond of the Union. The orator of Bunker Hill replied: —

"Gentlemen, I concur in the sentiments expressed by you all — and I thank God they were expressed by you all — in the resolutions passed here on the 10th of December. And allow me to say, that any State, North or South, which departs *one iota* from the sentiment of that resolution, is disloyal to this Union.

"Further, — so far as any act of that sort has been committed, — SUCH A STATE HAS NO PORTION OF MY REGARD. *I do not sympathize with it.* I rebuke it wherever I speak, and on all occasions where it is proper for me to express my sentiments. If there are States — and I am afraid there are — which have sought, by ingenious contrivances of State legislation, to thwart the fair exercise and fulfilment of the laws of Congress passed to carry into effect the compacts of the Constitution, — THAT STATE, SO FAR, IS ENTITLED TO NO REGARD FROM ME. AT THE NORTH THERE HAVE BEEN CERTAINLY SOME INTIMATIONS IN CERTAIN STATES OF SUCH A POLICY."

"*I hold the importance of maintaining these measures to be of the highest character and nature, every one of them out and out, and through and through. I have no confidence in anybody who seeks the repeal, in anybody who wishes to alter or modify these constitutional provisions. There they are. Many of these great measures are irrepealable. The settlement with Texas is as irrepealable as the admission of California. Other important objects of legislation, if not in themselves in the nature of grants, and therefore not so irrepealable, are just as important; and we are to hear no parleying upon it. We are to listen to no modification or qualification. They were passed in conformity with the provisions of the Constitution; and they must be performed and abided by, IN WHATEVER EVENT, AND AT WHATEVER COST.*"

Surrounded by the Federalists of New England, when a

young man, fresh in Congress, he stood out nobly for the right to discuss all matters. Every boy knows his brave words by heart:—

“Important as I deem it, sir, to discuss, on all proper occasions, the policy of the measures at present pursued, *it is still more important to maintain the right of such discussion in its full and just extent.* Sentiments lately sprung up, and now growing popular, render it necessary to be explicit on this point. It is the ancient and constitutional right of this people to canvass public measures, and the merits of public men. It is a homebred right, a fireside privilege. It has ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage, and cabin in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as the right of breathing the air, and walking on the earth. Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty; and it is the last duty which those whose representative I am shall find me to abandon. This high constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise within this house and without this house, and in all places; in time of war, in time of peace, and at all times.

“Living, I will assert it; dying, I will assert it; and should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of *Free Principles*, and the example of a manly, independent, and constitutional defence of them.”

Then, in 1850, when vast questions, so intimately affecting the welfare of millions of men, were before the country, he told us to suppress agitation!

“Neither you nor I shall see the legislation of the country proceed in the old harmonious way, until the discussions in Congress and out of Congress upon the subject [of slavery] shall be in some way suppressed. Take that truth home with you, and take it as truth.”

“I shall support no agitations having their foundation in unreal and ghostly abstractions.”*

The opponents of Mr. Webster, contending for the freedom of all Americans, of all men, appealed from the Fugitive Slave Bill to “the element of all laws, out of which they are derived, to the end of all laws, for which they are designed and in which they are perfected.” How did he resist the appeal? You have not forgotten the speech at Capron Springs, on the 26th of June, 1851. “When noth-

* Speech at the Revere House in Boston, April 29, 1850, in “Daily Advertiser” of April 30.

ing else will answer," says he, "they," the abolitionists, "invoke religion, and speak of the 'higher law!'" He of the granite hills of New Hampshire, looking on the mountains of Virginia, blue with loftiness and distance, said, "Gentlemen, this North Mountain is high, the Blue Ridge higher still, the Alleghanies higher than either, and yet this 'higher law' ranges further than an eagle's flight above the highest peaks of the Alleghanies! No common vision can discern it; no common and unsophisticated conscience can feel it; the hearing of common men never learns its high behests; and, therefore, one would think it is not a safe law to be acted upon in matters of the highest practical moment. It is the code, however, of the abolitionists of the North."

This speech was made at dinner. The next "sentiment" given after his was this:—

"*The Fugitive Slave Law*—Upon its faithful execution depends the perpetuity of the Union."

Mr. Webster made a speech in reply, and distinctly declared,—

"You of the South have as much right to secure your fugitive slaves, as the North has to any of its rights and privileges of navigation and commerce."

Do you think he believed that? Daniel Webster knew better. In 1844, only seven years before, he had said,—

"What! when all the civilized world is opposed to slavery; when morality denounces it; when Christianity denounces it; when every thing respected, every thing good, bears one united witness against it, is it for America—America, the land of Washington, the model republic of the world—is it for America to come to its assistance, and to insist that the maintenance of slavery is necessary to the support of her institutions?"

How do you think the audience answered then? With six and twenty cheers. It was in Faneuil Hall. Said Mr. Webster, "These are Whig principles;" and, with these, "Faneuil Hall may laugh a siege to scorn." That speech

is not printed in his collection ! How could it stand side by side with the speech of the 7th of March ?

In 1846, a Whig Convention voted to do its possible to "defeat all measures calculated to uphold slavery, and promote all constitutional measures for its overthrow ;" to "oppose any further addition of Slaveholding States to this Union ;" and to have "free institutions for all, chains and fetters for none."

Then Mr. Webster declared he had a heart which beat for every thing favorable to the progress of human liberty, either here or abroad ; then, when in "the dark and troubled night" he saw only the Whig party as his Bethlehem Star, he rejoiced in "the hope of obtaining the power to resist whatever threatens to extend slavery."* Yet after New York had kidnapped Christians, and with civic pomp sent her own sons into slavery, he could go to that city and say, "It is an air which for the last few months I love to inhale. It is a patriotic atmosphere: constitutional breezes fan it every day."†

To accomplish a bad purpose, he resorted to mean artifice, to the low tricks of vulgar adventurers in politics. He used the same weapons once wielded against him, — misrepresentation, denunciation, invective. Like his old enemy of New Hampshire, he carried his political quarrel into private life. He cast off the acquaintance of men intimate with him for twenty or thirty years. The malignity of his conduct, as it was once said of a great apostate, "was hugely aggravated by those rare abilities whereof God had given him the use." Time had not in America bred a man before bold enough to consummate such aims as his. In this New Hampshire Strafford, "despotism had at length obtained an instrument with mind to comprehend, and resolution to act upon, its principles in their length and breadth ; and enough of his

* Speech at Faneuil Hall, Sept. 23, 1846, reported in the "Daily Advertiser," Sept. 24.

† Speech at New York, May 12, 1851, in "Boston Atlas" of May 14.

purposes were effected by him to enable mankind to see as from a tower the end of all."

What was the design of all this? It was to "save the Union." Such was the cry. Was the Union in danger? Here were a few non-resistants at the North, who said, We will have "no union with slaveholders." There was a party of seceders at the South, who periodically blustered about disunion. Could these men bring the Union into peril? Did Daniel Webster think so? I shall never insult that giant intellect by the thought. He knew South Carolina, he knew Georgia, very well.* Mr. Benton knew of no "distress," even at the time when it was alleged that the nation was bleeding at "five gaping wounds," so that it would take the whole Omnibus full of compromises to stanch the blood: "All the political distress is among the politicians."† I think Mr. Webster knew there was no danger of a dissolution of the Union. But here is a proof that he knew it. In 1850, on the 22d of December, he declared, "There is no longer imminent danger of the dissolution of the United States. We shall live, and not die." But, soon after, he went about saving the Union again, and again, and again, — saved it at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse, at Annapolis, and then at Capron Springs.

I say there was no real danger; but my opinion is a mere opinion, and nothing more. Look at a fact. We have the most delicate test of public opinion, — the state of the public funds; the barometer which indicates any change in the political weather. If the winds blow down the Tiber, Roman funds fall. Talk of war between France and England, the stocks go down at Paris and London. The foolish talk about the fisheries last summer lowered American stocks in the market, to the great gain of prudent and far-sighted brokers, who knew there was no danger. But all this time, when Mr.

* See his description in 1830 of the process and conclusion of nullification. Works, vol. iii. p. 337, *et seq.*

† Speech in Senate, Sept. 10, 1850.

Webster was telling us the ship of state was going to pieces, and required undergirding by the Fugitive Slave Bill, and needed the kidnapper's hand at the helm; while he was advising Massachusetts to "conquer her prejudices" in favor of the unalienable rights of man; while he was denouncing the friends of freedom, and calling on us to throw over to Texas — the monster of the deep that threatened to devour the ship of state — fifty thousand square miles of territory, and ten millions of dollars; and to the other monster of secession to cast over the trial by jury, the dearest principles of the Constitution, of manhood, of justice, and of religion, "those thoughts that wander through eternity;" while he himself revoked the noblest words of his whole life, throwing over his interpretation of the Constitution, his respect for State rights, for the common law, his own morality, his own religion, and his own God, — the funds of the United States did not go down one mill. You asked the capitalist, "Is the Union in danger?" He answered, "O yes! it is in the greatest peril." "Then will you sell me your stocks lower than before?" "Not a mill; not one mill — not the ten hundredth part of a dollar in a hundred!" To ask men to make such a sacrifice, at such a time, from such a motive, is as if you should ask the captain of the steamer "Niagara," in Boston harbor, in fair weather, to throw over all his cargo, because a dandy in the cabin was blowing the fire with his breath. No, my friends, I shall not insult the majesty of that intellect with the thought that he believed there was danger to the Union. There was not any danger of a storm; not a single cat's-paw in the sky; not a capful of bad weather between Cape Sable and the Lake of the Woods!

But suppose the worst came to the worst, are there no other things as bad as disunion? The Constitution — does it "establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity," and "secure the blessings of liberty" to all the citizens? Nobody pretends it, — with every sixth man made merchandise, and not an inch of free soil covered by the Declaration of Inde-

pendence, save the five thousand miles which Mr. Webster ceded away. Is disunion worse than slavery? Perhaps not even to commerce, which the Federalists thought "still more dear" than Union. But what if the South seceded next year, and the younger son took the portion of goods that falleth to him, when America divides her living? Imagine the condition of the new nation,—the United States South; a nation without schools, or the desire for them; without commerce, without manufactures; with six million white men and three million slaves; working with that barbarous tool, slave-labor, an instrument as ill-suited to these times as a sickle of stone to cut grain with! How would that new democracy appear in the eyes of the world, when the public opinion of the nations looks hard at tyranny? It would not be long before this younger son, having spent all with riotous living, and devoured his substance with slavery, brought down to the husks that the swine do eat,—would arise, and go to his father, and say, "Father, forgive me; I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants." The Southern men know well, that, if the Union were dissolved, their riches would take to itself legs, and run away,—or firebrands, and make a St. Domingo out of Carolina! They cast off the North! they set up for themselves! "Tush! tush! Fear boys with bugs!"

Here is the reason. He wanted to be President. That was all of it. Before this he had intrigued,—always in a clumsy sort, for he was organized for honesty, and cunning never throve in his keeping,—had stormed and blustered and bullied. "Gen. Taylor the second choice of Massachusetts for the President," quoth he: "I tell you I am to be the first, and Massachusetts has no second choice." Mr. Clay must not be nominated in '44; in '48 Gen. Taylor's was a "nomination not fit to be made." He wanted the office himself. This time he must storm the North, and conciliate the South. This was his bid for the Presidency,—fifty

thousand square miles of territory and ten millions of dollars to Texas; four new Slave States; slavery in Utah and New Mexico; the Fugitive Slave Bill; and two hundred millions of dollars offered to Virginia to carry free men of color to Africa.

He never labored so before, and he had been a hard-working man: What speeches he made at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Buffalo, Syracuse, Annapolis! What letters he wrote! His intellect was never so active, nor gave such proofs of Herculean power. The hottest headed Carolinian did not put his feet faster or further on in the support of slavery. He

“Stood up the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought 'gainst Heaven, now fiercer by despair.”

Once he could say,—

“By general instruction, we seek as far as possible to purify the whole moral atmosphere; to keep good sentiments uppermost, and to turn the strong current of feeling and opinion, as well as the censures of the law, and the denunciations of religion, against immorality and crime. We hope for a security beyond the law, and above the law, in the prevalence of enlightened and well-principled moral sentiment.” *

In 1820 he could say, “All conscience ought to be respected;” in 1850 it is only a fanatic who heeds his conscience, and there is no higher law. In scorn of the higher law, he far outwent his transatlantic prototype. Even Strafford, in his devotion to “*Thorough*,” had some respect for the fundamental law of nature, and said,—“If I must be a traitor to man or perjured to God, I will be faithful to my Creator.”

The fountains of his great deep were broken up—it rained forty days and forty nights, and brought a flood of slavery over this whole land; it covered the market, and the factory,

* Debate in the Mass. Convention, Dec. 5, 1820. “Journal,” *ubi sup.* p. 145; erroneously printed 245.

and the court-house, and the warehouse, and the college, and rose up high over the tops of the tallest steeples! But the Ark of Freedom went on the face of the waters, — above the market, above the factory, above the court-house, over the college, higher than the tops of the tallest steeples, it floated secure; for it bore the Religion that is to save the world, and the Lord God of Hosts had shut it in.

What flattery was there from Mr. Webster! What flattery to the South! what respect for Southern nullifiers! "The Secessionists of the South take a different course of remark;" they appeal to no higher law! "They are learned and eloquent; they are animated and full of spirit; they are high-minded and chivalrous; they state their supposed injuries and causes of complaint in elegant phrases and exalted tones of speech." *

He derided the instructions of his adopted State.

"It has been said that I have, by the course that I have thought proper to pursue, displeased a portion of the people of Massachusetts. Well, suppose I did. Suppose I displeased all the people of that State, — what of that?

"What had I to do with instructions from Massachusetts upon a question affecting the whole nation!" "I assure you, gentlemen, I cared no more for the instructions of Massachusetts than I did for those of any other State!" †

What scorn against the "fanatics" of the North, against the Higher Law, and the God thereof!

"New England, it is well known, is the chosen seat of the Abolition presses and the Abolition Societies. There it is principally that the former cheer the morning by full columns of lamentation over the fate of human beings free by nature and by a law above the Constitution, — but sent back, nevertheless, chained and manacled to slavery and to stripes; and the latter refresh themselves from daily toil by orgies of the night devoted to the same outpourings of philanthropy, mingling all the while their anathemas at what they call 'men-catching' with the most horrid and profane abjuration of the Christian Sabbath, and indeed of the whole

* Speech at Capron Springs. † Ibid.

Divine Revelation: they sanctify their philanthropy by irreligion and profanity; they manifest their charity by contempt of God and his commandments."

"Depend upon it, the law [the Fugitive Slave Bill] will be executed in its spirit and to its letter. It will be executed in all the great cities, — here in Syracuse, — in the midst of the next Anti-slavery Convention, if the occasion shall arise; then we shall see what becomes of their 'lives and their sacred honor'!" *

How he mocked at the "higher law," "that exists somewhere between us and the third heaven, I never knew exactly where."

The anti-slavery men were "insane persons," "some small bodies of fanatics," "not fit for a lunatic asylum." †

To secure his purposes, he left no stone unturned; he abandoned his old friends, treating them with rage and insolence. He revolutionized his own morals, and his own religion. The strong advocate of liberty, of justice to all men, the opponent of slavery, turned round and went square over. But his old speeches did not follow him: a speech is a fact; a printed word becomes immovable as the Alps. His former speeches, all the way from Hanover to Washington, were a line of fortresses grim with cannon each levelled at his new position.

How low he stooped to supplicate the South, to cringe before the Catholics, to fawn upon the Methodists at Faneuil Hall! Oh, what a prostitution of what a kingly power of thought, of speech, of will!

The effect of Mr. Webster's speech was amazing: at first Northern men abhorred it; next they accepted it. Why was this? He himself has perhaps helped us understand the mystery: —

"The enormity of some crimes so astonishes men as to subdue their minds, and they lose the desire for justice in a morbid admiration of the great criminal and the strangeness of the crime."

* Speech at Syracuse (New York, 1851).

† See speech at Buffalo, 22d May, 1851. Vol. ii. p. 544, *et seq.*

Slavery, the most hideous snake which Southern regions breed, with fifteen unequal feet, came crawling North; fold on fold, and ring on ring, and coil on coil, the venomous monster came: then Avarice, the foulest worm which Northern cities gender in their heat, went crawling South; with many a wriggling curl, it wound along its way. At length they met, and, twisting up in their obscene embrace, the twain became one monster, Hunkerism; theme unattempted yet in prose or song: there was no North, no South; they were one poison! The dragon wormed its way along, — crawled into the church of commerce, wherein the minister baptized the beast, "Salvation." From the ten commandments the dragon's breath effaced those which forbid to kill and covet, with the three between; then, with malignant tooth, gnawed out the chief commandments whereon the law and prophets hang. This amphisbæna of the Western World then swallowed down the holiest words of Hebrew or of Christian speech, and in their place it left a hissing at the higher law of God. Northward and Southward wormed the thing along its track, leaving the stain of its breath in the people's face; and its hissing against the Lord rings yet in many a speech:

"Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And, unawares, morality expires."

Then what a shrinking was there of great consciences, and hearts, and minds! So Milton, fabling, sings of angels fallen from their first estate, seeking to enter Pandemonium: —

"They but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant-sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless,
. to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court."

Mr. Webster stamped his foot, and broke through into the great hollow of practical atheism, which undergulfs the state and church. Then what a caving in was there! The firm-set base of northern cities quaked and yawned with gaping rents. "Penn's sandy foundation" shook again, and black men fled from the city of brotherly love, as doves flee from a farmer's barn when summer lightning stabs the roof. There was a twist in Faneuil Hall, and the doors could not open wide enough for Liberty to regain her ancient Cradle; only soldiers, greedy to steal a man, themselves stole out and in. Ecclesiastic quicksand ran down the hole amain. Metropolitan churches toppled, and pitched, and canted, and cracked, their bowing walls all out of plumb. Colleges, broken from the chain which held them in the stream of time, rushed towards the abysmal rent. Harvard led the way, *Christo et Ecclesiæ* in its hand. Down plunged Andover, "Conscience and the Constitution" clutched in its ancient, failing arm. New Haven began to cave in. Doctors of Divinity, orthodox, heterodox with only a doxy of doubt, "no settled opinion," had great alacrity in sinking, and went down quick, as live as ever, into the pit of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, the bottomless pit of lower law,—one with his mother, cloaked by a surplice, hid neath his sinister arm, and an acknowledged brother grasped by his remaining limb. Fossils of theology, dead as Ezekiel's bones, took to their feet again, and stood up for most arrant wrong. "There is no higher law of God," quoth they, as they went down; "no golden rule, only the statutes of men." A man with mythologic ear might fancy that he heard a snickering laugh run round the world below, snorting, whinnying, and neighing, as it echoed from the infernal spot pressed by the fallen monsters of ill-fame, who, thousands of years ago, on the same errand, plunged down the self-same way. What tidings the echo bore, Dante nor Milton could not tell. Let us leave that to darkness, and to silence, and to death.

But spite of all this, in every city, in every town, in every college, and in each capsizing church, there were found faithful men, who feared not the monster, heeded not the stamping, — nay, Doctors of Divinity were found living, — in all their houses there was light, and the destroying angel shook them not. The word of the Lord came in open vision to their eye; they had their lamps trimmed and burning, their loins girt; they stood road-ready. Liberty and Religion turned in thither, and the slave found bread and wings. “When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will hold me up!”

After the 7th of March, Mr. Webster became the ally of the worst of men, the forefront of kidnapping. The orator of Plymouth Rock was the advocate of slavery; the hero of Bunker Hill put chains around Boston Court-house; the applauder of Adams and Jefferson was a tool of the slaveholder, and a keeper of slavery’s dogs, the associate of the kidnapper, and the mocker of men who loved the right. Two years he lived with that rabble rout for company, his name the boast of every vilest thing. “Oh, how unlike the place from whence he fell!” In early life, Mr. Hill, of New Hampshire, pursued him with unrelenting bitterness. Of late years Mr. Webster had complained of this, declaring that “Mr. Hill had done more than any other man to debauch the character of New Hampshire, bringing the bitterness of politics into private life.” After that day of St. Judas, Mr. Webster pursued the same course which Mr. Hill had followed forty years before, and the two enemies were reconciled.* The Herod of the Democrats and the Pilate of Federalism were made friends by the Fugitive Slave Bill, and rode in the same “Omnibus,” — “a blue-light Federalist” and “a genuine Democrat dyed in the wool.”

Think of him! — the Daniel Webster of Plymouth Rock

* See Letter of Hon. Isaac Hill (April 17, 1850), and Mr. Webster’s Reply.

advocating the Compromise Measures! the Daniel Webster of Faneuil Hall, who spoke with the inspiration of Samuel Adams and the tongue of James Otis, honoring the holy dead with his praise! — think of him at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse, scoffing at modern men, who “perilled their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor,” to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world! — think of him threatening with the gallows such as clothed the naked, fed the hungry, visited the prisoner, and gave a cup of cold water to him that was ready to perish! Think of Daniel Webster become the assassin of Liberty in the Capitol! Think of him, full of the Old Testament and dear Isaac Watts, scoffing at the higher law of God, while the mountains of Virginia looked him in the face!

But what was the recompense? Ask Massachusetts, — ask the North. Let the Baltimore Convention tell. He was the greatest candidate before it. General Scott is a little man when the feathers are gone. Fillmore, you know him. Both of these, for greatness of intellect, compared to Webster, were as a single magpie measured by an eagle. Look at his speeches; look at his forehead; look at his face! The two hundred and ninety-three delegates came together and voted. They gave him thirty-three votes, and that only once! Where were the men of the “lower law,” who made denial of God the first principle of their politics? Where were they who in Faneuil Hall scoffed and jeered at the “higher law;” or at Capron Springs, who “laughed” when he mocked at the law higher than the Virginia hills? Where were the kidnappers?

The “lower law” men and the kidnappers strained themselves to the utmost, and he had thirty-three votes.

Where was the South? Fifty-three times did the Convention ballot, and the South never gave him a vote, — not a vote; no, not one! Northern friends — I honor their

affection for the great man — went to the South, and begged for the poor and paltry pittance of a seeming vote, in order to break the bitterness of the fall! They went “with tears in their eyes,” and in mercy’s name, and asked that crumb from the Southern board. But the cruel South, treacherous to him whom she beguiled to treason against God, she answered, “Not a vote!” It was the old fate of men who betray. Southern politicians “did not dare dispense with the services thrust on him, but revenged themselves by withdrawing his well-merited reward.” It was the fate of Strafford, the fate of Wolsey. When Lasthenes and Euthykrates betrayed Olynthus to Macedonian Philip, fighting against the liberties of Greece, they were distinguished — if Demosthenes be right — only by the cruelty of their fate. Mr. Webster himself had a forefeeling that it might be so; for, on the morning of his fatal speech, he told a brother Senator, “I have my doubts that the speech I am going to make will ruin me.” But he played the card with a heavy, a rash, and not a skilful hand. It was only the playing of a card, — his last card. Mr. Calhoun had said, “The farthest Southerner is nearer to us than the nearest Northern man.” They could trust him with their work, — not with its covenanted pay!

Oh! Cardinal Wolsey! there was never such a fall. “He fell, like Lucifer, never to hope again!” The telegraph which brought him tidings of his fate was a thunder-stroke out of the clear sky. No wonder that he wept, and said, “I am a disgraced man, a ruined man!” His early, his last, his fondest dream of ambition broke, and only ruin filled his hand! What a spectacle to move pity in the stones of the street!

But it seemed as if nothing could be spared him. His cup of bitterness, already full, was made to run over; for joyous men, full of wine and the nomination, called him up at midnight out of his bed — the poor, disappointed old man! — to

"congratulate him on the nomination of Scott!" And they forced the great man, falling back on his self-respect, to say that the next morning he should "rise with the lark, as jocund and as gay."

Was not that enough? Oh, there is no pity in the hearts of men! Even that was not enough! Northern friends went to him, and asked him to advise men to vote for Gen. Scott!

Gen. Scott is said to be an anti-slavery man; but soon as the political carpenters put the "planks" together at Baltimore, he scrambled upon the platform, and stands there on all-fours to this day, looking for "fellow-citizens, native and adopted," listening for "that brogue," and declaring that, after all, he is "only a common man." Did you ever read Gen. Scott's speeches? Then think of asking Daniel Webster to recommend him for President,—Scott in the chair, and Webster out! That was gall after the wormwood! They say that Daniel Webster did write a letter advocating the election of Scott, and afterwards said, "I still live." If he did so, attribute it to the wanderings of a great mind, shattered by sickness; and be assured he would have taken it back, if he had ever set his firm foot on the ground again!

Daniel Webster went down to Marshfield—to die! He died of his 7th of March speech! That word endorsed on Mason's Bill drove thousands of fugitives from America to Canada. It put chains round our court-house; it led men to violate the majesty of law all over the North. I violated it, and so did you. It sent Thomas Sims in fetters to his jail and his scourging at Savannah; it caused practical atheism to be preached in many churches of New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and, worst of all, Boston itself! and then, with its own recoil, it sent Daniel Webster to his grave, giving him such a reputation as a man would not wish for his utterest foe.

No event in the American Revolution was half so terrible as his speeches in defence of slavery and kidnapping, his abrogation of the right to discuss all measures of the government. We lost battles again and again, lost campaigns — our honor we never lost. The army was without powder at Cambridge, in '76; without shoes and blankets in '78; and the bare feet of New England valor marked the ice with blood when they crossed the Delaware. But we were never without conscience, never without morality. Powder might fail, and shoes drop, old and rotten, from soldiers' feet. But the love of God was in the American heart, and no American general said, "There is no law higher than the Blue Ridge!" Nay, they appealed to God's higher law, not thinking that in politics religion makes men mad.

While the Philip of slavery was thundering at our gate, the American Demosthenes advised us to "conquer our prejudices" against letting him in; to throw down the wall "with alacrity," and bid him come: it was a constitutional Philip. How silver dims the edge of steel! When the tongue of freedom was cut out of the mouth of Europe by the sabres of tyrants, and only in the British Isles and in Saxon speech could liberty be said or sung, the greatest orator who ever spoke the language of Milton and Burke told us to suppress discussion! In the dark and troubled night of American politics, our tallest Pharo on the shore hung out a false beacon.

Said Mr. Webster once, "There will always be some perverse minds who will vote the wrong way, let the justice of the case be ever so apparent."* Did he know what he was doing? Too well. In the winter of 1850, he partially prepared a speech in defence of freedom. Was his own amendment to Mason's Bill designed to be its text?† Some say so. I know not. He wrote to an intimate and

* "Columbian Centinel," March 11, 1820.

† Works, vol. v. p. 373-4.

sagacious friend in Boston, asking, How far can I go in defence of freedom, and have Massachusetts sustain me? The friend repaid the confidence and said, Far as you like! Mr. Webster went as far as New Orleans, as far as Texas and the Del Norte, in support of slavery! When that speech came, — the rawest wind of March, — the friend declared: It seldom happens to any man to be able to disgrace the generation he is born in. But the opportunity has presented itself to Mr. Webster, and he has done the deed!

Cardinal Wolsey fell, and lost nothing but his place. Bacon fell; the "wisest, brightest," lived long enough to prove himself the "meanest of mankind." Strafford came down. But it was nothing to the fall of Webster. The Anglo-Saxon race never knew such a terrible and calamitous ruin. His downfall shook the continent. Truth fell prostrate in the street. Since then, the court-house has a twist in its walls, and equity cannot enter its door; the steeples point awry, and the "higher law" is hurled down from the pulpit. One priest would enslave all the "posterity of Ham," and another would drive a fugitive from his own door; a third is certain that Paul was a kidnapper; and a fourth has the assurance of his consciousness that Christ Jesus would have sold and bought slaves. Practical atheism became common in the pulpits of America; they forgot that there was a God. In the hard winter of 1780, if Fayette had copied Arnold, and Washington gone over to the enemy, the fall could not have been worse. Benedict Arnold fell, but fell through, — so low that no man quotes him for precedent. Aaron Burr is only a warning. Webster fell, and he lay there "not less than archangel ruined," and enticed the nation in his fall. Shame on us! — all those three are of New England blood!

My friends, it is hard for me to say these things. My

mother's love is warm in my own bosom still, and I hate to say these words. But God is just; and, in the presence of God, I stand here to tell the truth.

Did men honor Daniel Webster? So did I. I was a boy ten years old when he stood at Plymouth Rock, and never shall I forget how his clarion-words rang in my boyish heart. I was but a little boy when he spoke those brave words in behalf of Greece. I learned to hate slavery from the lips of that great intellect; and now that he takes back his word, and comes himself to be Slavery's slave, I hate it ten-fold harder than before, because it made a bondman out of that proud, powerful nature.

Did men love him? So did I. Not blindly, but as I loved a great mind, as the defender of the Constitution and the unalienable rights of man.

Sober and religious men of Boston yet mourn that their brothers were kidnapped in the city of Hancock and Adams — it was Daniel Webster who kidnapped them. Massachusetts has wept at the deep iniquity which was wrought in her capital — it was done by the man whom she welcomed to her bosom, and long had loved to honor. Let history, as

“Sad as angels at the good man's sin,
Blush to record, and weep to give it in!”

Do men mourn for him? See how they mourn! The streets are hung with black. The newspapers are sad colored. The shops are put in mourning. The Mayor and Aldermen wear crape. Wherever his death is made known, the public business stops, and flags drop half-mast down. The courts adjourn. The courts of Massachusetts — at Boston, at Dedham, at Lowell, all adjourn; the courts of New Hampshire, of Maine, of New York; even at Baltimore and Washington, the courts adjourn; for the great lawyer is dead, and Justice must wait another day. Only the United States Court, in Boston, trying a man for helping

Shadrach out of the furnace of the kidnappers,—the court that executes the Fugitive Slave Law,—that does not adjourn; that keeps on; its worm dies not, and the fire of its persecution is not quenched, when death puts out the lamp of life. Injustice is hungry for its prey, and must not be balked. It was very proper! Symbolical court of the Fugitive Slave Bill—it does not respect life, why should it death? and, scorning liberty, why should it heed decorum? Did the judges deem that Webster's spirit, on its way to God, would look at Plymouth Rock, then pause on the spots made more classic by his eloquence, and gaze at Bunker Hill, and tarry his hour in the august company of noble men at Faneuil Hall, and be glad to know that injustice was chanting his requiem in that court? They greatly misjudge the man. I know Daniel Webster better, and I appeal for him against his idly judging friends.*

Do men now mourn for him, the great man eloquent? I put on sackcloth long ago; I mourned for him when he wrote the Creole letter, which surprised Ashburton, Briton that he was. I mourned when he spoke the speech of the 7th of March. I mourned when the Fugitive Slave Bill passed Congress, and the same cannons which have fired minute-guns for him fired also one hundred rounds of joy for the forging of a new fetter for the fugitive's foot. I mourned for him when the kidnappers first came to Boston,—hated then, now "respectable men," "the companions of princes," enlarging their testimony in the court. I mourned when my own parishioners fled from the "stripes" of New England to the "stars" of Old England. I mourned when Ellen Craft fled to my house for shelter and for succor, and for the first

* I am told that there was some technical reason why that court continued its session. I know nothing of the motive; but I believe it was the fact that the only court in the United States which did not adjourn at the intelligence of the death of Mr. Webster, was the court which was seeking to punish a man for rescuing *Shadrach* from the fiery furnace made ready for him.

time in all my life I armed this hand. I mourned when I married William and Ellen Craft, and gave them a Bible for their soul, and a sword to keep that soul living in a living frame. I mourned when the court-house was hung in chains; when Thomas Sims, from his dungeon, sent out his petition for prayers, and the churches did not dare to pray. I mourned when that poor outcast in yonder dungeon sent for me to visit him, and when I took him by the hand which Daniel Webster was chaining in that hour. I mourned for Webster when we prayed our prayer and sang our psalm on Long Wharf in the morning's gray. I mourned then: I shall not cease to mourn. The flags will be removed from the streets, the cannon will sound their other notes of joy; but, for me, I shall go mourning all my days; I shall refuse to be comforted; and at last I shall lay down my gray hairs with weeping and with sorrow in the grave. O Webster! Webster! would God that I had died for thee!

He was a powerful man physically, a man of a large mould, — a great body and a great brain: he seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates, there has seldom been a head so massive huge, save the stormy features of Michael Angelo, —

“The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome;”

he who sculptured Day and Night into such beautiful forms, — looked them in his face before he chiselled them in stone. The cubic capacity of his head surpassed all former measurements of mind. Since Charlemagne, I think there has not been such a grand figure in all Christendom. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king. Men from the country, who knew him not, stared at him as he passed through our streets. The coal-heavers and porters of London looked on him as

one of the great forces of the globe: they recognized a native king. In the Senate of the United States, he looked an emperor in that council. Even the majestic Calhoun seemed common compared with him. Clay looked vulgar, and Van Buren but a fox. His countenance, like Strafford's, was "manly black." His mind —

"Was lodged in a fair and lofty room.

On his brow

Sat terror, mixed with wisdom; and, at once,
Saturn and Hermes in his countenance."

What a mouth he had! It was a lion's mouth; yet there was a sweet grandeur in his smile, and a woman's softness when he would. What a brow it was! what eyes! like charcoal fires in the bottom of a deep, dark well. His face was rugged with volcanic fires, — great passions and great thoughts.

"The front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars to threaten and command."

Let me examine the elements of Mr. Webster's character in some detail. Divide the faculties, not bodily, into intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious, and see what he had of each, beginning with the highest.

I. His latter life shows that he had no large development of the religious powers, which join men consciously to the infinite God. He had little religion in the higher meaning of that word, much in the lower. He had the conventional form of religion, — the formality of outward and visible prayer; reverence for the Bible and the name of Christ; attendance at meeting on Sundays and at the "ordinances of religion." He was a "devout man," in the ecclesiastic sense of the word. But it is easy to be devout, hard to be moral. Of the two men, in the parable, who "went up to the temple to pray," only the Pharisee was "devout" in the common sense. Devoutness took the Priest and the

Levite to the temple: morality took the good Samaritan to the man fallen among thieves.

His reputation for religion seems to rest on these facts, — that he read the Bible, and knew more passages from it than most political editors, more than some clergymen; he thought Job “a great epic poem,” and quoted Habbakuk by rote; — that he knew many hymns by heart; attended what is called “divine service;” agreed with a New Hampshire divine “in all the doctrines of a Christian life;” and, in the “Girard case,” praised the popular theology, with the ministers thereof, — the latter as “appointed by the Author of the Christian religion himself.”

He seems by nature to have had a religious turn of mind; was full of devout and reverential feelings; took a deep delight in religious emotions; was fond of religious books of a sentimental cast; loved Watts’s tender and delicious hymns, with the devotional parts of the Bible; his memory was stored with the poetry of hymn-books; he was fond of attendance at church. He had no particle of religious bigotry; joining an Orthodox Church at Boscawen, an Episcopal at Washington, a Unitarian at Boston, and attending religious services without much regard for the theology of the minister. He loved religious forms, and could not see a child baptized without dropping a tear. Psalms and hymns also brought the woman into those great eyes. He was never known to swear, or use any profanity of speech. Considering the habits of his political company, that is a fact worth notice. But I do not find that his religious emotions had any influence on his latter life, either public or private. He read religion out of politics with haughty scorn, — “It makes men mad”! It appeared neither to check him from ill, nor urge to good: though he loved “to have religion made a personal matter,” he forsook the church which made it personal in the form of temperance. His “religious character” was what the churches tend to form, and love to praise.

II. Of the affections he was well provided by nature, though they were little cultivated,—attachable to a few who knew him, and loved him tenderly; and, if he hated like a giant, he loved also like a king.

He had small respect for the mass of men,—a contempt for the judgment and the feelings of the millions who make up the people. Many women loved him; some from pure affection, others fascinated and overborne by the immense masculineness of the man. Some are still left who knew him in early life, before political ambition set its mark on his forehead, and drove him forth into the world: they love him with the tenderest of woman's affection. This is no small praise. In his earlier life he was fond of children, loved their prattle and their play. They, too, were fond of him, came to him as dust of iron to a loadstone, climbed on his back, or, when he lay down, lay on his limbs and also slept.

Of unimpassioned and unrelated love, there are two modes,—friendship for a few; philanthropy for all. Friendship he surely had, especially in earlier life. All along the shore, men loved him; men in Boston loved him to the last; Washington held loving hearts which worshipped him. But, of late years, he turned round to smite and crush his early friends who kept the higher law; ambition tore the friendship out of him, and he became unkind and cruel. The companions of his later years were chiefly low men, with large animal appetites, servants of his body's baser parts, or tide-waiters of his ambition,—vulgar men in Boston and New York, who bask in the habitations of cruelty, whereof the dark places of the earth are full, seeking to enslave their brother-men. These barnacles clove to the great man's unprotected parts, and hastened his decay. When kidnappers made their loathsome lair of his bosom, what was his friendship worth?

Of philanthropy, I claim not much for him. The noble plea for Greece is the most I can put in for argument. He

cared little for the poor; charity seldom invaded his open purse; he trod down the poorest and most friendless of perishing men. His name was never connected with the humanities of the age. Soon as the American Government seemed fixed on the side of cruelty, he marched all his dreadful artillery over, and levelled his breaching cannons against men ready to perish without his shot. In later years, his face was the visage of a tyrant.

III. Of conscience it seemed to me he had little; in his later life, exceeding little: his moral sense seemed long besotted; almost, though not wholly, gone. Hence, though he was often generous, he was not just. Free to give as to grasp, he was lavish by instinct, not charitable on principle.

He had little courage, and rarely spoke a Northern word to a Southern audience, save his official words in Congress. In Charleston he was the "schoolmaster that gives us no lessons." He quailed before the Southern men who would "dissolve the Union," when he stood before their eye. They were "high-minded and chivalrous;" it was only the non-resistants of the North he meant to ban!

He was indeed eminently selfish, joining the instinctive egotism of passion with the self-conscious, voluntary, deliberate, calculating egotism of ambition. He borrowed money of rich young men — ay, and of poor ones — in the generosity of their youth, and never paid. He sought to make his colleagues in office the tools of his ambition, and, that failing, pursued them with the intensest hate. Thus he sought to ruin the venerable John Quincy Adams, when the President became a Representative. By secret hands he scattered circulars in Mr. Adams's district to work his overthrow; got other men to oppose him. With different men he succeeded better. He used his party as he used his friends, — as tools. He coquetted with the Democrats in '42, with the Free Soilers in '48; but, the suit miscarrying, turned to the Slave Power in '50, and negotiated an espousal which

was cruelly broke off in '52. Men, parties, the law,* and the nation, he did not hesitate to sacrifice to the colossal selfishness of his egotistic ambition.

His strength lay not in the religious, nor in the affectional, nor in the moral part of man.

IV. But his intellect was immense. His power of comprehension was vast. He methodized swiftly. If you look at the forms of intellectual action, you may distribute them into three great modes; the Understanding, the Imagination, and the Reason; — the Understanding dealing with details and methods, the practical power; Imagination, with beauty, the power to create; Reason, with first principles and universal laws, the philosophic power.

We must deny to Mr. Webster the great Reason. He does not belong at all to the chief men of that department, — with Socrates, Aristotle, Plato, Leibnitz, Newton, Des Cartes, and the other mighties. Nay, he has no place with humbler men of reason, with common philosophers; he had no philosophical system of politics, few philosophical ideas of politics, whereof to make a system. He seldom grasps a universal law. His measures of expediency for to-day are seldom bottomed on universal principles of right, which last for ever.

I cannot assign to him large Imagination. He was not creative of new forms of thought or of beauty; so he lacks the poetic charm which gladdens the loftiest eloquence.

But his Understanding was exceedingly great. He acquired readily and retained well; arranged with ease and skill, and fluently reproduced. As a scholar, he passed for learned in the American Senate, where scholars are few; for a universal man, with editors of political and commercial prints. But his learning was narrow in its range, and not very nice in its accuracy. His reach in history and literature was very small for a man seventy years of age, always

* *Leges invalidæ prius; imo nocere coactæ.*

associating with able men. To science he seems to have paid scarce any attention at all. It is a short radius that measures the arc of his historic realm. A few Latin authors, whom he loved to quote, made up his meagre classic store. He was not a scholar, and it is idle to claim great scholarship for him. Compare him with the prominent statesmen of Europe, or with the popular orators of England, you see continually the narrow range of his culture.

As a statesman, his lack of what I call the higher Reason and Imagination continually appears. He invented nothing. To the national stock he added no new idea, created out of new thought; no new maxim, formed by induction out of human history and old thought. The great ideas of the time were not borne in his bosom.

He organized nothing. There were great ideas of immense practical value seeking lodgment in a body: he aided them not. None of the great measures of our time were his — not one of them. His best bill was the Specie Bill of 1815, which caused payments to be made in national currency.

His lack of conscience is painfully evident. As Secretary of State, he did not administer eminently well. When Secretary of State under Mr. Tyler, he knew how to be unjust to poor, maltreated Mexico. His letters in reply to the just complaints of Mr. Bocanegra, the Mexican Secretary of State, are painful to read: it is the old story of the Wolf and the Lamb.*

The appointments made under his administration had better not be looked at too closely. The affairs of Cuba last year and this, the affairs of the Fisheries and the Lobos Islands, are little to his credit.

* See these letters — to Mr. Thompson, Works, vol. vi. p. 445, *et seq.*; and those of Mr. Bocanegra to Mr. Webster, p. 442, *et seq.* 457, *et seq.* How different is the tone of America to powerful England! Whom men wrong they hate.

He was sometimes ignorant of the affairs he had to treat; he neglected the public business,—left grave matters all unattended to. Nay, he did worse. Early in August last, Mr. Lawrence had an interview with the British Foreign Secretary, in which explanations were made calculated to remove all anxiety as to the Fishery Question. He wrote a paper detailing the result of the interview. It was designed to be communicated to the American Senate. Mr. Lawrence sent it to Mr. Webster. It reached the Department at Washington on the 24th of August. But Mr. Webster did not communicate it to the Senate; even the President knew nothing of its existence till after the Secretary's death. Now, it is not "compatible with the public interest to publish it," as its production would reveal the negligence of the Department. You remember the letter he published on his own account relating to the Fisheries! No man, it was said, could get office under his administration, "unless bathed in negro's blood:" support of the Fugitive Slave Bill, "like the path of righteous devotion, led to a blessed preferment."

Lacking both moral principle and intellectual ideas, political ethics and political economy, it must needs be that his course in politics was crooked. He opposed the Mexican war, but invested a son in it, and praised the soldiers who fought in it, as surpassing our fathers who stood behind bulwarks on Bunker Hill! He called on the nation to uphold the stars of America on the fields of Mexico, though he knew it was the stripes that they held up. Now he is for free trade, then for protection; now for specie, then for bills; first for a bank, then it is "an obsolete idea;" now for freedom and against slavery, then for slavery and against freedom; now Justice is the object of government, now Money. Now what makes men Christians makes them good citizens; next, religion is good "everywhere but in politics,—there it makes men mad." Now religion is the

only ground of government, and all conscience is to be respected; next, there is no law higher than the act of Congress, and he hoots at conscience, and would not re-enact the law of God.

He began his career as the friend of free trade and hard money; he would restrict the government to the strait line of the Constitution rigidly defined; he would resist the Bank, the protective tariff, the extension of slavery, they exceeded the limits of the Constitution; he became the pensioned advocate of restricted trade and of paper money; he interpreted the Constitution to oppress the several States and the citizens; brought the force of the government against private right, and lent all his might to the extension of slavery. Once he stood out boldly for the right of all men "to canvass public measures and the merits of public men;" then he tells us that discussion "must be suppressed"! Several years ago, he called a private meeting of the principal manufacturers of Boston, and advised them to abandon the protective tariff; but they would not, and so he defended it as warmly as ever! His course was crooked as the Missouri. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel were, like him, without a philosophical scheme of political conduct, or any great ideas whereby to shape the future into fairer forms; but the principle of duty was the thread which joined all parts of their public ministration. Thereon each strung his victories. But selfish egotism is the only continuous thread I find thus running through the crooked life of the famous American.

With such a lack of ideas and of honesty, with a dread of taking the responsibility in advance of public opinion, lacking confidence in the people, and confidence in himself, he did not readily understand the public opinion on which he depended. He thought himself "a favorite with the people," — "sure of election if nominated;" it was "only the politicians" who stood between him and the nation. He

thought the Fugitive Slave Bill would be popular in the North; that it could be executed in Syracuse, and Massachusetts would conquer her prejudices with alacrity. So he had little value as a permanent guide: he changed often, but at the unlucky moment.

He tacked and wore ship many a time in his life, always in bad weather, and never came round but he fell off from the popular wind. Perseverance makes the saints: he always forsook his idea just as that was about to make its fortune. In his voyaging for the Presidency, he was always too late for the tide; embarked on the ebb, and was left as the stream run dry. The Fugitive Slave Law has done the South no good, save to reveal the secrets of her prison-house, the cabin of 'Uncle Tom, and make the North hate slavery with a tenfold hate. So far as he "Websterized" the Whig party, he has done so to its ruin.

He was a great advocate, a great orator; it is said, the greatest in the land, — and I do not doubt that this was true. Surely he was immensely great. When he spoke, he was a grand spectacle. His noble form, so dignified and masculine; his massive head; the mighty brow, Olympian in its majesty; the great, deep, dark eye, which, like a lion's, seemed fixed on objects far off, looking beyond what lay in easy range; the mouth so full of strength and determination, — these all became the instruments of such eloquence as few men ever hear. He magnetized men by his presence; he subdued them by his will more than by his argument. Many have surpassed him in written words; for he could not embody the sunshine in such flowers of thought as Burke, Milton, and Cicero wrought into mosaic oratory. But, since the great Athenians, Demosthenes and Pericles, who ever thundered out such spoken eloquence as he?

Yet he has left no perfect specimen of a great oration. He had not the instinctive genius which creates a beautiful whole by nature, as a mother bears a living son; nor the wide

knowledge, the deep philosophy, the plastic industry, which forms a beautiful whole by art, as a sculptor chisels a marble boy. So his greatest and most deliberate efforts of oratory will not bear comparison with the great eloquence of nature that is born, nor the great eloquence of art that is made. Compared therewith, his mighty works are as Hercules compared with Apollo. It is an old world, and excellence in oratory is difficult; yet he has sentences and paragraphs that I think unsurpassed and unequalled, and I do not see how they can ever fade. He was not a Nile of eloquence, cascading into poetic beauty now, then watering whole provinces with the drainage of tropic mountains: he was a Niagara, pouring a world of clear waters adown a single ledge.

His style was simple, the business-style of a strong man. Now and then it swelled into beauty, though it was often dull. In later years, he seldom touched the conscience, the affections, or the soul, except, alas! to smite our sense of justice, our philanthropy, and trust in God. He always addressed the understanding, not the reason, — Calhoun did that the more, — not the imagination: in his speech there was little wit, little beauty, little poetry. He laid siege to the understanding. Here lay his strength — he could make a statement better than any man in America; had immense power of argumentation, building a causeway from his will to the hearer's mind. He was skilful in devising "middle terms," in making steps whereby to lead the audience to his determination. No man managed the elements of his argument with more practical effect.

Perhaps he did this better when contending for a wrong, than when battling for the right. His most ingenious arguments are pleas for injustice.* Part of the effect came from the physical bulk of the man; part from the bulk of will,

* See examples of this in the Creole letter, and that to Mr. Thompson (Works, vol. vi.), and in many a speech.

which marked all his speech, and writing too; but much from his power of statement. He gathered a great mass of material, bound it together, swung it about his head, fixed his eye on the mark, then let the ruin fly. If you want a word suddenly shot from Dover to Calais, you send it by lightning; if a ball of a ton weight, you get a steam-cannon to pitch it across. Webster was the steam-gun of eloquence. He hit the mark less by gunnery than strength. His shot seemed big as his target.*

There is a great difference in the weapons which speakers use. This orator brings down his quarry with a single subtle shot, of sixty to the pound. He carries death without weight in his gun, as sure as fate.

Here is another, the tin-pedlar of American speech. He is a snake in the grass, slippery, shining, with a baleful crest on his head, cunning in his crazy eye, and the poison of the old serpent in his heart, and on his slimy jaw, and about the fang at the bottom of his smooth and forked and nimble tongue. He conquers by bewitching; he fascinates his game to death.

Commonly, Mr. Webster was open and honest in his oratory. He had no masked batteries, no Quaker guns. He had "that rapid and vehement declamation which fixes the hearer's attention on the subject, making the speaker forgotten, and leaving his art concealed." He wheeled his forces into line, column after column, with the quickness of Hannibal and the masterly arrangement of Cæsar, and, like Napoleon, broke the centre of his opponent's line by the superior weight of his own column and the sudden heaviness of his fire. Thus he laid siege to the understanding, and carried it by dint of cannonade. This was his strategy,

* "Tu quoque, Piso,
Judicis affectum, possessaque pectora ducis
Victor; sponte sua sequitur, quocunque vocasti:
Et te dante capit iudex, quam non habet iram."

in the court-house, in the senate, and in the public hall. There were no ambuscades, no pitfalls, or treacherous Indian subtlety. It was the tactics of a great and naturally honest-minded man.

In his oratory there was but one trick, — the trick of self-depreciation. That came on him in his later years, and it always failed. He was too big to make any one believe he thought himself little; so obviously proud, we knew he valued his services high when he rated them so low. That comprehensive eye could not overlook so great an object as himself. He was not organized to cheat, to deceive; and did not prosper when he tried. 'Tis ill the lion apes the fox.

He was ambitious. Cardinal Wolsey's "unbounded stomach" was also the stomach of Webster. Yet his ambition mostly failed. In forty years of public life, he rose no higher than Secretary of State; and held that post but five years. He was continually out-generalled by subtler men. He had little political foresight: for he had not the all-conquering Religion which meekly executes the Law of God, all fearless of its consequence; nor yet the wide Philanthropy, the deep sympathy with all that is human, which gives a man the public heart, and so the control of the issues of life, which thence proceed; nor the great Justice which sees the everlasting right, and journeys thitherward through good or ill; nor the mighty Reason, which, reflecting, beholds the principles of human nature, the constant mode of operation of the forces of God in the forms of men; nor the poetic Imagination, which in its political sphere creates great schemes of law; and hence he was not popular.

He longed for the Presidency; but Harrison kept him from the nomination in '40, Clay in '44, Taylor in '48, and Scott in '52. He never had a wide and original influence in the politics of the nation; for he had no elemental thun-

der of his own—the Tariff was Mr. Calhoun's at first; the Force Bill was from another hand; the Fugitive Slave Bill was Mr. Mason's; "the Omnibus" had many fathers, whereof Webster was not one. He was not a blood-relation to any of the great measures,—to free-trade or protection, to paper money or hard coin, to freedom or slavery; he was of their kindred only by adoption. He has been on all sides of most questions, save on the winning side.

In the case of the Fugitive Slave Law, he stood betwixt the living and the dead, and blessed the plague. But, even here, he faltered when he came North again,—“The South will get no concessions from me.” Mr. Webster commended the first draught of the Fugitive Slave Bill, with Mr. Mason's amendments thereto, volunteering his support thereof “to the fullest extent.” But he afterwards and repeatedly declared, “The Fugitive Slave Bill was not such a measure as I had prepared before I left the Senate, and which I should have supported if I had remained in the Senate.”* “I was of opinion,” said he, “that a summary trial by jury might be had, which would satisfy the prejudices of the people, and produce no harm to those who claimed the services of fugitives.”† Nay, he went so far as to introduce a bill to the Senate providing a trial by jury for all fugitives claiming a trial for their freedom.‡ He thought the whole business of delivering up such as owed service or labor, belonged to the State whither the fugitive fled, and not to the general government.§ Of course he must have considered it constitutional and expedient to secure for the fugitive a trial before an impartial jury of “twelve good and lawful men,” who should pass upon the

* Mr. Webster's letter to the Union Committee, Works, vol. vi. p. 578, *et al.*

† Speech at Syracuse (New York, 1851), p. 17.

‡ See it in Works, vol. v. p. 373-4.

§ *Ibid.* p. 354.

whole matter at issue. But, with that conviction, and with that bill ready drafted; as he says, in his desk, he could volunteer his support to a bill which took away from the States all jurisdiction in the matter; and from the fugitive all "due process of law," all trial by jury, and left him in the hands of a creature of the court, who was to be paid twice as much for enslaving his victim as for acquitting a man! He had almost no self-reliant independence of character. It was his surroundings, not his will, that shaped his course, — "driven by the wind and tossed."

Mr. Webster's political career began with generous promise. He contended for the rights of the people against the government, of the minority against the majority; he defended the right of each man to discuss all public measures, and the conduct of public men; he wished commerce to be unrestricted, payments to be made in hard coin. He spoke noble words against oppression, — the despotism of the "Holy Alliance" in Europe, the cruelty of the Slave Trade in America. Generously and nobly he contended against the extension of slavery beyond the Mississippi. Not philanthropic by instinct or moral principle, averse to democratic institutions both by nature and conviction, he yet, by instinctive generosity, hated tyranny, hated injustice, hated despotism. He appealed to moral power against physical force. He sympathized with the republics of South America. His great powers taking such a direction certainly promised a brilliant future, large services for mankind. But, alas! he fell on evil times: who ever fell on any other? He was intensely ambitious; not ambitious to serve mankind, but to hold office, have power and fame. Is this the "last infirmity of noble mind"? It was not a very noble object he proposed as the end of his life; the means to it became successively more and more unworthy. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

For some years, no large body of men has had much

trust in him,—admiration, but not confidence. In Massachusetts, off the pavements, for the last three years, he has had but little power. After the speech of March 7, he said, “I WILL be maintained in Massachusetts.” Massachusetts said No! Only in the cities that bought him was he omnipotent. Even the South would not trust him. Gen. Jackson was the most popular man of our time. Calhoun was popular throughout the South; Clay, in all quarters of the land; and, at this day, Seward wields the forces of the Whigs. With all his talent, Webster never had the influence on America of the least of these.

Yet Daniel Webster had many popular qualities. He loved out-door and manly sports,—boating, fishing, fowling. He was fond of nature, loving New Hampshire’s mountain scenery. He had started small and poor, had risen great and high, and honorably had fought his way alone. He rose early in the morning. He loved gardening, “the purest of human pleasures.” He was a farmer, and took a countryman’s delight in country things,—in loads of hay, in trees, in turnips and the noble Indian corn, in monstrous swine. He had a patriarch’s love of sheep,—choice breeds thereof he had. He took delight in cows,—short horned Durhams, Herefordshires, Ayrshires, Alderneys. He tilled paternal acres with his own oxen. He loved to give the kine fodder. It was pleasant to hear his talk of oxen. And but three days before he left the earth, too ill to visit them, his cattle, lowing, came to see their sick lord; and, as he stood in his door, his great oxen were driven up, that he might smell their healthy breath, and look his last on those broad, generous faces, that were never false to him.

He loved birds, and would not have them shot on his premises; and so his farm twittered all over with their “sweet jargonings.” Though in public his dress was more uniformly new than is common with acknowledged gentlemen, at home and on his estate he wore his old and homely

clothes, and had kind words for all, and hospitality besides. He loved his father and brother with great tenderness, which easily broke into tears when he spoke of them. He was kind to his obscurer and poor relations. He had no money to bestow ; they could not share his intellect, or the renown it gave. But he gave them his affection, and they loved him with veneration. He was a friendly man : all along the shore there were plain men that loved him, — whom he also loved ; “ a good neighbor, a good townsman : ”

“ Lofty and sour to those that loved him not ;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.”

His influence on the development of America has not been great. He had large gifts, large opportunities also for their use, — the two greatest things which great men ask. Yet he has brought little to pass. No great ideas, no great organizations, will bind him to the coming age. His life has been a long vacillation. Ere long, men will ask for the historic proof to verify the reputation of his power. It will not appear. For the present, his career is a failure : he was balked of his aim. How will it be for the future ? Posterity will vainly ask for proof of his intellectual power, to invent, to organize, to administer. The historian must write that he aimed to increase the executive power, the central government, and to weaken the local power of the States ; that he preferred the Federal authority to State rights, the judiciary to the legislature, the government to the people, the claims of money to the rights of man. Calhoun will stand as the representative of State rights and free trade ; Clay, of the American system of protection ; Benton, of payment in sound coin ; some other, of the revenue tariff. And in the greatest question of the age, the question of Human Rights, as champions of mankind, there will appear Adams, Giddings, Chase, Palfrey, Mann, Hale, Rantoul, and Sumner ; yes, one

other name, which on the historian's page will shade all these, — the name of GARRISON. Men will recount the words of Webster at Plymouth Rock, at Bunker Hill, at Faneuil Hall, at Niblo's Garden; they will also recollect that he declared "protection of property" to be the great domestic object of government; that he said, "Liberty first and Union afterwards" was delusion and folly;" that he called on Massachusetts to conquer her "prejudices" in favor of unalienable right, and with alacrity give up a man to be a slave; turned all the North into a hunting-field for the blood-hound; that he made the negation of God the first principle of government; that our New England elephant turned round, tore Freedom's standard down, and trod her armies under foot. They will see that he did not settle the greatest questions by Justice and the Law of God. His parallel lines of power are indeed long lines, — a nation reads his word: they are not far apart, you cannot get many centuries between; for there are no great ideas of Right, no mighty acts of Love, to keep them wide.

There are brave words which Mr. Webster has spoken that will last while English is a speech; yea, will journey with the Anglo-Saxon race, and one day be classic in either hemisphere, in every zone. But what will posterity say of his efforts to chain the fugitive, to extend the area of human bondage; of his haughty scorn of any law higher than what trading politicians enact in the Capitol? "There is a law above all the enactments of human codes, the same throughout the world, the same in all time;" "it is the law written by the finger of God upon the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man." *

* Lord Brougham's speech on Negro Slavery, in the House of Commons, July 13, 1830.

Calhoun, Clay, Webster — they were all able men, — long in politics, all ambitious, grasping at the Presidency, all failing of what they sought. All three called themselves “Democrats,” taking their stand on the unalienable rights of man. But all three conjoined to keep every sixth man in the nation a chattel slave; all three at last united in deadly war against the unalienable rights of men whom swarthy mothers bore. O democratic America!

Was Mr. Webster’s private life good? There are many depraved things done without depravity of heart. I am here to chronicle, and not invent. I cannot praise a man for virtues that he did not have. This day, such praise sounds empty and impertinent as the chattering of a caged canary amid the sadness of a funeral prayer. Spite of womanly tenderness, it is not for me to renounce my manhood and my God. I shall

“Naught extenuate and nothing add,
Nor set down aught in malice,”

Before he left New Hampshire, I find no stain upon his conduct there, save recklessness of expense. But in Boston, when he removed here, there were men in vogue worse than any since as conspicuous, — open debauchees. He fell in with them, and became over-fond of animal delights, of the joys of the body’s baser parts; fond of sensual luxury, the victim of low appetites. He loved power, loved pleasure, loved wine. Let me turn off my face, and say no more of this sad theme; others were as bad as he.*

He was intensely proud. Careless of money, he was often in trouble on its account. He contracted debts, and did not settle; borrowed of rich and poor, and young and old, and rendered not again. Private money often clove

* Hoc sat viator: reliqua non sinit pudor;
Tu suspicars et ambula.

to his hands; yet in his nature there was no taint of avarice. He lavished money on luxuries, while his washerwoman was left unpaid; few Americans have spent so much as he. Rapacious to get, he was prodigal of his own. I wish the charges brought against his public administration may be disproved, whereof the stain rests on him to this day. When he entered on a lawyer's life, Mr. Gore advised him, "Whatever bread you eat, let it be the bread of independence!" Oh that the great mind could have kept that counsel! But, even at Portsmouth, luxury brought debt, and many an evil on its back. He collected money, and did not pay! "Bread of independence," when did he eat it last? Rich men paid his debts of money when he came to Massachusetts; they took a dead-pledge on the man; only death redeemed that mortgage. In 1827 he solicited the Senatorship of Massachusetts; it "would put down the calumnies of Isaac Hill"! He obtained the office, not without management. Then he refused to take his seat until ten thousand dollars was raised for him. The money came clandestinely, and he went into the Senate—a pensioner! His reputation demanded a speech against the tariff of '28; his pension required his vote for that "bill of abominations." He spoke one way, and voted the opposite. Was that the first *dotation*? He was forestalled before he left New Hampshire. The next gift was twenty thousand, it is said. Then the sums increased. What great "gifts" have been privately raised for him by contributions, subscriptions, donations, and the like! Is it honest to buy up a man? honest for a man to sell himself? Is it just for a judge who administers the law to take a secret bribe of a party at his court? Is it just for a party to offer such gifts? Answer Lord Bacon who tried it; answer Thomas More who tried it not. It is worse for a Maker of laws to be bought and sold. New England men, I hope not meaning wrong, bought the great senator in '27, and long held him in their pay. They gave him all his

services were worth,—gave more. His commercial and financial policy has been the bane of New England and the North. In 1850 the South bought him, but never paid!*

A Senator of the United States, he was pensioned by, the capitalists of Boston. Their “gifts” in his hand, how could he dare be just! His later speeches smell of bribes. Could not Francis Bacon warn him, nor either Adams guide? Three or four hundred years ago, Thomas More, when “under Sheriff of London,” would not accept a pension from the king, lest it might swerve him from his duty to the town; when chancellor, he would not accept five thousand pounds which the English clergy publicly offered him, for public service done as chancellor. But Webster in private took—how much I cannot tell! Considering all things, his buyers’ wealth and his unthriftiness, it was as dishonorable in them to bribe, as in him to take their gift!

To gain his point, alas! he sometimes treated facts, law, constitution, morality and religion, as an advocate treats matters at the bar. Was he certain South Carolina had no constitutional right to nullify? I make no doubt he felt so; but in his language he is just as strong when he declares the Fugitive Slave Bill is perfectly constitutional; that slavery cannot be in California and New Mexico; just as confident in his dreadful mock at conscience, and the dear God’s unchanging law. He heeded not “the delegated voice of God” which speaks in the conscience of the faithful man.

No living man has done so much to debauch the conscience of the nation; to debauch the press, the pulpit, the forum, and the bar! There is no higher law, quoth he; and how much of the pulpit, the press, the forum, and the bar,

- * “Sed lateri nullus comitem circumdare quærit,
Quem dat purus amor, sed quem tulit impia merces,
Nec quisquam vero pretium largitur amico,
Quem regat ex æquo, vicibusque regatur ab illo:
Sed miserum parva stipe munerat, ut pudibundos
Exercere sales inter consilia possit.”

denies its God! Read the journals of the last week for proof of what I say; and read our history since March of '50. He poisoned the moral wells of society with his lower law, and men's consciences died of the murrain of beasts, which came because they drank thereat.

In an age which prizes money as the greatest good, and counts the understanding as the highest human faculty, the man who is to lead and bless the world must indeed be great in intellect, but also great in conscience, greater in affection, and greatest of all things in his soul. In his later years, Webster was intellect, and little more. If he did not regard the eternal Right, how could he guide a nation to what is useful for to-day? If he scorned the law of God, how could he bless the world of men? It was by this fault he fell. "Those who murdered Banquo, what did they win by it?"

—— "A barren sceptre in their gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of theirs succeeding."

He knew the cause of his defeat, and in the last weeks of his life confessed that he was deceived; that, before his fatal speech, he had assurance from the North and South, that, if he supported slavery, it would lead him into place and power; but now he saw the mistake, and that a few of the "fanatics" had more influence in America than he and all the South! He sinned against his own conscience, and so he fell!

He made him wings of slavery to gain a lofty eminence. Those wings unfeathered in his flight. For one and thirty months he fell, until at last he reached the tomb. There, on the sullen shore, a mighty wreck, great Webster lies.

"Is this the man in Freedom's cause approved,
The man so great, so honored, so beloved?
Where is the heartfelt worth and weight of soul,
Which labor could not stoop, nor fear control?"

Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
Which, half abashed, the proud and venal saw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause? —
Where the delightful taste of just applause?

Oh, lost alike to action and repose,
Unwept, unpitied in the worst of woes;
With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
Sold to the insults of a foe defied;
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Doomed to exhaust the dregs of life in shame!"

Oh, what a warning was his fall!

"To dash corruption in her proud career,
And teach her slaves that vice was born to fear."

"Oh dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age
Falls back in night."

Had he been faithful to his own best words, so oft repeated, how he would have stood! How different would have been the aspect of the North and the South; of the press, the pulpit, the forum, and the court!

Had he died after the treaty of 1842, how different would have been his fame!

Since the Revolution, no American has had so noble an opportunity as Mr. Webster to speak a word for the advancement of mankind. There was a great occasion: slavery was clamorous for new power, new territory; was invading the State Rights of the North. Earnest men in the North, getting aroused and hostile to slavery, were looking round for some able man to take the political guidance of the anti-slavery feeling, to check the great national crime, and help end it; they were asking —

"Who is the honest man, —
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbor, and himself, most true;
Whom neither fear nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due?"

Some circumstances seemed to point to Mr. Webster as the man ; his immense oratorical abilities, his long acquaintance with public affairs, his conspicuous position, his noble words in behalf of freedom, beginning with his college days and extending over many a year,—all these were powerful arguments in his behalf. The people had always been indulgent to his faults, allowing him a wide margin of public and private oscillation ; the North was ready to sustain him in all generous efforts for the unalienable rights of man. But he threw away the great moment of his life, used all his abilities to destroy those rights of man, and builded the materials of honorable fame into a monument of infamy for the warning of mankind. Declaring that “the protection of property” was “the great object of government,” he sought to unite the Money power of the North and the Slave power of the South into one great instrument to stifle discussion, and withstand religion, and the Higher Law of God.

Had he lived and labored for freedom as for slavery,—nay, with half the diligence and half the power,—to-morrow, all the North would rise to make him their President, and put on that Olympian brow the wreath of honor from a people’s hand. Then he would have left a name like Adams, Jefferson, and Washington ; and the tears of every good man would have dropped upon his tomb ! Had he served his God with half the zeal that he served the South, He would not, in his age, have left him naked to his enemies ! If Mr. Webster had cultivated the moral, the affectional, the religious part of his nature with half the diligence he nursed his power of speech, what a man there would have been ! With his great ability as an advocate, with his eloquence, his magnetic power, in his position,—a Senator for twenty years,—if he could have attained the justice, the philanthropy, the religion of Channing or of Follen, or of many a modest woman in all the Christian sects, what a noble spectacle should we have seen ! Then the nation

would long since have made him President, and he also would have revolutionized men's ideas of political greatness; "the bigot would have ceased to persecute, the despot to vex, the desolate poor to suffer, the slave to groan and tremble, the ignorant to commit crimes, and the ill-contrived law to engender criminality."

But he did not fall all at once. No man ever does. Apostasy is not a sudden sin. Little by little he came to the ground. Long leaning, he leaned over and fell down. This was his great error—he sold himself to the money power to do service against mankind. The form of service became continually worse. Was he conscious of this corruption?—at first? But shall he bear the blame alone? Oh, no! Part of it belongs to this city, which corrupted him, tempted him with a price, bought him with its gold! Daniel Webster had not thrift. "Poor Richard" was no saint of his. He loved luxury, and was careless of wealth. Boston caught him by the purse; by that she led him to his mortal doom. With her much fair speech she caused him to yield; with the flattery of her lips she deceived him. Boston was the Delilah that allured him; but oft he broke the withes of gold, until at last, with a pension, she shore off the seven locks of his head, his strength went from him, and the Philistines took him and put out his eyes, brought him down to Washington, and bound him with fetters of brass. And he did grind in their prison-house; and they said, "Our God, which is slavery, hath delivered into our hands our enemy, the destroyer of our institutions, who slew many of us." Then, having used him for their need, they thrust the man away, deceived and broken-hearted!

No man can resist infinite temptation. There came a peril greater than he could bear. Condemn the sin—pity the offending man. The tone of political morality is pitifully low. It lowered him, and then he debased the morals of politics.

Part of the blame belongs to the New England church, which honors "devoutness," and sneers at every noble, manly life, calling men saints who only pray, all careless of the dead men's bones which glut the whited sepulchre. The churches of New England were waiting to proclaim slavery, and renounce the law of God. His is not all the blame. We must blame Mr. Webster as we blame few men. Society takes swift vengeance on the petty thief, the small swindler, and rogues in rags: the gallows kills the murderer. But for men in high office, with great abilities, who enact iniquity into law; who enslave thousands, and sow a continent with thralldom, to bear want and shame and misery and sin; who teach as political ethics the theory of crime, — for them there is often no earthly outward punishment, but the indignation with which mankind scourges the memory of the oppressor. From the judgment of men, the appeal lies to the judgment of God: He only knows who sins, and how much. How much Mr. Webster is to be pitied, we know right well. Had he been a clergyman, as once he wished, he might have passed through life with none of the outward blemishes which now deform his memory; famed for his gifts and graces too, for eloquence, and "soundness in the faith," "his praise in all the churches." Had he been a politician in a better age, — when it is not thought just for capitalists to buy up statesmen in secret, for politicians clandestinely to sell their services for private gold, or for clergymen, in the name of God, to sanctify all popular crimes, — he might have lifted up that noble voice continually for Truth and Right. Who could not in such a time? The straw blows with the wind. But, alas! he was not firm enough for his place; too weak in conscience to be the champion of justice while she needs a champion. Let us be just against the wrong he wrought, charitable to the man who wrought the wrong. Conscience compels our formidable blame; the affections weep their pity too.

Like Bacon, whom Mr. Webster resembles in many things, save industry and the philosophic mind, he had "no moral courage, no power of self-sacrifice or self-denial;" with strong passions, with love of luxury in all its forms, with much pride, great fondness of applause, and the intensest love of power; coming to Boston poor, a lawyer, without thrift, embarking in politics with such companions for his private and his public life, with such public opinion in the State, — that honesty is to serve the present purposes of your party, or the wealthy men who control it; in the Church, — that religion consists in belief without evidence, in ritual sacraments, in verbal prayer, — is it wonderful that this great intellect went astray? See how corrupt the churches are, — the leading clergy of America are the anointed defenders of man-stealing; see how corrupt is the State, betraying the red men, enslaving the black, pillaging Mexico; see how corrupt is trade, which rules the State and Church, dealing in men. Connecticut makes whips for the negro-driver. New Hampshire rears the negro-drivers themselves. Ships of Maine and Rhode Island are in the domestic slave-trade. The millionaires of Massachusetts own men in Virginia, Alabama, Missouri! The leading men in Trade, in Church and State, think justice is not much more needed in a statesman than it is needed in an ox, or in the steel which shoes his hoof! Remember these things, and pity Daniel Webster, ambitious, passionate, unthrift; and see the circumstances which weighed him down. We judge the deeds: God only can judge the man. If you and I have not met the temptation which can overmaster us, let us have mercy on such as come bleeding from that battle.

His calling as a lawyer was somewhat dangerous, leading him "to make the worse appear the better reason;" to seek "not verity, but verisimilitude;" to look at the expedient end, not to inquire if his means be also just; to look too much at measures, not enough at principles. Yet his own brother

Ezekiel went safely through that peril, — no smell of that fire on his garment.

His intercourse with politicians was full of moral peril. How few touch politics, and are thenceforward clean!

Boston now mourns for him! She is too late in her weeping. She should have wept her warning when her capitalists filled his right hand with bribes. She ought to have put on sackcloth when the speech of March 7th first came here. She should have hung her flags at half-mast when the Fugitive Slave Bill became a law; then she only fired cannons, and thanked her representative. Webster fell prostrate, but was Boston more innocent than he? Remember the nine hundred and eighty-seven men that thanked him for the speech which touched their "conscience," and pointed out the path of "duty"! It was she that ruined him.

She bribed him in 1827, and often since. He regarded the sums thus paid as a retaining fee, and at the last maintained that the Boston manufacturers were still in his debt; for the services he had rendered them by defending the tariff in his place as Senator were worth more than all the money he received. Could a man be honest in such a position? Alas that the great orator had not the conscience to remember at first that man shall not live by bread alone!

What a sad life was his! His wife died, — a loving woman, beautiful, and tenderly beloved! Of several children, all save one have gone before him to the tomb. Sad man, he lived to build his children's monument! Do you remember the melancholy spectacle in the street, when Major Webster, a victim of the Mexican war, was by his father laid down in yonder tomb? — a daughter, too, but recently laid low! How poor seemed then the ghastly pageant in the street, empty and hollow as the muffled drum!

What a sad face he wore, — furrowed by passion, by am-

bition, that noble brow scarred all over with the records of a hard, sad life. Look at the prints and pictures of him in the street. I do not wonder his early friends abhor the sight. It is a face of sorrows, — private, public, secret woes. But there are pictures of that face in earlier years, full of power, but full of tenderness; the mouth feminine, and innocent as a girl's. What a life of passion, of dark sorrow, rolled betwixt the two! In that ambition-stricken face his mother would not have known her child!

For years to me, he has seemed like one of the tragic heroes of the Grecian tale, pursued by fate; and latterly, the saddest sight in all the Western World, — widowed of so much he loved, and grasping at what was not only vanity, but the saddest vexation of the heart. I have long mourned for him, as for no living or departed man. He blasted us with scornful lightning: him, if I could, I would not blast, but only bless continually and evermore.

You remember the last time he spoke in Boston; the procession, last summer, you remember it well. What a sad and care-worn countenance was that of the old man, welcomed with the mockery of applause! You remember, when the orator, wise-headed and friendly-hearted, came to thank him for his services, he said not a word of saving the Union; of the compromise measures, not a word. That farce was played out — it was only the tragic facts that were left; but for his great services he thanked him.

And when Webster replied, he said, "Here in Boston I am not disowned; at least, here I am not disowned." No, Daniel Webster, you are not disowned in Boston. So long as I have a tongue to teach, a heart to feel, you shall never be disowned. I must be just. I must be tender too!

It was partly by Boston's sin that the great man fell! I pity his victims; you pity them, too. But I pity him more, oh, far more! Pity the oppressed, will you? Will you not also pity the oppressor in his sin? Look, there! See that

face, so manly strong, so maiden meek! Hear that voice! "Neither do I condemn thee! Go, and sin no more!" Listen to the last words of the Crucified: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

The last time he was in Faneuil Hall, — it was "Faneuil Hall open;" once it had been shut — it was last May — the sick old man — you remember the feeble look and the sad face, the tremulous voice. He came to solicit the vote of the Methodists, a vain errand. I felt then that it was his last time, and forbore to look upon that saddened countenance.

The last time he was in the Senate, it was to hear his successor speak. He stayed an hour, and heard Charles Sumner demonstrate that the Fugitive Slave Bill was not good religion, nor good Constitution, nor good law. The old and the new stood face to face, — the Fugitive Slave Bill and Justice. What an hour! What a sight! What thoughts ran through the great man's mind, mingled with what regrets! For slavery never set well on him. It was a Nessus' shirt on our Hercules, and the poison of his own arrows rankled now in his own bones. Had Mr. Webster been true to his history, true to his heart, true to his intention and his promises, he would himself have occupied that ground two years before. Then there would have been no Fugitive Slave Bill, no chain round the court-house, no man-stealing in Boston; but the "Defender of the Constitution," become the "Defender of the unalienable rights of man," would have been the President of the United States! But he had not the courage to deliver the speech he made; no man can serve two masters, — Justice and Ambition. The mill of God grinds slow but dreadful fine!

He came home to Boston, and went down to Marshfield to die. An old man, broken with the storms of State, went home — to die! His neighbors came to ease the fall, to look upon the disappointment, and give him what cheer they

could. To him, to die was gain; life was the only loss. Yet he did not wish to die: he surrendered, — he did not yield.

At the last end, his friends were about him; his dear ones — his wife, his son (the last of six children he had loved). Name by name he bade them all farewell, and all his friends, man by man. Two colored servants of his were there, — whom he had helped purchase out of slavery, and bless with freedom's life. They watched over the bedside of the dying man. The kindly doctor sought to sweeten the bitterness of death with medicated skill; and, when that failed, he gave the great man a little manna which fell down from heaven three thousand years ago, and shepherd David gathered up and kept it in a psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd: though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

And the great man faltered out his last words, "That is what I want — thy rod, thy rod; thy staff, thy staff." That heart had never wholly renounced its God. Oh, no! it had scoffed at His "higher law;" but, in the heart of hearts, there was religious feeling still!

Just four years after his great speech, on the 24th of October, all that was mortal of Daniel Webster went down to the dust, and the soul to the motherly bosom of God! Men mourn for him: he heeds it not. The great man has gone where the servant is free from his master, where the weary are at rest, where the wicked cease from troubling.

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God!"

Massachusetts has lost her great adopted son. Has lost? Oh, no! "I still live" is truer than the sick man knew: —

"He lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging God."

His memory will long live with us, still dear to many a loving heart. What honor shall we pay? Let the State go out mindful of his noblest services, yet tearful for his fall; sad that he would fain have filled him with the husks the swine do eat, and no man gave to him. Sad and tearful, let her remember the force of circumstances, and dark temptation's secret power. Let her remember that while we know what he yielded to, and what is sin, God knows what also is resisted, and he alone knows who the sinner is. Massachusetts, the dear old mother of us all! Oh! let her warn her children to fling away ambition, and let her charge them, every one, that there is a God who must indeed be worshipped, and a higher law of God which must be kept, though Gold and Union fail. Then let her say to them, "Ye have dwelt long enough in this mountain; turn ye, and take your journey into the land of FREEDOM, which the Lord your God giveth you!"

Then let her lift her eyes to Heaven, and pray:—

"Sweet Mercy! to the gates of heaven
This statesman lead, his sins forgiven;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavor,
And memory of earth's bitter leaven,
Effaced for ever!

But

— why to him confine the prayer,
While kindred thoughts and yearnings bear,
On the frail heart, the purest share
With all that live?
The best of what we do and are,
Great God, forgive!"

8
MASSACHUSETTS IN MOURNING.

SERMON,

PREDICATED

IN WORCESTER, ON SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 1854.

BY

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,

Minister of the Worcester Free Church.

REPRINTED, BY REQUEST, FROM THE WORCESTER DAILY SPY.

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S E R M O N .

Shall the iron break the Northern iron and the steel? — JEREMIAH XV. 12.

You have imagined my subject beforehand, for there is but one subject on which I could preach, or you could listen, to-day. Yet, how hard it is to say one word of that. You do not ask, at a funeral, that the bereaved mourners themselves should speak, but you call in one a little farther removed, to utter words of comfort, if comfort there be. But to-day is, or should be, to every congregation in Massachusetts, a day of funeral service — we are all mourners — and what is there for me to say?

Yet, even in this gloom, the faculty of wonder is left; as at funerals, men ask in a low tone, around the coffin, what was the disease that smote this fair form, and are we safe from the infection? So we now ask, what is lost, and how have we lost it, and what have we left? Is it all gone, (men say,) that old New England heroism and enthusiasm? Is there any disinterested love of Freedom left in Massachusetts? And then they think with joy, (as I do,) that, at least, Freedom did not die without a struggle, and that it took thousands of armed men to lay her in the grave at last.

I am thankful for all this. Words are nothing — we have been surfeited with words for twenty years. I am thankful that this time there was action also ready for Freedom. God gave men bodies, to live and work in ; the powers of those bodies are the first things to be consecrated to the Right. He gave us higher powers, also, for weapons, but, in using those, we must not forget to hold the lower ones also ready ; else we miss our proper manly life on earth, and lay down our means of usefulness before we have outgrown them. “ Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar’s and unto God the things which are God’s.” Our souls and bodies are both God’s, and resistance to tyrants is obedience to Him.

If you meet men whose souls are contaminated, and have time enough to work on them, you can deal with them by the weapons of the soul alone ; but if men array brute force against Freedom — pistols, clubs, drilled soldiers, and stone walls — then the body also has its part to do in resistance. You must hold yourself above men, I own, yet not too far above to reach them.

I do not like even to think of taking life, only of giving it ; but physical force that is forcible enough, acts without bloodshed. They say that with twenty more men at hand, that Friday night, at the Boston Court House, the Slave might have been rescued without even the death of that one man — who was perhaps killed by his frightened companions, then and there. So you see force may not mean bloodshed ; and calm, irresistible force, in a good cause, becomes sublime. The strokes on the door of that Court House that night for instance — they may perchance have disturbed some dreamy saint from his meditations, (if dreamy saints abound in Court Square,) — but I think they went echoing from town to town,

from Boston to far New Orleans, like the first drum beat of the Revolution—and each reverberating throb was a blow upon the door of every Slave-prison of this guilty Republic.

That first faint throb of Liberty was a proud thing for Boston ; Boston which was a scene so funereal a week after. Men say the act of one Friday helped prepare for the next ; I am glad if it did. If the attack on the Court House had no greater effect than to send that Slave away under a guard of two thousand men, instead of two hundred, it was worth a dozen lives. If we are all Slaves indeed—if there is no law in Massachusetts except the telegraphic orders from Washington—if our own military are to be made Slave-catchers—if our Governor is a mere piece of State ceremony, permitted only to rise at a military dinner and thank his own soldiers for their readiness to shoot down his own constituents, without even the delay of a riot act—if Massachusetts is merely a conquered province and under martial law—*then I wish to know it*, and I am grateful for every additional gun and sabre that forces the truth deeper into our hearts. *Lower, Massachusetts, lower, kneel still lower !* Serve, Irish Marines ! the kidnappers, your masters ; down in the dust, citizen soldiery ! before the Irish Marines, and for you, O Governor, a lower humility yet, and your homage must be paid, at second hand, before the stained and soiled “citizen soldiery.”

I remember the great trades-procession in Boston, a few years since, in honor of the visitors from the North, from the free soil of Canada. Then all choice implements, which Massachusetts had invented to supply the industry of the world, were brought forth for exhibition, and superb was the show. This time we had visitors from the South—the South which uses tools also—and imports them all, “hoes, spades,

axes, politicians, and ministers." So the last new implements, for her use, were to be exhibited now. There were twenty-one specimens of Boston military companies. There were the two hundred more confidential bullies, for whom the city was ransacked, men so vile, that it was said the police had no duties left, for all the dangerous persons were employed as policemen themselves, — men whom a Police Judge having inspected, recognized criminal after criminal, who had been sentenced by himself to the House of Correction ; these came next. Truly as there is joy in heaven over one sinner who repenteth, so there was joy in Boston that day, over one sinner who had not repented, — over every man in whom the powers of hell were strong enough, aided by public brandy, to fit him for that terrible service. Those were the tools marshalled forth for exhibition. But why were these only shown ? Why were the finer, the more precious implements kept invisible that day, the real engines of that Slaveholder's triumph ? Why not make the picture perfect ? Place, O Chief Marshal, between the Slave and the guardian cannon, the crowning glory of that sad procession, the Slaveholder in his carriage, and chain, on the one side, the Mayor of Boston, and, on the other side, the Governor of the Commonwealth, with the motto, " The Representative Men of Massachusetts, — *These tools she gives, Virginia, to thee !* "

I mean no personality. The men who occupy these offices, are men who (I have always thought) did them honor. I suppose that neither would own a Slave, nor (personally) catch one. No doubt they favorably represent the average of Massachusetts men. *But I introduce them for precisely this reason*, to show the tragedy of our American institutions, that they take average Massachusetts men, put them into public office, and

then, demanding more of them than their education gives them. manliness to meet, — use them, crush them, and drop them, into the dishonor with which these hitherto honored men are suddenly overwhelmed to-day.

If such be the influence of our national organization, what good do our efforts do? Our labor to reform the North, with the whole force of nationalized Slavery to resist, is like the effort of Sir John Franklin, on his first voyage, to get northward by travelling on the ice. He travelled toward the pole for six weeks, no doubt of that; but at the end of the time he was two hundred miles farther from it than when he started. The ice had floated southward — *and our ice floats southward also*. And so it will be, while this Union concentrates power in the hands of Slaveholders, and gives the North only commercial prosperity, the more thoroughly to enervate and destroy it.

Here, for instance, is the Nebraska Emigration Society; it is indeed, a noble enterprise, and I am proud that it owes its origin to a Worcester man — but where is the good of emigrating to Nebraska, if Nebraska is to be only a transplanted Massachusetts, and the original Massachusetts has been tried and found wanting? Will the stream rise higher than its source? Settle your Nebraska ten years, and you will have your New England harvest of corn and grain, more luxuriant in that virgin soil; — ah, but will not the other Massachusetts crop come also, of political demagogues and wire-pullers, and a sectarian religion, which will insure the passage of the greatest hypocrite to heaven, if he will join the right church before he goes? And give the emigrants twenty years more of prosperity, and then ask them, if you dare, to break law

and disturb order, and risk life, merely to save their State from the shame that has just blighted Massachusetts?

In view of these facts, what stands between us and a military despotism? "Sure guarantees," you say. So has every nation thought until its fall came. "The outward form of Roman institutions stood uninjured till long after Caligula had made his horse consul." What is your safeguard? Nothing but a parchment Constitution, which has been riddled through and through whenever it pleased the Slave Power; which has not been able to preserve to you the oldest privileges of Freedom — Habeas Corpus and Trial by Jury! Stranger still, that men should think to find a security in our material prosperity, and our career of foreign conquest, and our acquisition of gold mines, and forget that these have been precisely the symptoms which have prophesied the decline of every powerful commercial state — Rome, Carthage, Tyre, Venice, Spain, Holland, and all the rest.

In the third century after the birth of Jesus, Terullian painted that brilliant picture of the Roman power, which describes us, as if it were written for us:

"Certainly," says he, "the world becomes more and more our tributary; none of its secret recesses have remained inaccessible, all are known, frequented, and all have become the scene or the object of traffic. Who now dreads an unknown island? who trembles at a reef? our ships are sure to be met with everywhere — everywhere is a people, a state; everywhere is life. We crush the world beneath our weight — *onerosi sumus mundo.*"

And Rome perished, almost when the words were uttered!

How simple the acts of our tragedy may be! Let another Fugitive Slave case occur, and more blood be spilt (as might

happen another time;) — let Massachusetts be declared insurrectionary, and placed under martial law, (as it might;) — let the President be made Dictator, with absolute power; let him send his willing Attorney General to buy up officers of militia, (which would be easy,) and frighten Officers of State, (which would be easier;) — let him get half the press, and a quarter of the pulpits, to sustain his usurpation, under the name of “law and order”; — let the flame spread from New England to New York, from New York to Ohio, from Ohio to Wisconsin; — and how long would it take for some future Franklin Pierce to stand where Louis Napoleon stands now? How much would the commercial leaders of the East resist, if an appeal were skilfully made to their pockets? — or the political demagogues of the West, if an appeal were made to their ambition? It seems inconceivable! Certainly — so did the *coup d’etat* of Louis Napoleon, the day before it happened!

“Do not despair of the Republic,” says some one, remembering the hopeful old Roman motto. But they had to despair of that one in the end,—and why not of this one also? Why, when we were going on, step by step, as older Republics have done, should we expect to stop just as we reach the brink of Niagara? The love of Liberty grows stronger every year, some think, in some places. Thirty years ago, it cost only \$25 to restore a Fugitive Slave from Boston, and now it costs \$100,000; — *but still the Slave is restored*. I know there are thousands of hearts which stand pledged to Liberty now, and these may save the State, in spite of her officials and her military; but can they save the Nation? They may give us disunion instead of despotism, but can they give us anything better? Can they even give us anything so good?

We talk of the Anti-Slavery sentiment as being stronger ; but in spite of your Free Soil votes, your Uncle Tom's Cabin, and your New York Tribunes, here is the simple fact : *the South beats us more and more easily every time.* So chess-players, when they have once or twice overcome a weak antagonist, think it safe, next time, to give up to him a half dozen pieces by way of odds ;—and after all gain the victory. Compare this Nebraska game with the previous ones. The Slave Power could afford to give us the Whig party on our side, this time—could give up to us the commercial influence of Boston and New York, so strong an ally before—it has not had the name and presence of Daniel Webster to help it now, nor the voices of clergymen, nor the terror of disunion, nor the weariness after a long Anti-Slavery excitement : it has dispensed with all these ;—nay, the whole contest was on our own soil, to defend the poor little landmark we had retreated to long before ;—and for all this, the Slave Power has conquered us, just as easily as it conquered us on Texas, Mexico, and the compromises of 1850.

No wonder that this excitement is turning Whigs and Democrats into Free Soilers, and Free Soilers into-disunionists. But this is only the eddy, after all ; the main current sets the wrong way. The nation is intoxicated and depraved. It takes all the things you count as influential,—all the “spirit of the age,” and the “moral sentiment of Christendom,” and the best eloquence and literature of the time,—to balance the demoralization of a single term of Presidential patronage. Give the offices of the nation to be controlled by the Slave Power, and I tell you that there is not one in ten, even of professed Anti-Slavery men, who can stand the fire in that furnace of sin ; and there is not a plot so wicked

but it will have, like all its predecessors, a sufficient majority when the time comes.

Do you doubt this? Name, if you can, a victory of Freedom, or a defeat of the Slave Power, within twenty years, except on the right of petition, and even that was only a recovery of lost ground. Do you say, the politicians are false, but the people mark the men who betray them! True, they mark them, but as merchants mark goods, with the cost price, that they may raise the price a little, when they want to sell the same article again. You must go back to the original Missouri Compromise, if you wish to prove that even Massachusetts punishes traitors to Freedom, by any severer penalty than a seat on her Supreme Bench. For myself, I do not believe in these Anti-Slavery spasms of our people, for the same reason that Coleridge did not believe in ghosts, because I have seen too many of them myself. I remember when our Massachusetts delegation in Congress, signed a sort of threat that the State would withdraw from the Union if Texas came in, but it never happened. I remember the State Convention at Faneuil Hall in 1845, where the lion and the lamb lay down together, and George T. Curtis and John G. Whittier were Secretaries; and the Convention solemnly pronounced the annexation of Texas to be "the overthrow of the Constitution, the bond of the existing Union." I remember how one speaker boasted that if Texas was voted in by joint resolution, it might be voted out by the same. But somehow, we have never mustered that amount of resolution; and when I hear of State Street petitioning for the repeal of its own Fugitive Slave Law, I remember the lesson.

For myself, I do not expect to live to see that law repealed by the votes of politicians at Washington. It can only be

repealed by ourselves, upon the soil of Massachusetts. For one, I am glad to be deceived no longer. I am glad of the discovery — (no hasty thing, but gradually dawning upon me for ten years) — that I live under a despotism. I have lost the dream that ours is a land of peace and order. I have looked thoroughly through our “Fourth of July,” and seen its hollowness ; and I advise you to petition your City Government to revoke their appropriation for its celebration, (or give the same to the Nebraska Emigration Society,) and only toll the bells in all the churches, and hang the streets in black from end to end. O shall we hold such ceremonies when only some statesman is gone, and omit them over dead Freedom, whom all true statesmen only live to serve !

At any rate my word of counsel to you is to learn this lesson thoroughly — *a revolution is begun !* not a Reform, but a Revolution. If you take part in politics henceforward, let it be only to bring nearer the crisis which will either save or sunder this nation — or perhaps save in sundering. I am not very hopeful, even as regards you ; I know the mass of men will not make great sacrifices for Freedom, but there is more need of those who will. I have lost faith forever in numbers ; I have faith only in the constancy and courage of a “forlorn hope.” And for aught we know, a case may arise, this week, in Massachusetts, which may not end like the last one.

Let us speak the truth. Under the influence of Slavery, we are rapidly relapsing into that state of barbarism in which every man must rely on his own right hand for his protection. Let any man yield to his instinct of Freedom, and resist oppression, and his life is at the mercy of the first drunken officer who orders his troops to fire. For myself, existence looks

worthless under such circumstances ; and I can only make life worth living for, by becoming a revolutionist. The saying seems dangerous ; but why not say it if one means it, as I certainly do. I respect law and order, but as the ancient Persian sage said, “ *always* to obey the laws, virtue must relax much of her vigor.” I see, now, that while Slavery is national, law and order must constantly be on the wrong side. I see that the case stands for me precisely as it stands for Kossuth and Mazzini, and I must take the consequences.

Do you say that ours is a Democratic Government, and there is a more peaceable remedy ? I deny that we live under a Democracy. It is an oligarchy of Slaveholders, and I point to the history of a half century to prove it. Do you say, that oligarchy will be propitiated by submission ? I deny it. It is the plea of the timid in all ages. Look at the experience of our own country. Which is most influential in Congress — South Carolina, which never submitted to anything, or Massachusetts, with thrice the white population, but which always submits to everything ? I tell you, there is not a free State in the Union which would dare treat a South Carolinian as that State treated Mr. Hoar ; or, if it had been done, the Union would have been divided years ago. The way to make principles felt is to assert them — peaceably, if you can ; forcibly, if you must. The way to promote Free Soil is to have your own soil free ; to leave courts to settle constitutions, and to fall back (for your own part,) on first principles : then it will be seen that you mean something. How much free territory is there beneath the Stars and Stripes ? I know of four places — Syracuse, Wilkesbarre, Milwaukie, and Chicago : I remember no others. “ Worcester,” you say. Worcester has not yet been tried. If you

think Worcester County is free, say so and act accordingly. Call a County Convention, and declare that you leave legal quibbles to lawyers, and parties to politicians, and plant yourselves on the simple truth that God never made a Slave, and that man shall neither make nor take one here! Over your own city, at least, you have power; but will you stand the test when it comes? Then do not try to avoid it. For one thing only I blush—that a Fugitive has ever fled from here to Canada. Let it not happen again, I charge you, if you are what you think you are. No longer conceal Fugitives and help them on, but show them and defend them. Let the Underground Railroad stop here! Say to the South that Worcester, though a part of a Republic, shall be as free as if ruled by a Queen! *Hear, O Richmond! and give ear, O Carolina! henceforth Worcester is Canada to the Slave!* And what will Worcester be to the kidnapper? I dare not tell; and I fear that the poor sinner himself, if once recognized in our streets, would scarcely get back to tell the tale.

I do not discourage more peaceable instrumentalities; would to God that no other were ever needful. Make laws, if you can, though you have State processes already, if you had officers to enforce them; and, indeed, what can any State process do, except to legalize nullification? Use politics, if you can make them worth using, though a coalition administration proved as powerless, in the Sims case, as a Whig administration has proved now. But the disease lies deeper than these remedies can reach. It is all idle to try to save men by law and order, merely, while the men themselves grow selfish and timid, and are only ready to talk of Liberty, and risk nothing for it. Our people have no active physical habits; their intellects are sharpened, but their bodies, and

even their hearts, are left untrained ; they learn only (as a French satirist once said,) the fear of God and the love of money ; they are taught that they owe the world nothing, but that the world owes them a living, and so they make a living ; but the fresh, strong spirit of Liberty droops and decays, and only makes a dying. I charge you, parents, do not be so easily satisfied ; encourage nobler instincts in your children, and appeal to nobler principles ; teach your daughter that life is something more than dress and show, and your son that there is some nobler aim in existence than a good bargain, and a fast horse, and an oyster supper. Let us have the brave, simple instincts of Circassian mountaineers, without their ignorance ; and the unfaltering moral courage of the Puritans, without their superstition ; so that we may show the world that a community may be educated in brain without becoming cowardly in body ; and that a people without a standing army may yet rise as one man, when Freedom needs defenders.

May God help us so to redeem this oppressed and bleeding State, and to bring this people back to that simple love of Liberty, without which it must die amidst its luxuries, like the sad nations of the elder world. May we gain more iron in our souls, and have it in the right place ;—have soft hearts and hard wills, not as now, soft wills and hard hearts. Then will the iron break the Northern iron and the steel no longer ; and “God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts !” will be at last a hope fulfilled.



17.5.17
(9)

A

DISCOURSE

PREACHED AT BARRE, JANUARY 11, 1854,

AT THE END OF

A MINISTRY OF FIFTY YEARS

IN THAT TOWN.

BY JAMES THOMPSON,

SENIOR PASTOR OF THE FIRST CHURCH.

With an Appendix.

BOSTON :

CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,

111, WASHINGTON STREET.

1854.

REV. JAMES THOMPSON, D.D.

DEAR SIR,

The undersigned, constituting the Committees of your present and former Parishioners, respectfully request, for publication, a copy of the able and interesting Discourse delivered by you this day, on the occasion of the Fiftieth Anniversary of your Ordination as Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Barre.

WILLARD BROAD,
HIRAM WADSWORTH,
J. W. JENKINS, JUN.
ABIASTER LAWRENCE,
DANIEL CUMMINGS,
LYMAN F. ROGERS,
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J. HENRY HILL,
TIMOTHY JENKINS,
ALDEN B. SMITH,
ASA HAPGOOD,

*Committee of
former
Residents.*

January 11, 1854.

BOSTON:

PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON,

22, SCHOOL STREET.

DISCOURSE.

Ps. lxxi. 9 : — "CAST ME NOT OFF IN THE TIME OF OLD AGE ; FORSAKE ME
NOT WHEN MY STRENGTH FAILETH."

THE psalm from which these words are taken was composed by David, after he had descended into the vale of years, and began to feel the infirmities and anxieties of old age. It breathes the pious trust of a heart deeply impressed by the remembrance of the care and goodness of God, and rejoicing in being able to make him still its refuge.

It was probably about the time when this psalm was composed, that David took measures to rid himself of all the cares, labors, and perplexities of his high station, — calling together all the princes of Israel and the priests and the Levites, to give them his parting counsels, and blessing them in one of the most sublime and affecting prayers ever uttered by mortal lips, — his mind, in all, looking only to the glory of God, and the welfare of them that should come after him.

The Scriptures describe him as "full of days," "stricken in years," and "ready to die," when these things took place. Yet he was not so old by several years as the speaker who now addresses you ; for he was but seventy when he ceased to be numbered among the living, while I, having obtained help of the Lord, continue to my seventy-fourth year ; and through his grace I am what I am.

The occasion on which we now meet is one, as you may suppose, of the deepest and most solemn interest to me, while, at the same time, it awakens many tender and pleasing emotions. I have looked forward to it, since it has seemed probable that I might live to witness it, with mingled satisfaction and solicitude, — with satisfaction, in view of the opportunity it might afford for exchanging Christian salutations with so many whose kindness I have so long enjoyed ; with solicitude, from a painful sense of my inability to meet your just expectations. "The spirit, indeed, is willing, but the flesh is weak."

The thoughts and recollections, the pleasures and anxieties, which, you might conceive, would express themselves without an effort on an occasion like this, come with a rushing confusion to my mind, as if the experience of fifty years were thrown together into a single hour ; and the power to arrange them into method and order, such as a proper respect for my hearers requires, I find not. Yet this is my confidence and hope : I can cast myself upon the God of my life, and say unto him, with particular reference to the humble service I have now to perform, "Now,

also, when I am old and gray-headed, O God ! forsake me not." And, still more, I can stand up here before you in the Lord's house, and thank our God that he permits me to behold your faces in the land of the living ; that he has given to me such "length of days ;" that he has mingled so many mercies in the "cup of my life ;" that, while he has "weakened my strength in the way," and put away "mine acquaintance" far from me, and "mine eye mourneth by reason of affliction," I am able to appear in his courts with those of my family still alive around me ; that, while the greater part of the congregation who received me fifty years ago are "fallen asleep," yet some "remain unto this present," and that others have come up, the children succeeding the fathers, to "keep the ark of the Lord," and to "inquire in his holy temple ;" that the town in which our lines have fallen has steadily increased in population, in wealth, in fertility, in beauty, till, in these respects, few surpass it, and that there has been manifested here a growing interest in the cause of general education, and a very decided improvement in the morals of the community ; that sound principles of private and public virtue, how much soever they may be opposed by the selfishness and the ignorance of men, are gradually gaining the ascendancy around us ; that, notwithstanding changes of opinion and feeling which mark the present time, the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, shorn of none of its original power and authority, and in each succeeding generation better understood in its spirit and application, is

still preached among us, to the edification and comfort of them that hear ; and that the future, for you who are in the midst of your days, though darkened by some clouds, has yet so many aspects of encouragement to cheer you on in the way of your duty as citizens and as Christians, and, for us who are ready to go the way of all the earth, so many signs in the heavens of "pleasures for evermore." Yes, I can thus thank him devoutly, and with an overflowing heart ; for it is a gracious ordinance of Heaven, that, while the mental powers lose their activity as the outward man fails and sinks under the pressure of years, those sentiments which lead the soul up to the Almighty in gratitude and trust find fewer hindrances in the narrowed sphere of old age than in those periods of life when the world is all open around the heart, and its temptations are strong to refer the blessings enjoyed to second causes, instead of tracing them, in a deep sense of dependence, up to the only real Cause of all things.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul ! and, all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul ! and forget not all his benefits. For he knoweth our frame ; he remembereth we are but dust. His mercy is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children, to such as keep his covenant, and those that remember his commandments to do them."

This day, my friends, completes the fiftieth year of my settlement in this place. Fifty years ! As we

look forward over such a period, how long, how almost endless, it seems! As we look back upon it, how brief, how like a dream, how evanescent! Fifty years! In that period, how many, even in the limited sphere in which my days have been spent, have come forth into life; how many been cut down as the flower in childhood and youth; how many gathered to their fathers, like shocks of corn fully ripe unto the harvest! Fifty years! Within that period, I have seen both my parents,—hallowed be their memories!—to whom I owe more than heart can conceive or tongue express,—go down, in a good old age,—though neither of them so aged as myself,—beautiful in holiness, to the house appointed for all the living. Within that period, what removals from my own family, from this parish, and from the pulpits of the neighborhood, with whose occupants I had long and sweet fellowship, and frequent exchanges of professional services! Where are the kind-hearted, apostolic Goodrich, of Rutland, and Foster, his successor? the social, affectionate Bascom, of Phillipston; and the logical, witty, eloquent Foster, of Petersham? Where are Estabrook, of Athol; Gay, of Hubbardston; Wesson, of Hardwick? All, all gone; and the places that knew them shall know them no more. Fifty years! In this period, what changes have taken place all around us! The population has nearly doubled. Tracts of wood, swamp, and wild land, have been brought under cultivation, and divided into farms of unsurpassed fertility. Dwelling-houses and barns have been greatly improved. The old

comfortless school-houses have given place to those in the modern style of convenience. The entrance at the south of our extensive Common, now ornamented by trees, fifty years ago was covered with shrub-oaks; and at the north, on the rising land, now adorned with many elegant houses, there were but two or three, and those quite ordinary. Fifty years ago, there was but one church here, and that without a steeple, where now we have three as neat and commodious as are to be seen in any country village, besides a fourth at the easterly part of the town. If we look at our shire-town, fifty years ago it was a pleasant village, not so large as this is at the present time; now it is a city with a population of twenty thousand or more, with one business-street as handsome and as crowded as any in the State, and railroad cars darting through it like weavers' shuttles at all hours of the day.

If, half a century ago, some prophet had predicted the discoveries and inventions familiar to this generation, — had predicted, for example, that, at this day, “men would communicate by lightning, and take portraits by sunbeams, amputate limbs without pain, or make the voyage from America to Europe in less time than was then required to go from Boston to Baltimore,” — such prophecy would have found few so bold as to profess to believe it, and the sober-minded would have called it the result of mental illusion. But such are the facts; and there is no end to comparisons of this kind. I leave them, therefore, in order to take up and pursue, in a very brief outline, some items of

the history of our town, as it is connected with my residence and ministry here. And here let me bespeak your candid forbearance to the garrulity of age, and perhaps the too frequent and unnecessary recurrence of the personal pronoun.

On the sixty-sixth anniversary of the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, — December 22, 1686, — the Indians then in possession of this portion of the country conveyed one hundred and forty-four miles of territory, or twelve miles square, to the heirs of one Simon Willard, of Lancaster, for which was paid twenty-three pounds of the then currency, — about one hundred dollars of our money. This whole tract bore the name of *Naqueag*.

On the 23d of February, the General Court confirmed the grantees in their possession of the territory, provided sixty-seven families should settle thereon, and gave it the name of Rutland. Within this grant were included the whole of the present towns of Rutland, Oakham, Hubbardston, and Barre, with part of Princeton and Paxton. Two years later, the proprietors set off six miles square of the original grant for the occupancy of sixty-two families settled thereon. In the year 1722, the General Court passed an act incorporating these six miles square as the town of Rutland. The remainder of the territory, including what is now Barre, remained undivided in the hands of the proprietors. In 1753, the General Court passed an act incorporating what is now known as Barre under the name of Rutland District, con-

ferring upon the inhabitants all the powers and privileges belonging to towns, except that of sending a representative to the General Court. In 1774, Rutland District was incorporated as a town, and received the name of Hutchinson, in honor of the former Governor. It retained the name but a short time, — less than three years ; for the name of a Tory, and so narrow-minded, intolerant a man, proved obnoxious to the consistent and genuine patriotism of those stirring times ; and, by a formal act * of the General Court, in answer to the petition of the inhabitants, it took the name of Barre, after a noble British statesman, celebrated in this country chiefly by his opposition to the oppressive acts of Parliament towards the colonies.† Such is a meagre outline of our early history.

On the 29th of July, 1753, the year of the incorporation of Rutland District, the first Christian church was established in this place. The one hundredth anniversary of this event was suitably noticed here, last July, in an eloquent and appropriate sermon by the junior pastor.

In the month of October following, Rev. Thomas Frink, a native of Sudbury, and a graduate of Harvard College in 1722, was installed pastor. Mr. Frink was first settled in Rutland in 1727, and dismissed in 1740. In 1744, he was installed in the Third Church of Plymouth ; Dr. Chauncy, of Boston, preaching the installation sermon. He remained in Plymouth but four years, when, “by mutual consent, no blame attaching to either pastor or people,” the

* See Appendix A.

† See Appendix B.

connection was dissolved, and he returned to Rutland, and was installed here in 1753. He was evidently a man of considerable ability and reputation. Two discourses from his pen were published; one preached on occasion of the Annual Election, and the other at an ordination. His ministry, not the most quiet and peaceful, extended to thirteen or fourteen years, when a difficulty arose in consequence of certain opinions advanced by him on the subject of baptism. A majority of the church voted his dismissal; but he denied the validity of any vote of the church without the concurrence of the moderator, and persisted in retaining his position. The contest waxed warm, till "from words they almost came to blows." At length, an ecclesiastical council was called to advise in the case, of which Rev. Stephen Williams, of Springfield, was moderator; and Rev. Dr. Mahew, of Boston, scribe.* Ten specific charges were brought against Mr. Frink, in nine of which the council unanimously found him guilty, and expressed their judgment in terms of great severity. They say, for example, under one of the allegations, "The Rev. Mr. Frink claimed and exercised a power to adjourn a church-meeting, after the mind of the church to the contrary had been signified to him; and that he did this in such a manner, and under such particular circumstances, as strongly indicated an overbearing and arbitrary dispo-

* It is stated, in the Life of Dr. Mahew, that the fatigues and labors incident to his attending this council were so great, that they brought on a nervous fever, from which he never recovered. He returned home only to die, — one of the most gifted orators and brilliant luminaries of the Boston pulpit.

sition in him." Under another, they say, "It also appears to us, that, on a particular occasion, the Rev. Mr. Frink did, in an unconstitutional and arbitrary manner, deny two brethren of the church their undoubted privilege and right of speaking and giving their suffrages at church-meeting." And again: "It also appears to us, that the Rev. Mr. Frink, on a particular occasion, unwarrantably and arbitrarily refused to put a vote in church-meeting, after it was regularly proposed and seconded by some of the brethren." Finally, "It further appears to us, by a great variety of testimonies, that the Rev. Mr. Frink has, for several years past, on different occasions, discovered a very remarkable and almost unexampled bitterness of spirit towards divers reputable persons of his pastoral charge, as well as towards other people, to the great dishonor of his sacred office, and tending directly to alienate his flock from him, to expose him to contempt from them, so as, by his own ill example in this respect, to frustrate, in a great measure, whatever exhortations he might give them to the necessary duties of Christian meekness, forbearance, and brotherly love; and to give much countenance to the contrary vices of pride, wrath, and a furious, ungovernable temper of mind; and we cannot but look upon it as a great aggravation of some of his intemperate speeches and railing accusations, that they were first delivered and afterwards spoken of by him as pastoral rebukes." The council close their result by recommending Mr. Frink's dismissal. Against this proceeding, however, he vigorously rebelled. The

Sunday following his dismissal, he repaired to the meeting-house, with a full determination to preach. His opponents, a majority of the town, apprised of his intention, had taken the precaution by vote to authorize and require John Caldwell, Esq., a leading man in the town, to shut up the pulpit, and to prevent by force, if circumstances should require it, Mr. Frink from carrying his purpose into effect. Accordingly he stationed himself at the foot of the pulpit-stairs, and, when the bellicose minister came up, debarred his access by main strength, and then, taking him by the collar, led him to the door. Mr. Frink, swelling with rage, proclaimed aloud his intention to preach in his own house, and requested his adherents to follow him thither. They obeyed; and he preached Christ to them on that day, and for several months afterwards, it is to be feared, "of envy and strife." At last, he left the town; and this "religious quarrel," as, by a bold solecism, such difficulties have been called, ceased, and "the church had rest." This latter statement I received from a late beloved parishioner, who was of the Frink party; and I give it here both as matter of history, showing smewhat "the form and pressure of the time," and also as matter of warning.*

Rev. Josiah Dana, successor of Mr. Frink, was ordained October 7, 1767; and, after a ministry of thirty-four years, died here, October 1, 1801. Mr. Dana was a graduate of Harvard College in the class

* See my Thirty-seventh Anniversary Sermon, and Dr. Bancroft's Half-Century.

of 1763, which contained several members who attained to eminence, among whom may be mentioned Judges Cushing and Upham, Timothy Pickering, and the young patriot, Josiah Quincy. He was a man of prepossessing and commanding appearance, of strong powers of mind, of highly respectable acquirements, of great social qualities, and of very popular eloquence in the pulpit. During his long ministry, he maintained a great influence in this place, and left a deep mark on the character of his people. He died, as he had lived, respected and beloved by all who knew him, and leaving a memory which his people cherished till they followed him.

Upon the death of my predecessor, several candidates for settlement were employed, namely, Messrs. Perez Lincoln, Isaac Allen, Samuel Veazie, and Thomas Rich; to the last of whom the town gave a call, offering him a salary of four hundred dollars a year. He declined, however, not, as he expressly declared, on account of the offered support, but for reasons which he kept to himself, and which were the subject of various speculations and conjectures by the people at the time of my coming.

At this time, Barre was considered one of the most eligible vacancies in the country. At an accidental meeting of several licentiates at Cambridge, the subject of vacant parishes was introduced. One of our number (Mr. Veazie), who had preached a term here as a candidate, said that he considered Barre the most desirable place for settlement within his knowledge; and added, that a chief recommendation was, that it

contained a Christian scholar and gentleman who had been a tutor eight years in Harvard College, and whose friendship and aid would be of inestimable value to a minister. And I would bear my humble testimony, from long experience, to the entire correctness of this opinion. Mr. Veazie also added (addressing me), "Your name has been spoken of as one likely to suit the tastes of Barre people, and you will doubtless, before long, be applied to as a candidate." And, accordingly, on Commencement-Day, 1803, the agent (Captain Samuel Bigelow) contracted with me to commence my services here as a candidate the first Sunday of October following. It was on that day I first preached to this Society. At that time, the house in which we assembled — without steeple or bell, old-fashioned, long public seats, occupying nearly half the body of it, and large, square pews the rest, with no means of warming it in winter — was far from being an inviting place of worship. Still, the best ingredients of true worship were there. I recall in imagination, and see now distinctly with the mind's eye, the appearance of some of the worshippers, and their location in church, — gray-headed, robust, venerable-looking men, of iron constitution, of lofty stature, — in fact, a noble race, excelling in looks and bearing any congregation I had before addressed. Amongst them were Doctor Rice and Esquire James. I notice these by themselves, as they were the only men in town who had received a liberal or collegiate education. Ebenezer Rice was born in Marlborough; graduated at Harvard College

in 1760 ; studied medicine, and practised the healing art in Wells, Maine ; removed to Barre, and died here in 1822.

Eleazer James was born in Cohasset, then a part of Hingham ; graduated at Harvard College in 1778 ; was tutor eight years ; studied law at Worcester ; established himself in that profession here, and, after nearly forty years' residence, removed to Worcester, and died there in 1843. These gentlemen were ripe scholars and sound Christians. They were accomplished men of "the old school," neat in their apparel, dignified and urbane in their manners, constant attendants on divine worship, and highly respected in all the relations of life. In their faith, they were Arminians, — one having been brought up under the preaching of Dr. Hemmenway, of Wells ; the other under that of Dr. Gay, of Hingham. I will mention the names of a few others, whose venerable forms are more distinctly remembered, and whose presence habitually in the house of our solemnities I delight to recall, while I cherish their memories with reverent affection. There sat Captain Dan Hawes, who, at the age of seventy-three, became most deeply interested in the inquiry what he should do to be saved, from hearing his minister preach from the text, "Turn ye to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope ;" and, in his advanced age, professed publicly his faith in Christ. He maintained, through his remaining days, — as, I feel authorized to say, he had ever done, — a life conformable with such a profession, and died, ripe in years as in virtues, an ornament to the Christian

name. He often spoke of himself, with overflowing tears, as one who came in at the eleventh hour, still with a hope full of immortality. Near him usually sat Mr. Daniel Adams, senior, whose grandchildren are amongst our elder citizens, and whose great-grandchildren now fill an active agency in our public worship.

I remember Joseph Farrar, Benjamin Nye, John Patrick, John Woodbury, the Bullards, Samuel and Jonathan. There also might be seen the Rices, a numerous and goodly race; the good Lieutenant Thomas, — whose tact in the sick chamber I shall ever remember with gratitude, whose touch to the patient of inflammatory rheumatism was tender as a mother's, and reviving as the "balm of Gilead," — and the brothers Daniel, Jotham, James, and Benjamin. There also were the Osgoods, Asahel and Manasseh; and yonder, far on my left, just beyond the venerable Underwood, was Captain Abijah Harding, whose domicile was more than five miles from church, but whose presence here was as regular and constant as the return of the first day of the week. Prominent among these worshippers was Captain Samuel Bigelow, town-clerk and chorister, a man whose heart was as large as his corporeal frame, which weighed not less than thirteen scores. Others, whom I can only name, rise to my recollection. Lee, Holden, Jenkins, Caruth, Caldwell, Freeman, Sibley, Johnson, Fisk, and Bent, — these, and many other names, of like worth, I fondly believe are written in the book of life. The deacons at this time, — Jonas Eaton and Noah Ripley, joined afterwards by Moses Holden and Abraham Ste-

vens, — in their elevated seats, not more conspicuous than were their Christian virtues, might from day to day be seen, lending dignity to the altar by their presence.

The selectmen, that year, were Joel Bent, Elijah Caldwell, James Holland, Nathaniel Jones, and Job Sibley. The assessors were Abijah Harding, Joseph Farrar, and James Holland.

Such was the Barre congregation when I first saw it. By consulting the records of the town, I find that, at a town-meeting, holden December 28, 1803, it was "Voted, *unanimously*, to unite with the church to invite Mr. James Thompson to the pastoral charge of this church and people: voted, to choose a committee of seven to wait on Mr. Thompson, and inform him of the proceedings of the town, and to see if there is a prospect of his settling with us in the ministry, and report at the time to which this meeting may be adjourned." The committee consisted of Samuel Bigelow, Moses Holden, Noah Ripley, Joel Bent, Eleazer James, Ebenezer Rice, David Fisk, and Nathaniel Jones. At the adjournment of the meeting, the town "Voted to give Mr. Thompson five hundred dollars as an annual salary, so long as he continues our minister." "Mr. Thompson came into the meeting, and declared his acceptance; and Eleazer James, Samuel Bigelow, Joel Bent, David Fisk, and Nathaniel Jones were appointed a committee to provide for the ordination, and bring in their account for the same."

The 11th of January, 1804, was appointed for the solemnity. At length the day looked to so eagerly,

and with so much hope, arrived. It was a bitter cold day, the snow eighteen inches deep, and the sleighing good. Every part of the town was astir with hosts of sympathizing friends from all the neighboring towns, who thronged our public and private houses with joyful and expectant guests. The large, old church was crowded to its utmost capacity with an orderly, listening audience. It was estimated that not one half of those who wished to hear could gain admittance. The solemnities were conducted by an ecclesiastical council, selected without regard to any shades of difference in theological opinions, composed of men of high standing and pre-eminent worth, — men of liberal views, in the best sense of the word, and deeply imbued with that charity which is the bond of perfectness.

Three only of the clerical members survive to bless the world by their example, their instructions, and their prayers. One of the three, Dr. Bates, of Dudley, with whom in early life I enjoyed a happy acquaintance, and who preached on the occasion of my ordination, I grieve to learn, this morning, lies dangerously sick, and must soon go to his final home. Another, Dr. French, of Northampton, N.H., I rejoice to hear, by a letter just received from him, continues, with a good measure of health and strength, to labor in the vineyard of the Lord. The third, my aged neighbor and friend, Dr. Fiske, of New Braintree, who gave me the right hand of fellowship, I had strongly hoped, from his answer to my letter, to see here to-day, when I should have given him the right

hand with as cordial a grasp as I received from him fifty years ago, notwithstanding the differences of opinion which have, to some extent, separated us in our active ministries.

Fifty years ago, my brethren, an ordination was a notable, solemn, and joyful occasion; and well it might be so considered, as but one in a generation, in the same place, usually occurred. Then the ceremonies and observances of the occasion were deemed important and indispensable; but now, by reason of the frequency of such occasions, many of them have gone into disuse. Then a procession was formed with military precision, accompanied by music, led by the moderator and the candidate; the candidate walking at the right hand of the moderator. At the door of the pulpit, on the broad stair, — for such there were in our old churches, — the candidate was seated, till invited in to receive the imposition of hands, and be consecrated by prayer to the work of the ministry.

Custom also required that the blessing invoked at table be by the ordained pastor, and thanks returned by the moderator, or by some stranger who might be present, at the moderator's invitation.

Some few years before I came here, there arose a warm excitement in the church on account of the introduction of instrumental music by the choir. The bass-viol was particularly obnoxious. The storm, however, had then spent its fury, and nearly subsided. Two persons only sought to interest me in their opposition, namely, the senior deacon and an aged and very worthy communicant. It was

said the deacon's opposition arose from his aversion to all change or progress. The honor of *lining* the hymn for the choir to sing had just before been abolished to his chagrin, his office being thus shorn of one of its honors; and now this further change was more than he could well endure. The other worthy communicant objected to the bass-viol that it was nothing but a big fiddle, and that was mostly used for a purpose which his soul hated, — very different from that of the worship of God. After a long conversation with the pastor on the subject, he concluded by the remark, that it seemed to him, that it was brought into church as an idol, and the people worshipped that rather than God. The young pastor, as he well remembers, with trembling diffidence in the presence of so venerated an antagonist, closed his answer by suggesting to his aged friend, that David, the sweet singer of Israel, whose inspiration he would doubtless admit, called on the people to praise the Lord with the "stringed instrument," and also with the "timbrel and dance." To this he made no reply.

The church, however, to relieve the tender and ill-instructed conscience of the good man, voted that the bass-viol be laid aside on communion and lecture days; and for years the vote was religiously observed, and the old gentleman enjoyed his communion and lecture seasons without being disturbed or having his devotional feelings wounded by the sound of the big fiddle. This difficulty soon entirely passed away with things forgotten.

All our ecclesiastical affairs were now peaceful and harmonious. All were united, and seemed pleased with their new minister. Actuated by the spirit which has ever characterized this people,—not to be behind the neighboring towns in the progress of improvement,—the subject of their place of public worship,—their house without steeple or bell, inferior in appearance to most of their neighbors',—became a matter of earnest and frequent discussion. Into this question the young minister entered with a zeal which nothing perhaps but youthful fervor could commend or justify. He preached several discourses on the duty of people to make the house of their solemnities amiable and inviting, urging them to feel the spirit which actuated David to declare “he would not offer to the Lord that which cost him nothing.” Whether these appeals, earnest and sincere, had an influence, he would not now presume to assert. It may be the vanity of second childhood to say, that he does think that his efforts in the pulpit at that time had some influence on the minds of the congregation, both in temporal and spiritual things. At any rate, in 1806 (so say the records), the town voted to build a “handsome and beautiful steeple, cupola, or belfry, in which to hang a bell.” And, in process of time, they did cause to be erected a steeple which, for excellence of workmanship, architectural beauty, and symmetry of proportion, was unequalled by any other edifice at that day in this vicinity. Its beautiful proportions was a frequent subject of remark by strangers, and other people of taste. The cost

of erecting it was more than double that of building the house itself. This expense was the more cheerfully paid from the knowledge that such a structure would add much to the good appearance of our village. In that house we worshipped for more than forty years. Thence went up to our common Father our joint prayers, praises, and aspirations. These courts were amiable in our eyes.

“We loved her gates, we loved the road :
The church, adorned with grace,
Stood like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.”

It was to us a hallowed place, — the house of God and the gate to heaven. And when, at last, it was deemed necessary to demolish the steeple and remove the house from its foundation, our hearts were pained with a grief which nothing could comfort but the hope of a more modern and commodious one to take its place. That hope, through the blessing of God, has been realized.

During my long service in the ministry here, one appropriate part of the duty I have endeavored to perform with untiring perseverance, great satisfaction, and, I trust, with some humble success, has been the visitation and supervision of schools. I have ever thought this a peculiarly favorable and happy sphere of ministerial influence and usefulness. Here a rich field for the moral and religious cultivator is opened ; — here a thick and vigorous forest of twigs may be bent by him in the right direction. For nearly forty consecutive years, I was honored by the town by elec-

tion as chairman of the school committee, with associates from year to year who efficiently aided my efforts, and to whom I am glad publicly to tender my grateful acknowledgments for faithful assistance and respectful deference to my official station. Here much seed has been sown, — some, doubtless, on stony ground and by the wayside; but much, I trust, — very much, I hope, — on good ground, bringing forth fruit now a hundred fold. As some evidence of this, look about you. See the number that have gone out from us, occupying honorable positions in society, and those who remain at home, pillars of our churches, guardians of our town, promoters of all good enterprises. Our senators and representatives in the General Court, our magistrates, our enlightened farmers, our member of Congress, our Doctors of Divinity, and Doctors of Medicine, and Masters of Arts, — many of whom honor this occasion, and make glad our hearts by their presence, — these, my friends, are among our jewels; of these we are proud; and these are some of the fruits of our town-school system. It must be confessed, that, fifty years ago, a lamentable indifference by parents and others to the condition of the schools, and especially to their visitation and supervision, was prevalent. Frequently but one other was chosen, as associate with the pastor, to examine the teachers and visit the schools. The laws of the Commonwealth were exceedingly lax and defective; and their requirements, few as they were, were often neglected or evaded. Then the town appropriated but seven hundred dollars to the schools of thirteen

districts. Now the state of things is better, and more than two thousand dollars are annually devoted to this object. A happy improvement is going on in this and other things ; and soon, I hope, Barre may be as pre-eminent for her schools as for her agricultural and mechanical progress ; and may virtue and learning be the stability of our times ! In my ministerial life, I have made not less than one thousand official visits to our schools, riding in many cases for the purpose from three to five miles, and for most of the time without any pecuniary remuneration whatever. Computation will show that this would occupy the working days of more than four years. I have solemnized the marriage of more than four hundred and fifty couples. During the same period, upwards of five hundred infants and adults have been initiated into Christ's visible church by baptism. I have also been called to the sad office of attending the obsequies of more than one thousand persons, — a congregation larger than the living one now before me. The sabbath-school I have ever deemed a most important aid to the religious progress of the society ; and I now regret that I did not give more attention to it. Yet, through the faithful efforts of superintendents and teachers, for many years of my ministry, we had a flourishing and well-ordered Sunday-school, bearing an honorable comparison with the best in the vicinity. On this subject I have preached and exhorted, not without some happy results. Let the institution be cherished as a handmaid to our dearest interests, and a fostering helper

of our best hopes. Other statistics and notices of persons and events must be omitted, lest I weary your patience beyond all endurance.

Often, in the course of my life, I have been asked how I could live, and support a family of eight children, upon a salary of five hundred dollars. It has long been a subject of general inquiry how the ministers of the gospel in New England could so reputably live, and rear and educate their children, upon their small annual stipend. However strange, the fact is unquestionable. Ministers generally have lived, brought up large families, and been prosperous, upon very inadequate salaries. It has been truly said, that figures in this case afford no solution. Arithmetic puts the balance on the wrong side. I know it to be so. Still, the fact above stated remains. The explanation is not, as yet, developed. I would meekly ascribe it to that beneficent Providence which David acknowledged and adored, when he said, "I have been young, but now am old ; yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." In my connection with this parish, I have received many gratuities, — valuable both from the feeling which prompted the bestowment, and from their intrinsic worth. Living amongst a generous people, these frequent though small tokens of their remembrance and attachment, in the aggregate amounting to a great assistance, have kept the heart whole ; and I have lived to the present day, having always had straw and provender

for the wayfarer, and a frugal table for hospitality, though never, till recently, without a sense of obligation to the forbearance of creditors; yet, through a kind Providence, having had food and raiment, and every really necessary means of comfortable living, I have been content. And here truth and duty demand a tribute to the memory of her whom God graciously gave to be my faithful companion and helpmeet, — the mother of my children. If there was any thing in the manse of well-devised yet generous economy, of open-hearted hospitality, of orderly domestic arrangement, of pleasing attraction to friends and strangers, young and old, it is mainly due to her untiring devotedness to the welfare of her family, and her unceasing endeavor to deserve the love of the people, and to secure their attachment to their minister. Of her success all who knew her are witnesses. And O may her virtues, as appreciated and inscribed by her female friends on yonder marble, be ever alive and active in the bosoms of her daughters and her daughters' daughters, to the remotest posterity, till the marble itself shall crumble back to dust! Peace and benedictions on her dear and precious memory, till that memory shall change to sight, in that world where all tears are wiped from every eye, and heaven is found in the renewal and perfection of the purest joys of this present life!*

Through nearly the whole of my ministry, it was a custom, having acquired by time the authority of law, to supply the parsonage with fuel. On a day appointed,

* See Appendix C.

near the beginning of the year, might be seen, from nearly every road in town, the long teams, with the big loads of wood, accompanied by their owners, the hired men, and the boys, and joined on the way by idlers and loungers, wending their course to the centre. Near the house might be seen, extending all around, the teams of oxen and horses, in "big confusion," — the men and boys unloading the donations in jovial humor, discussing the number of loads brought, and whose was largest and best. Then followed the joyful participation of refreshments, — always generous and abundant, and most cheerfully bestowed, — though their cost diminished somewhat the pecuniary value of the donation, — after which, till night, a merry chopping and splitting concluded the business and pleasure of the day. About twenty cords were an average quantity. Some, who had no wood, brought products of the field or the dairy, or articles of use from the stores. This custom kept alive the interest of pastor and people in each other; and, while the fuel warmed the body, it equally warmed the heart of the recipient with gratitude to his trusty parishioners, and to God, the Giver of every good and perfect gift. But I must forbear.

And now, leaving these details and reflections, which, it is hoped, may not be entirely without interest to you, let us recur, in conclusion, to the author of our text, and the sentiments that filled his mind at the time he wrote it. The day with him was far spent, and the night was at hand. But his day had been crowned with signal mercies. In the midst

of sore trials and many judgments, and under the awful rebukes of an outraged conscience, he had still found favor with the Lord. His prayers had been heard in heaven. And, as he looked back, and called to remembrance the long-suffering and kindness of the Most High, his heart was melted with gratitude, and he poured it forth in songs of praise. And this was not all. He also consecrated his remaining strength to a work, which, he had hoped, would be some humble return for the blessings he had received. That work, he knew, he should not live to see accomplished; but it engrossed his thoughts, and was the burden of his prayers. The building of a house for the worship of God, — this was his heart's great desire, and the subject of his daily meditations. To this he devoted his riches, and laid the most solemn injunctions on his friends to see that the work was done according to his design. Now, brethren, your house for the Lord is already builded. Once that work lay anxiously upon our hearts; but it is done, and you have a goodly and commodious structure, fit for the holy services to which it is dedicated. Still, my friends, the building is nothing except as it is rendered beautiful and glorious by a pure and fervent worship. And to this point I look with deep concern. Here centre both my anxieties and my hopes in regard to you. Speaking now to you, it may be, for the last time, I would say, Remember that your church is built on the foundation of Prophets and Apostles; that Jesus Christ is the chief cornerstone; and that no man can lay any other foundation

that will not be swept away. I would declare my undying conviction of the authority of Jesus Christ as a Teacher miraculously endowed and sent from God, and my hope of forgiveness and the joy of heaven through the mercy revealed by him. I would beseech those who enter these hallowed doors to remember that the church loses its distinctive character and use, when it ceases to be emphatically a house of prayer; and that worship in "spirit and truth" will not long survive respect for its proper forms and observances. Let them also remember, that it is the duty of each one who comes up hither to bring his individual contribution to the religious effect of the services, and to do what in him lies to promote a heartfelt sympathy in the congregation.

Beyond these admonitions, it does not become me, in my situation, to offer much counsel. And yet you will suffer me to say, that a generous toleration of opinions not derogatory to the gospel, but at the same time differing, to some extent, from those which you have long been accustomed to hear, is the dictate alike of duty and expediency. It cannot be expected that the young, the ardent, the hopeful, with inquiring minds, will be content to walk in all the steps of their fathers, and never go beyond them in any thing. And we ought not to wish it. Standing upon the foundation of the gospel, let the largest liberty of thought consistent with its principles and authority be encouraged and maintained. This is the true Protestant theory. Let the Bible — the Bible — be open for study, for investigation, from age to age;

and let every new discovery, in its unsearchable depths, be hailed with joy, and freely proclaimed.

There probably has never been a time when all questions relating to truth and duty were more generally discussed than at the present day. The old are apt to be timid in regard to the consequences of so much freedom. An unreasonable tenacity to what is of long standing, without reference to its intrinsic merits, is a danger against which it becomes *us* to be on our guard. While adhering to opinions and connections which I have long maintained, and never expect to change in this world, I would not hold to them so rigidly as to discourage all attempts at progress. Errors of opinion still exist to be corrected. Social evils, not wholly disconnected from such errors; abound; and we ought to give a "God speed" to every one who girds on his armor against them. It is "my heart's desire and prayer to God this day," that the people of this town, from generation to generation, may be found, not only "earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints," but also for that righteousness which is by faith in Jesus Christ; that they may ever be arrayed on the side of Temperance, of Justice, of Humanity, of Christian Love, against their opposites and adversaries; and that every good work, every Christian enterprise, every effort for the melioration of the condition of any part of our fellow-men, black or white, bond or free,* degraded by sin or bowed down by oppression, may have their united and hearty co-operation.

And now let us advert, once more, for a single moment, to this pleasing but solemn occasion. Fifty years I have lived here amongst you, very imperfectly fulfilling the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus. I have kept back nothing which I deemed important and essential. I have endeavored to live peaceably with all men. I have coveted no man's silver or gold or apparel. If I have wronged any one ; if I have failed in my duty to any, as often I must ; if, by word or example, I have ever cast dishonor on our religion, — I pray to be forgiven of men and of God. If, in late years, I have seemed less interested in your prosperity than formerly, remember, that, in voluntarily relinquishing to a young co-laborer the active duties of the ministry here, I neither exacted nor received from you any provision for my own support, and that that has been derived entirely from my labors in other places.* If I have appeared less social, and been more retired and secluded, in my old age than in earlier life, remember, oh ! remember, the desolations that have visited me, the sorrows that have been poured on my head ; and charge it not to indifference or neglect. I shall need your candid consideration but a little longer. The oil of my lamp is almost gone. The places which now know me will soon know me no more. This house I shall leave for that one, not far distant, so still and peaceful, where sleep the friend of my bosom, early loved and long mourned, and dear children, to whom my heart yearns continually, and many, many

* Appendix E.

very dear to me, once members of this Christian congregation.

These would be sad thoughts indeed, were it not for the future in prospect. Hope, faith in the immortality of the soul, in a reunion of departed friends, and an eternity of love in heaven, — this brightens them, and even makes them sometimes very joyful.

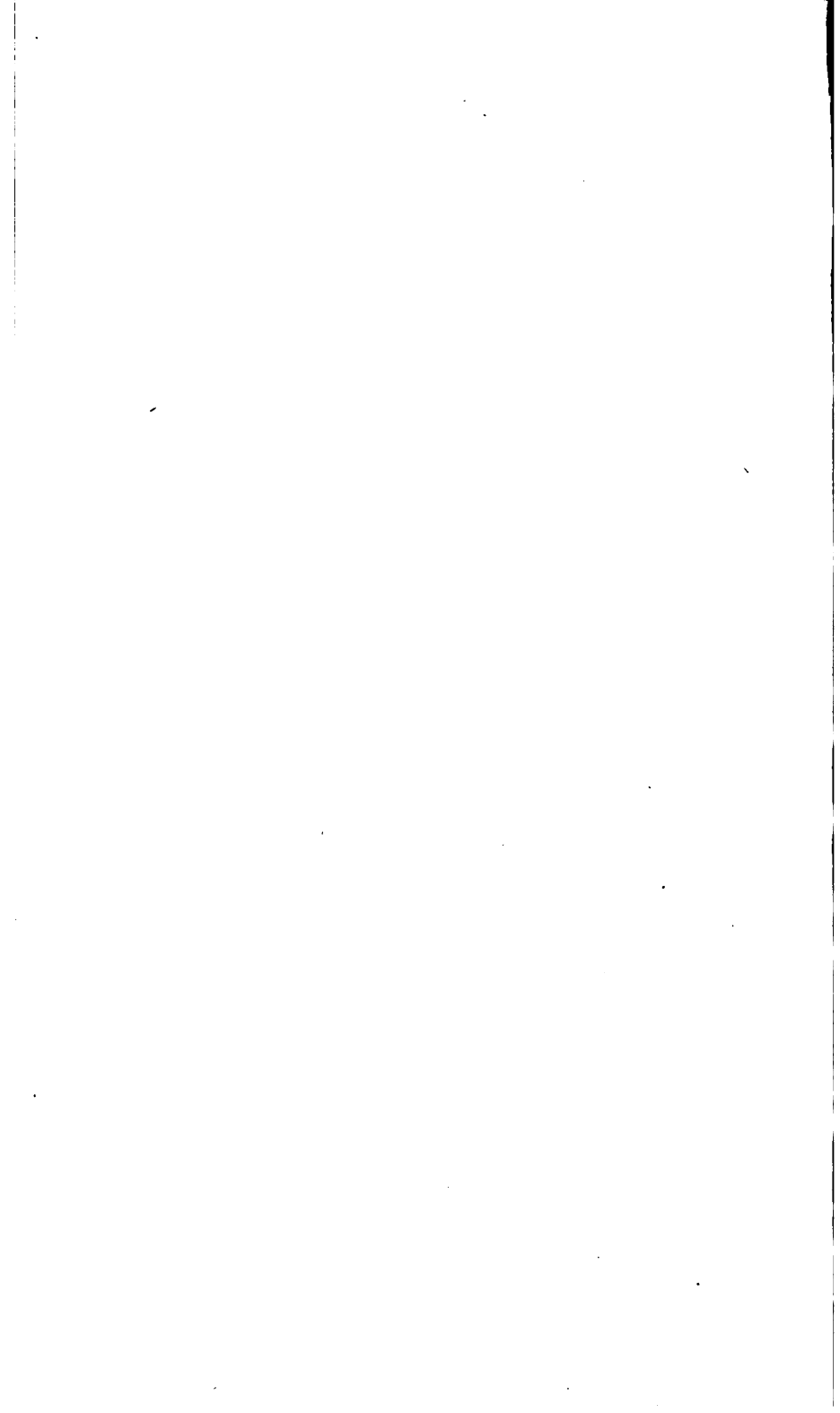
My beloved hearers, I thank you for giving to this humble occasion so much time and attention, and for the zeal with which you have labored to render it gratifying to my feelings. Adopting the language of St. Paul, I would say, “But I rejoiced in the Lord greatly, that now, at the last, your care of me hath flourished again. Not that I speak in respect to want; for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.”

Children of this town, sons and daughters dispersed abroad! I thank you for coming home to-day, to make glad your aged pastor's heart, and to receive his parting blessing. May the happiness you experience in the welcome that hails your return, and in your mutual greetings, and in the pleasure it gives so many friends to see you, induce you often to repeat your visit, and to cherish in your bosoms a tender and affectionate attachment to your native place and your early friends! I cannot utter all I would say unto you. May God, of his infinite goodness, bless you all, individually and in your families! May he bless you abundantly with all that is needful for the comfort of this life, and still more with those treasures which wax not old! May you be wise to

fear the Lord, and serve him with truth, with all your hearts! May your character and your peace be established on that sure foundation which can never be moved! And upon you all, whether residents here or in other places, may the love of God descend, and fill you with food and gladness! May your course on earth, by whatever trials darkened, be a continual progress in all goodness and truth; and, when it is finished, may heaven receive you all to its rest, its love, its everlasting joy!

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all! Amen.

A P P E N D I X.



N O T E S.

A. — PAGE 10.

THE curious in such matters will read with interest the proceedings which resulted in a change of name. These papers are copied from the originals in the archives of the State.

P E T I T I O N.

TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COLONY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS BAY,
NOW SITTING AT WATERTOWN.

GENTLEMEN, — We, your humble petitioners, beg leave humbly to show, that, whereas the inhabitants of a certain tract of land or plantation, lying in the county of Worcester, formerly known by the name of Rutland District, being desirous of a new incorporation, did, in the year 1773, petition the General Assembly of this Colony for to be set off as a town, and to have the connection with Rutland cease; and we so far succeeded in our attempt as to obtain the approbation and concurrence of both houses; but the matter was non-concurred by Governor Hutchinson, who was then in the chair, unless he could have the privilege of filling the blank; but, the House not willing to give up what they viewed as their right, the matter was not completed till Mr. Gage took the chair, who, very soon after, gave us a specimen of what he was, or intended to be, to this Colony, by filling up the blank with that obnoxious name, HUTCHINSON, — that well-known enemy to the natural and stipulated rights of America; which gave us a very disagreeable sensation of mind, not being

able to speak of the town in which we lived but our thoughts were necessarily turned upon that ignominious enemy of mankind, and, in a measure, filled with shame to tell where we live when requested, — therefore, we, your humble petitioners, on the 17th of January last, at a town-meeting notified for the purpose of taking the minds of the inhabitants of our town, passed the following votes, viz.: 1. Voted unanimously to petition the General Assembly of this Colony to take off and cancel that obnoxious name, — HUTCHINSON; 2. Voted unanimously that it would give content to the inhabitants of this town to be incorporated by the name of that ever-memorable friend to the rights and liberties of America, — WILKES. We, your humble petitioners, wishing success to the American cause, expecting our petition to be granted, which we in duty are bound, shall ever pray.

(Signed)

JOHN MASON, NATHAN SPARHAWK, PETER FESSENDEN, ANDREW PARKER,	}	<i>Committee in behalf of the Town.</i>
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HUTCHINSON, 5th February, 1776.

THE ACT FOR CHANGING THE NAME.

AN ACT FOR DISCONTINUING THE NAME OF A TOWN IN THE COUNTY OF WORCESTER, LATELY INCORPORATED BY THE NAME OF HUTCHINSON, AND CALLING THE SAME BARRE.

Whereas the inhabitants of the town of Hutchinson have, by their petition, represented to this Court, that, in June, 1774, when the said town was incorporated, General Gage, the then Governor, gave it the name of Hutchinson, in honor to, and to perpetuate the memory of, Thomas Hutchinson, his immediate predecessor in the chair of government, whom they justly style the well-known enemy of the natural and stipulated rights of America; and that, at a town-meeting notified for that purpose, they voted unanimously to petition, and accordingly have petitioned, the General Court, that the name of the said town might be altered, and that it might no longer bear the disgraceful name of Hutchinson; —

And whereas there is a moral fitness that traitors and parricides, — especially such as have remarkably distinguished themselves in that odious character, and have long labored to deprive their native country of its most valuable rights and privileges, and to destroy every constitutional guard against the evils of an all-enslaving despotism, — should be held up to public view in their true characters, to be execrated by mankind; and that there should remain no other memorials of them than such as will transmit their names with infamy to posterity; —

And whereas the said Thomas Hutchinson, contrary to every obligation of duty and gratitude to this his native country, which raised him from private life to the highest and most lucrative offices in the government, has acted towards her the part of a traitor and parricide, as above described, which has been clearly manifested to the world by his letters lately published; and, by his having thus acted, it has become fit and just that every honorable memorial of him should be obliterated and cease, —

Therefore be it enacted by the Council and House of Representatives of the State of Massachusetts Bay, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, that the land lying in the county of Worcester, formerly called Rutland District, and, in June, 1774, incorporated into a town by the name of Hutchinson, shall no longer bear that name, but henceforth shall be called and known by the name of Barre, the aforesaid incorporating act notwithstanding; and all officers in the said town shall hold and exercise their offices respectively in the same manner as they would have done had not the name of the said town been altered.

(Signed) S. DALTON, *Speaker pro tem.*

Nov. 7, 1776.

(Also signed by the Council.)

B. — PAGE 10.

In reply to Colonel Barre, who had served in America, and who made a speech against the bill [the stamp tax], Townshend, one of the ministers, spoke of the colonists as "children planted by our care, nourished by our indul-

gence, and protected by our arms." Barre's indignant retort produced a great sensation in the House. "They planted by your care? No! your oppressions planted them in America. They nourished by your indulgence? They grew up by your neglect of them. They protected by your arms? Those sons of liberty have nobly taken up arms in your defence. I claim to know more of America than most of you, having been conversant in that country. The people, I believe, are as truly loyal subjects as the king has, but a people jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them should they ever be violated." — *Hildreth's Hist. of the United States*, vol. ii. pp. 524–5.

No full report of this speech was ever made, but the news of it produced a great impression in this country. The following proceedings and votes of the town of Boston in relation to it are copied from its town-records, and are deemed of sufficient interest to be put into this note:—

Anno 1765, Sept. 18. — Boston Town Records, vol. iv. p. 655.

On a motion made and seconded, it was unanimously voted that the Hon. James Otis, Esq., the moderator, the Hon. Samuel Wells, Esq., the Hon. Harrison Gray, Esq., the Hon. Royal Tyler, Esq., Joshua Henshaw, Esq., John Rowe, Esq., Mr. Samuel Adams, be a committee to draw up, and transmit by the first opportunity, to the Right Honorable General Conway, now one of His Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, and to Colonel Isaac Barre, a member of Parliament, several addresses, humbly expressing the sincere thanks of this metropolis of His Majesty's ancient and loyal province of the Massachusetts Bay, for their noble, generous, and truly patriotic speeches at the last session of Parliament, in favor of the Colonies, their rights and privileges; and that correct copies of the same be desired, that they may be deposited among our most precious archives. Also voted, that these gentlemen's pictures, as soon as they can be obtained, be placed in Faneuil Hall, as a standing monument to all posterity of the virtue and justice of our benefactors, and a lasting proof of our gratitude.

Anno 1766, May 6. — Vol. iv. p. 699.

The following is a copy of a letter from Colonel Barre, Member of Parliament, to James Otis, Esq., chairman of the committee appointed to transmit him the thanks of the inhabitants of this metropolis, for his patriotic speech at the last session of Parliament, in favor of the Colonies, which was laid before the town by said Mr. Otis: —

“Sir, — It is with the highest sense of the honor done me I acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated Boston, New England, September 20th, with the unanimous resolution of the committee inclosed, containing expressions of approbation from the metropolis of His Majesty’s ancient and loyal province of the Massachusetts Bay, which are exceedingly flattering to me. During the last war, the course of my profession gave me frequent and pleasing opportunities of observing attentively the spirit, loyalty, and attachment of His Majesty’s North American subjects, in support of a war begun in defence of the limits of North America, and continued to the honor and immortal glory of this nation in every part of the world.

“My natural attachment to this country, a regard to its most solid interests, to its improvements in time of peace (which so greatly depends on the establishing our late extended commerce upon those generous and steady principles which a happy experience and the information of those most materially concerned can suggest), and to the uniting of our strength in case of any future rupture, has and will ever make me desirous of promoting every measure that may contribute to those good effects, and o strongly deprecating those of a contrary tendency. My conduct in Parliament, so obligingly referred to, being the real sentiments of my heart, was the natural result of these considerations. The terms in which they were delivered were such as the particular circumstances of time and place first suggested, and such as I cannot possibly, at this distance, charge my memory with. They were not premeditated, nor are they perhaps worthy to be remembered. I must therefore beg your mediation, sir, with the respectable body whose pen you hold, to excuse my troubling them with an imperfect repetition of words in themselves of little use in North America. But, if there should be any call for the like exertion in Europe, I beg leave through your means to

assure them that no consideration shall make me forget my duty, whensoever an occasion presents itself, of promoting to the utmost of my ability the united interest of Great Britain and her Colonies.

"As long as the inhabitants of Massachusetts Bay will continue to regard the motives of my conduct, and not the consequences, I do not despair of retaining what I shall ever esteem among the greatest rewards, — their approbation, of which I cannot have a more honorable or distinguishing mark than that contained in the last part of their resolution, — a flattering request which I shall comply with as soon as possible.

"My being abroad the whole summer prevented me from having the honor of receiving your letter sooner than the end of December: this circumstance I beg may be communicated to the gentlemen of the committee, and to your respectable fellow-citizens. At the same time, you will accept, I hope, of my sincere thanks for your very polite manner of communicating to me their sentiments, and for the trouble you have had on the occasion.

"I am, with the greatest respect and personal regard,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient and most humble servant,

"ISAAC BARRE.

"LONDON, Jan. 11, 1766.

"To the Hon. James Otis, Esq."

Anno 1767, March 16.

That article in the warrant, viz. "And in what manner the town will acknowledge the receipt of Colonel Barre's picture," was read, whereupon —

Voted, That the Hon. James Otis, Esq., John Hancock, Esq., John Rowe, Esq., Ezekiel Goldthwait, Esq., John Erving, Esq., be a committee to take this matter into consideration, and report at the adjournment.

Anno 1767, May 8.

The committee relative to Colonel Barre's picture made a verbal report, whereupon —

Voted, That those gentlemen, viz. James Otis, Esq., John Hancock, Esq., John Rowe, Esq., Ezekiel Goldthwait, Esq.,

John Erving, jun., Esq., be and they hereby are appointed a committee to write a letter to the Hon. Colonel Barre, informing him of the receipt of his picture; and that the same, by the unanimous order of the town, is placed in Faneuil Hall. And said committee are empowered and directed to engage some person to write to his correspondent in London to pay to Mr. Duncan Clark, or the painter, the cost of having said picture, and any other expense that has attended the same; which sum the inhabitants hereby oblige themselves to repay and reimburse.

Anno 1769.

October 18, 10 o'clock, A.M. — Met according to adjournment. The Hon. James Otis, Esq., chairman of the committee appointed to transmit a petition of the town to the Hon. Isaac Barre, Esq., of London, by him to be presented to His Majesty, received the following letter, which was read to the town: —

“BATH, July 20, 1769.

“Sir, — I had the honor of receiving your letter, with its inclosures, on the first of June. It gives me very great satisfaction to find that my public conduct continues to meet with the approbation of so respectable a body of His Majesty's loyal subjects, and I feel myself much flattered with receiving the commands of the inhabitants of Boston. I am now to acquaint you that the day after your letter reached my hand, I had the honor of laying at the king's feet the petition, which you transmitted to me, addressed to His Majesty.

“Your fellow-citizens, sir, may rest assured that their application to the throne for redress has not upon this occasion been intercepted.

“Their situation and grievances, as stated by themselves, are now fully known to their sovereign, whose princely virtues give them abundant reason to be persuaded with me that his heart will feel, and his own genuine wisdom will, in due course of time, dictate the most proper methods of alleviating the distresses of his faithful subjects, however remote they may be from his royal presence.

“Permit me to add my sincere wishes that the future measures for the better governing of America may be of such a conciliating

nature as will effectually restore that affection and obedience which formerly characterized all the dependencies of this great nation.

"I am, with personal esteem and regard,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient and most humble servant,

"ISAAC BARRE."

Anno 1769, October 18.

Upon a motion made, Voted unanimously that the thanks of the town be and hereby are given to the Hon. Isaac Barre, Esq., a member of Parliament, for his singular service to the town in waiting upon our gracious sovereign in person, and presenting to His Majesty their humble and dutiful petition for the redress of grievances; and that the Hon. Thomas Cushing, Esq., Mr. Samuel Adams, John Adams, Esq., the Hon. James Otis, Esq., Dr. Joseph Warren, Richard Dana, Esq., Joshua Henshaw, Esq., Joseph Jackson, Esq., Benjamin Kent, be a committee respectfully to transmit this vote of thanks to Colonel Barre, as soon as may be.

C. — PAGE 27.

Mrs. Thompson was the eldest daughter of the late Hon. Seth Washburn, of Raynham. Possessing a remarkably cheerful temper, united with great benevolence, she made perpetual sunshine by her presence. The late Rev. Samuel Deane, of Scituate, married one of her sisters, a woman of uncommon intelligence and character, now gone to her reward. Two sisters survive,—long may they be spared!—one, Flora Washburn, keeping the old family mansion; the other, Mrs. Amelia James, the wife of Josiah L. James, Esq., of Chicago, Illinois. Mrs. Thompson died, after a long and distressing illness, which she bore with a constancy of faith and cheerful submission rarely witnessed,

on the 24th day of May, 1835, at the age of 52 years. The following notice of her from a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Wellington, of Templeton, on the Sunday after her interment, is republished from the "Christian Register:" —

In this afflicting dispensation, the friends of this Christian lady mourn the loss of one, the review of whose virtues, character, and life, may not only yield *them* consolation in the contemplation of the prospects which Christianity unfolds, but be of use to *others*, as an excitement to diligence in the labors and duties of their Christian calling.

In the deceased there were virtues and qualities of mind and heart which endeared her to the community in which she resided, and fitted her, in an eminent degree, to occupy with honor and usefulness the station she was called to fill. As a wife, while she honored her husband, and scrupulously consulted his happiness, the welfare and comfort of his children, and the success of his ministry, she secured his respect and confidence. How well she discharged the duties of domestic life is known and remembered by those who saw her in them, and were her most intimate associates. These duties she did not regard as beneath the Christian's notice or character, nor inconsistent with her obligations to God and the Saviour. On the other hand, she regarded them as pertaining essentially to her, not only as a wife and mother, but as a Christian.

As a mother, she felt a strong attachment to her children, was prompt to relieve their wants, and cherished a deep solicitude for their welfare, and sought it carefully with prayers and tears. Indeed, so many expressions of tenderness and good-will did they witness and receive, and so many advantages have resulted to them from her maternal solicitude and care, that, now the hand that reared and guided them is powerless, and the lips that taught and counselled them are stiffened in death, will her memory be cherished in their grateful hearts and recollections, and by them will her name be honored and blessed. She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness. She looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness. Her children rose up, and called her blessed; her husband also, and he praised her.

But it is in a religious point of view, more especially, that the character of the deceased gathers importance. How deeply she felt the importance of religion and a religious character to herself, how fully she realized the importance of her profession, and her personal responsibility, and how much pleasure religion imparted to her mind, appeared from her attention to, and uniform observance of, the ordinances and institutions of Christ's kingdom.

As religion had yielded pleasures to her mind, and a controlling power over her conduct in life, it was during the period when her health had declined, and towards the close of life, that it seemed to improve her joys, and exert a more softening influence on her heart. It was then that she felt more deeply all the tender sympathies of nature, all the power and tenderness of parental love and attachment; and in the interchange of endearing attentions and smiles and kind offices between her and her anxious partner and children and friends, was her happiness increased. It was then that her heart seemed to expand in kind wishes, and feelings of benevolent concern, not only to those within the circle of her friends and intimate acquaintances, but to others, none of whom did she feel a disposition to exclude from a share in her charitable feelings on account of any difference of religious opinions. Though she had her particular favorite views, yet she did not yield to the temptation to deny to others the Christian character and hopes. Whenever she discovered the Christian temper, the image of Christ, she loved the subject; and their supposed errors did not hinder her extending to any her Christian regards. The spirit and feelings she expressed and manifested on this subject were such as we could wish and devoutly pray may pervade and actuate every member of every sect and denomination of Christians; such as will be found in every meek and humble follower of Christ.

Such were some of the virtues, such the character, of Mrs. T., whose mortal remains were recently committed to the bosom of the earth. And such a character and life must secure to her friends, who survive her but to mourn, the privilege of mourning not without hope. Yes, we indulge them in the consolations imparted by the hope that what is their loss is her gain; that, since she has left the scenes of earth, she has found an entrance into those regions, seen by the apostle only in prophetic visions

and revelations, which the things that so often embitter the pilgrimage of mortal man can never invade. "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

To the bereaved husband of the deceased, deprived as he now is of the companion of his journey, the sharer of his pleasures and hopes, his burdens and toils, cares and solitudes, her death must be an irreparable loss. We wish for him the consolations derived from those sources to which he has been accustomed to point the beloved people of his charge in seasons of trial and sorrow. And may he and they so mingle their joys in prosperity, their sorrows and sympathies in adversity, their labors, cares, and solitudes in preparing for that great change which awaits them, that they may finally meet with those who have gone before them in bliss, and mingle their praises together in that future world

"Where momentary ages are no more,"

and time and chance and pain and suffering and death are ended.

D. — PAGE 31.

THE BARRE SLAVE CASE,

THE FIRST TRIED UNDER THE CONSTITUTION OF 1779-80.

I am indebted to the learned and accurate pen of the Rev. GEORGE ALLEN, of Worcester, for the following statement. I regret that the length of his very able letter on the subject prevents its publication entire:—

This was the case of a negro man named Walker, belonging to this town. Quock, as Walker was commonly called,—for slaves, having in law no fathers, and their mothers no husbands, have themselves no surnames, but are called like horses and dogs, as the whims of their masters and a degrading system may dictate,—had been a slave of Nathaniel Jennison, a substantial farmer of Barre, who still claimed him as a slave. The constitution was ratified in the spring of 1780, and it was now sum-

mer, when a long day's freedom was worth something more than a short day's bondage in winter. Haying was at hand, and Quock was a rare hand at haying. About this time, William Caldwell, senior, a neighbor of Jennison, and of Quock too, told the latter that he was a free man, and offered him wages if he would bear the heat and burden of the day on his farm, — a proposal made still more inviting by the promise of Caldwell that he would stand between him and harm if Jennison should punish him for being free. Quock loved both liberty and the reward of his own hard toil, though he had never tasted of either; and, being in other respects a man, though an African, pondered the matter, and resolved to be a freeman in Caldwell's employ rather than be a slave in Jennison's for nothing. Accordingly, on a summer's morning, having had orders the night before from Jennison to be up betimes and mow in his field, Quock was up by daybreak, and soon found his way to Caldwell's meadow, with a scythe as busy and as sure as Time's. After a while, Jennison went to his field to see that all was well; but Quock was not there, nor any trace of his handiwork: not a swarth was laid, not a flower of the field fallen. Jennison, who was a man of sense, quickly cast about him, and suspected the whereabouts of the fugitive. He at once hied over to Caldwell's farm, where, at a distance, he soon spied Quock, as busy in Caldwell's meadow as he had ever seen him in his own. He suddenly stopped on the brow of the hill, and halloed to the new-made freeman *to go home!* but Quock was so attentive to his work, or so engrossed in contemplating the sweets of liberty, that he seemed to hear nothing from a distance. Jennison hurried down the hill, and, having come within sure hailing distance, tried the persuasion of *hard threats*; but all in vain, for Quock, encouraged by Caldwell's presence, and not forgetting the promise of a strong and resolute man to stand between him and harm, answered never a word, but kept on mowing, as though nothing had happened. Jennison, baffled in his experiment, and well knowing where he was, and with whom he had to do, went back, more vexed than he came, resolved to bide his time, which, after lingering, at last came, though not altogether in the very shape he looked for.

How soon Jennison re-assumed his authority over Quock, as his slave, I cannot say; but the first experiment I know of was that which gave rise to the trial in the Supreme Court, whose

issue settled for ever the question of slavery in Massachusetts; and it is remarkable that so few particulars are recorded of a case which excited, at the time of the occurrence, so much interest, and was followed by consequences so marked and lasting. Seventy years have elapsed since the issue was tried, and freedom triumphed. The men who witnessed it are gone; and the voices of tradition have become few and indistinct. The personal narrative already given is related on hearsay, not very recent. What follows I take from a copy of the record of court, obtained several years ago, and now before me in the crabbed and uncouth dialect of ancient legal barbarity.

By the record it appears, that, "on the first day of May, A.D. 1781, the said Nathaniel, with his fist and a large stick, which the said Nathaniel held in his hand, the said Quock did beat, bruise, and evilly intreat, and him the said Quock, with force and arms, did imprison during the space of two hours." The indictment was found at the September term of the Supreme Court, 1781; but the trial did not take place till the April term of 1783, at which term Jennison was found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of forty shillings, with the costs of prosecution, and ordered to stand committed till sentence be performed. The record states that Jennison pleaded *not guilty*, but does not indicate the ground of his defence, nor any opinion of the court from which it might be inferred. Both, however, are briefly stated by Dr. Belknap, in his correspondence with Judge Tucker, of Virginia, in 1796, in which he says: "His [Jennison's] defence was, that the black was his slave, and that the beating, &c., was the necessary restraint and correction of the master. This was answered by citing the clause in the Declaration of Rights,—'All men are born free and equal.' The judges and jury were of opinion that he had no right to beat or imprison the negro."—(Collections of Mass. Hist. Society, vol. iv.)

The issue of the prosecution of Jennison was virtually the decision of the highest tribunal in the State, that slavery had no legal existence in Massachusetts; and its immediate effect was to set free all who were then held in bondage within her jurisdiction. It carried out, in its true idea, the unanimous resolve of the convention that formed the constitution, "that the government of Massachusetts shall be a **FREE REPUBLIC**." It was the first decision on this continent, if not the first in the world, which gave

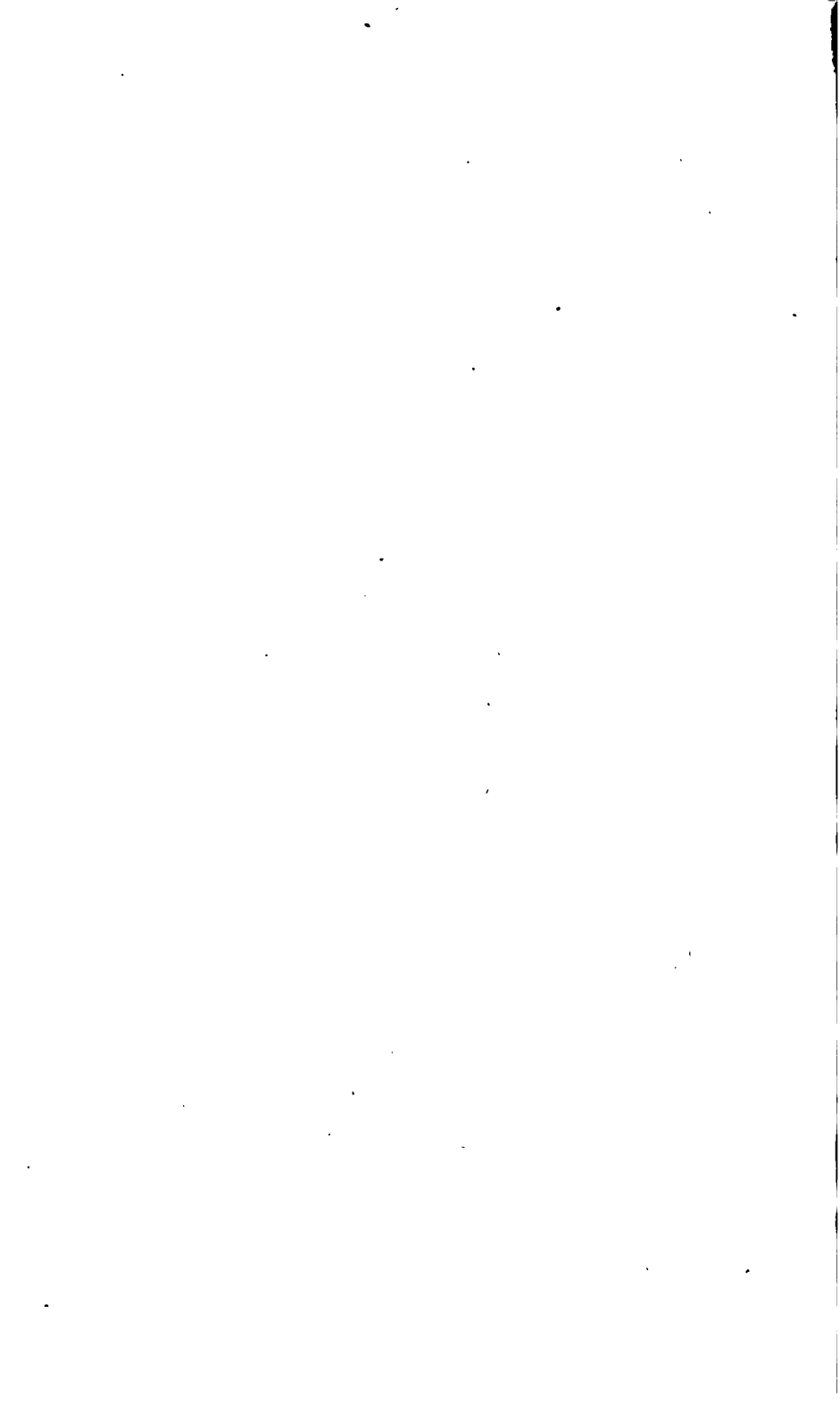
freedom to the collective slaves of a sovereign State where a like servitude had been expressly or tacitly allowed. Several cases, however, had occurred, in other parts of Massachusetts, of slaves suing their masters in the inferior courts for freedom and wages; and "the juries invariably gave their verdict in favor of liberty;" but the legal effect of such verdicts reached none but the parties immediately concerned. . . . I have searched, both here and in Boston, where the early records of the Supreme Court were exclusively kept, for the list of the grand jury which found the indictment, but without success. The names of the jury which tried the *Barre Slave Case*, if I may now venture to call it such, were—foreman, Jonas How, and fellows, William McFarland, Isaac Choate, Joseph Bigelow, John White, Daniel Ballard, Ebenezer Lovell, Phillips Goodridge, John Lyon, Jonathan Woodbury, Thomas White, and John Town.

E. — PAGE 32.

Thinking I saw in my parish unusual indifference to the ministrations of the sanctuary; fearing that they were getting tired of the voice to which they had been so long used; believing also that a younger man would be more able to awaken an interest in the subject of religion; and discovering, as I thought, premonitions that my life was soon to close, I was for a considerable period very anxious that a successor should be established in my place. I knew, at the same time, that the parish could not well support two ministers. Accordingly, on the 9th of June, 1845, I sent a communication to the parish, asking to "be released from the active duties of the pastoral office as soon as a suitable preacher could be obtained in my place," and relinquishing my salary. Whereupon it was voted, "That the parish comply with the request of the Rev. Dr. Thompson to withdraw his services as the laboring clergy-

man of the parish, in order that a young man may be selected as their spiritual guide; and that the self-sacrificing proposition he has made for accomplishing this object evinces that deep interest in the growth and prosperity of the society which has ever marked his conduct in regard to this Christian flock."

My first colleague, the Rev. Henry F. Bond, was ordained January 7, 1846, and resigned April 1, 1851. My present colleague, the Rev. Charles E. Hodges, was ordained on the 11th day of June, 1851.



PROCEEDINGS.

It having been understood that Dr. THOMPSON intended to notice the occasion of his Fiftieth Anniversary by appropriate services, at the suggestion of SAMUEL WADSWORTH, Esq., of Boston, and upon consultation by friends in that city, the following circular was issued :—

BOSTON, November, 1853.

Sir, — On Wednesday, the 11th day of January next, will occur the Fiftieth Anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. JAMES THOMPSON, D.D., as pastor of “the First Parish in Barre ;” and it is proposed to notice the occasion by religious and other appropriate public observances.

At the present time, in New England, once so noted for the continued labors of her clergymen over the flocks of their charge through many succeeding years, it is a rare event for a Christian minister to find himself, near the close of a long life, at the head of the same parish that welcomed him to her service in his early days ; and, when such an event occurs as the one to which we allude, it is worthy of commemoration.

Actuated by this feeling, a meeting of former members of “the Old Society” was held in Boston on the 17th inst. ; and the undersigned were chosen a Committee to extend an invitation to those who have gone out from the parish to reside in other sections of the country, to assemble in Barre on the occasion alluded to ; and the Committee were instructed to make any arrangements which may be deemed expedient to render the anniversary a time of joyful reunion of those who, in times past, gathered around the same Christian altar, and listened to the instructions of him

who, after the lapse of half a century of ministerial labors, is still in the land of the living to invoke a blessing on those who may assemble around him on the eventful day.

In furtherance of the object, the Committee would urgently invite you to be present on the occasion; and, furthermore, it has been suggested that not only custom in such cases, but numerous considerations, make it proper that there should be presented to the venerable pastor, at the time, some tangible token of the respect and affection in which he is held by those who were formerly of his flock. The propriety of such a token of regard cannot be questioned by those who know of the sacrifices which his love for the Society has led him to make, and which, in his old age, deprived him of that support which gratitude and affection should supply.

The funds contributed will be presented to Dr. Thompson on the day of the anniversary ceremonies, and the names of the donors will be communicated with the same.

Any sum which you may be pleased to transmit you will inclose to either of the Committee, who will see that it is added to the common fund.

Assurances have been received from the Rev. Dr. Thompson, that he will deliver an Address to the past and present members of the parish, in the Unitarian Church, at half past ten o'clock, A.M., on the day alluded to. In the evening of the same day, the Society will hold a levee at the Town Hall.

Among the objects it is designed to promote by a public observance of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the settlement of Dr. Thompson, is that of drawing those together who were formerly residents of the town, but who are now scattered over the land, that they may renew and keep alive those friendships which were formed in earlier years; more especially, however, to offer the venerable pastor those assurances of respect and affection which will cheer and comfort him in his old age.

MARSHALL S. PERRY, Boston.

DANIEL HARWOOD, „

SAMUEL WADSWORTH, „

J. HENRY HILL, Worcester.

TIMOTHY JENKINS, Oneida Castle, N.Y.

ALDEN B. SMITH, Madison, Indiana.

ASA HAPGOOD, City of New York.

The parish also held a meeting, and appointed a Committee to make the proper arrangements. That Committee immediately issued the circular below : —

On Wednesday, the 11th day of January next, will occur the Fiftieth Anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. James Thompson, D.D., as pastor of "the First Parish in Barre;" and the event will be noticed by appropriate public observances.

The Rev. Dr. Thompson will deliver a Discourse in the Unitarian Church, at half past ten o'clock, A.M.; and, on the evening of the same day, the members of the Society will hold a levee at the Town Hall, for the purpose of publicly welcoming their friends from abroad, and to furnish an opportunity for the interchange of affectionate greetings and congratulations.

The Committee cordially extend an invitation to the public to be present, and would state, that such assurances have been received from several gentlemen of distinction in various parts of the country of their intention to take a part in the anniversary ceremonies, as will render the occasion one of unusual interest.

Ample arrangements will be made by the Committee to entertain all who may visit Barre for the purpose of being present at the anniversary.

WILLARD BROAD,
HIRAM WADSWORTH,
JAMES W. JENKINS, Jr.,
ABIATHER LAWRENCE,
DANIEL CUMMINGS,
LYMAN F. ROGERS,
LEMUEL P. RICE.

BARRE, Dec. 28, 1853.

Pursuant to these invitations, and a general notice from all the pulpits of the town, a very large congregation, crowding the church, was assembled on the morning of the 11th. The day was pleasant, and the occasion brought together many — ministers and laymen — from all the neighboring towns, who seemed well-pleased to participate, with the returned children of Barre and those at home, in the religious and social festivities. The exercises were as follows : —

I. INVOCATION BY REV. HENRY F. BOND, OF DOVER, N.H.

II. ANTHEM — "OH ! LET US SING UNTO THE LORD."

III. PRAYER BY REV. CHARLES E. HODGES, JUNIOR PASTOR.

IV. HYMN, READ BY DR. THOMPSON.

God of my childhood and my youth,
 The Guide of all my days,
 I have declared thy heavenly truth,
 And told thy wondrous ways.

Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
 And leave my fainting heart ?
 Who shall sustain my sinking years,
 If God, my strength, depart ?

Let me thy power and truth proclaim
 Before the rising age,
 And leave a savor of thy name
 When I shall quit the stage.

The land of silence and of death
 Attends my next remove ;
 Oh, may these poor remains of breath
 Teach all the world thy love !

V. SERMON.

VI. PRAYER BY DR. THOMPSON.

VII. DOXOLOGY — "FROM ALL THAT DWELL BELOW THE SKIES."
 [Sung by the Congregation.]

VIII. THE APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION.

LEVEE.— In the evening, a large number of ladies and gentlemen belonging to Barre welcomed their friends at the Town Hall. Here the proceedings were highly interesting. A table was laid from end to end through the middle of the hall, which was abundantly supplied with good things for the appetite, and tastefully ornamented with flowers. After an hour spent in animated conversation, during which many old friendships were renewed, the company was called to order, when a blessing was invoked by Rev. ALPHEUS HARDING, of New Salem, a native of Barre, and one of the oldest and most respected ministers in the vicinity. At the close of the feast, the President of the evening, Hon. N. F. BRYANT, took the chair, and, in a few appropriate and eloquent words, introduced the Hon. TIMOTHY JENKINS, late member of Congress, from Oneida Castle, N.Y. Mr. Jenkins spoke as follows :—

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen,— Before proceeding to the execution of the trust assigned me, allow me to congratulate you upon this occasion. The day has been one of great interest to us all. This renewal of early associations, this reunion of affections, so fruitful of rational enjoyment at all times, is at this time inexpressibly dear to my heart. Let us treasure it up in recollection. Let us make it the means of uniting us more closely in the bonds of fraternal and Christian fellowship.

We who have taken up our abode out of this parish have come as to a father's house, to take our aged pastor by the hand, to listen to instruction from his lips, and to celebrate the day with our brethren here. Our lots have been cast, in some instances, remote from each other, and far from the scenes of our youth ; but we have never neglected to turn our affections to the homes of our parents, and to bring into the family circle our early religious teacher and friend. Could these imaginary groups prove a reality, hearts now touched with sadness would swell with irrepressible and unrestrained joy. I know that some that are gone rise up in your memories, and who, if living, would have been present, and not less buoyant in spirit, not less generous

in affectionate regard, than the foremost here. For here they received the first impulse which awakened them to the appropriate duties of life. Here they learned the first lessons, moral and religious, which shone upon their pathway as a lamp to their feet through this to another and a better state of existence. If the departed are allowed to look down upon the transactions of this world, then indeed has this been a day of triumphant thanksgiving.

Reverend sir, I am appointed by many former members of your parish to present you this purse of money, not as the measure, but in some degree emblematical, of our high regard to you as a friend, and of our warmest gratitude for your long and faithful services, and your eminent ability and success as a religious teacher. We beg you to accept it, sir. It is the heart's voluntary offering to a whole life of usefulness.

I take the more pleasure in the performance of this trust, because a suitable opportunity is thereby afforded for alluding to circumstances brought fresh to mind by the present celebration. I like to dwell upon my native town, and events which have transpired here. I like to speak of the people, their enterprise, their prosperity, their intelligence, their genial friendship, and their educational and religious institutions. But, upon this occasion, allow me to confine my remarks chiefly to subjects relating to the First Congregational Society and their respected senior pastor.

If, sir, you were a young man, having advanced but a little way upon a career of usefulness, instead of indulging in the freedom of remark which I propose, some remote allusion to yourself and your labors would be more appropriate. But I am quite sure that you, whose life mainly rests in the past, whose early aspirations have gone into unchanging history, will allow a friend, though somewhat below you on the scale of time, to speak frankly, without incurring the charge of adulation.

A half-century sermon is an unusual occurrence at any time, — a rare one where, as in the present instance, the clergyman has remained pastor of the same society for the period of fifty years. This is high commendation both to pastor and people. It evinces a steadiness of purpose, essential alike to the successful maintenance of religious institutions, and the achievement of all valuable results.

Fifty years ago to-day, in the old meeting-house upon the common, then without a spire, but of comely aspect and stately dimensions, a scene transpired not yet effaced from the memory of any inhabitant now living. The numerous free seats in front of the old-fashioned pulpit, the capacious square pews, and the long range of galleries, were early filled to their utmost capacity. Decrepit age, more in the next world than in this, bending over his staff, was there to hallow with thank-offering the impressive ceremonial of the day. Manhood, laying aside the pressure of worldly cares, with thoughtful brow and hopeful heart, was there; for upon him devolved the high duty of providing moral and religious instruction for that and the rising generation. Matronly devotion, youth and beauty, the beaming face of childhood,—all were there, breathing forth emotions joyous but multitudinous as were the diversities of age, thought, affections, ties, and relationships. The neighboring clergy, bearing no imposing insignia of hierarchy, no blandishments of temporal power, but clothed with the simple and sublime “right to preach the gospel because they had the ability to preach the gospel,” constituted an attractive group; for genius and virtue and piety, then as ever, held dominion over the best affections of the heart. I need not describe the intense interest with which the assembled congregation fixed their attention upon *one* among that group. They could not suppress feelings of conscious pride, when the young clergyman, just ripened into the full vigor of manhood, gifted by nature, endowed from the rich treasury of the schools, and taught of our divine Master, rose before them to take upon himself his duties as their ordained pastor.

Upon both sides this new connection had been well considered. On the one hand, it was gratifying that a young clergyman of great promise had accepted the parish call; on the other, that a large and affluent Society should with great unanimity give their confidence to a man so young. The words that were there said, the prayers that were offered, and the hymns that were sung, produced a deep and lasting impression, and tended to work out, in practical result, what before had existed only in expectation.

Thus, on that day, in that house, reverently dedicated to the service of God and the preparation of man for a higher and happier state of being, were you ordained the pastor of this

parish, — an event so connected with the educational, moral, and religious culture of this town as to make an epoch in its history.

This connection of pastor and people is allied to ties of the nearest kindred. He shares their joys and their sorrows. He is identified with their prosperity. Their calamity is his calamity. The delicate and multiplied relations of life are laid open to his counsel. He watches, with parental care, the unfolding of early promise, and skilfully bends the pliant shoot upwards. If, in the course of events, some spark is struck into the youthful mind, which kindles and burns, — if some of his flock, impelled by the healthy development of latent powers in the soul, range beyond the common orbit, and shine in remoter skies, there also, like a guardian angel, are his encouraging aspirations to sway and sustain. In health or in sickness, by the cradle or at the grave, the appointed disciple of our great Master chastens joy or assuages grief with the consolations of our holy religion.

It has been your lot, sir, in no common measure, to fill the highest ideal of a religious teacher. You were among the first to enlarge the sphere of parochial duties, by extending your fostering hand to the school-room. You, at the time, could not have been aware of the full effect produced by your inspiring influence in these little nurseries of virtue and knowledge. You were there brought in close proximity to the discerning and delicately sensitive minds of youth, who treasured up every encouraging look and every kind word of their revered pastor. I remember, to this day, with what admirable address and natural tenderness you brushed off the rough edge of a remark which had inadvertently fallen from another, and caused joy to beam from the bright eye which had just been clouded by a tear. Like Him who “took little children in his arms,” you had learned the way to the heart of the young. They felt no awkward constraint in your presence, no license to indulge in rudeness; but, elevated by your own bearing, a spirit of manly and womanly emulation insensibly pervaded the little congregation of learners, imparting polish to manners, dignity to character, and attraction to virtue. Among the glorious gifts of Providence, I rank that the highest which comes to and mingles with the spontaneous, overflowing affections of children. Above the arts of oratory, it is itself the heart and soul of eloquence. Much of your usefulness is attributable to this high endowment. Your precepts and your example,

caught up by youth, perhaps in some remote and unobserved corner, have been carried as upon wings, and scattered broadcast over the land.

The controversy between Unitarian and Trinitarian Christians is the most important event which has ever occurred in the ecclesiastical history of this country. When we consider the magnitude of the questions involved, the talent and research displayed, and the effects already produced, and still likely to result, from that controversy, we are disposed to rank it second only to the Reformation of the fifteenth century. Like the American Revolution, its origin dates far back of the open rupture; but it came on so gradually, that few, if any, anticipated the magnitude of the storm that was coming. That such a wide difference of opinion should, at that day, create a corresponding chasm in society, was obvious. It was quite natural, that this difference, great as it truly was, should be magnified far beyond the reality; and that Christian fellowship should be denied to those who rejected creeds venerable for authorship and age, though repugnant alike to reason and the teachings of Scripture. Hence, sacrifices were to be endured, friendships broken, affections alienated.

Some minds are naturally controlled by sternness and severity. Others, differently constituted, are guided chiefly by the milder virtues of humanity and benevolence. Man, therefore, when left free to choose for himself, usually adopts that form of religion, which, from its coincidence with his native tendencies, is calculated to produce the most salutary influence upon his own conduct. The Calvinistic and Unitarian theologies were well suited to supply the wants of these two classes of intellect. It was therefore to be expected, that both should develop themselves in your parish.

All of the patience of your great Exemplar, and wisdom more than human, were needed in this severe struggle. The denial to Unitarians of a place upon the catalogue of Christians, the hot severity with which our faith was denounced, and the assumed duty of the votaries of Calvinistic Christianity, without much reference to adequate ability, of sounding their shibboleth in all ears, willing or unwilling, greatly complicated your pastoral duties. You did not meet denunciation with denunciation; you did not rebuke exclusion by exclusion; you did not invade the walks of private life with dogmatic theology; but, by the humility of your devotions, with the peaceful armor of reason and

revelation in the desk, and by the purity of your daily life, you safely led your flock through that fitful gale.

“And as the bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,”

so, with equal tenderness and unsurpassed skill, you guided the minds and affections of your hearers onward towards that higher life, where the trials and afflictions of this are unknown.

I am far from regarding this controversy between Unitarian and Trinitarian Christians as a calamity. It has stimulated thought, extended religious inquiry, and greatly contributed to a more thorough examination of the Holy Scriptures. If this controversy had transpired in some other countries, bloodshed might have been the result. But here each party, unaided by the civil arm, was obliged to resort to reason and revelation as the only appropriate weapons. These weapons never fail to produce peaceful results. Hence we find the parties much nearer together than when the contest began. Whatever may be said of Unitarians and their present position, certain it is that the leading minds in the Trinitarian ranks — Barnes, Bushnell, Park, and the Beechers — have so modified many of the sterner points in the old Calvinistic theology, as to approach, in some respects, quite near the line of Unitarianism, without losing caste in the ranks of Orthodoxy. This result has been produced by honest, frank, and persevering investigation and study. More sound knowledge upon both sides will yet contribute to greater unity; for truth is universal, — error, limited and partial.

The field of your labors has been as broad in extent as duration. From the seaboard to the valley of the Mississippi, churches and school-houses, cities, villages, and hamlets, have welcomed from your voice the tidings of salvation. When shall another rise up, and, in the same self-sacrificing spirit, minister to the religious wants of the destitute? Who else, at such an advanced age, will forego the peaceful enjoyments of home and kindred, to heed the call of the hungry and the naked? In such service, life has no afternoon: it is all morning. It has no night; for deeds like these perpetually illumine the soul.

The sharp conflicts which signalized the first half of the present century are happily passing away; and a broader and a more generous spirit is gradually extending itself among all denomina-

tions. The better minds of the present day have come to regard sectarianism as a malady; for it circumscribes thought, and stifles the noblest impulses of the heart. How much has been lost by the frigid partition-walls contrived and built up by the arrogance and selfishness of man! When shall that free, *Christian* spirit which knows no bounds be allowed to flow unconstrained everywhere, as from an exhaustless fountain? Surely the soul has depths yet unexplored; virtues yet to be developed; affections stronger and better than have yet been permitted to take their appropriate place upon the theatre of action. Sir, your high mission of spreading the gospel without referente to these artificial distinctions has been well done. Your large and generous endowments have all been devoted to the dissemination of sound and practical Christianity.

To this address Dr. THOMPSON at once responded extemporaneously, with deep feeling and great beauty of language. The Committee regret that he is wholly unable to recall his reply, so as to report it for publication. They can give, from recollection, only a very imperfect sketch of it. He began something as follows:—

“My honored Friend, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I presume you have all been in situations either of joy or sorrow, when the emotions of the heart were so big and overpowering that the tongue utterly failed in ability to express them. Such is my situation this evening.” He then referred to the circumstances which had awakened these emotions. He said, that, for many days past, he had been receiving letters from one and another of his friends,—some from a distance, and others from the neighborhood,—reviving recollections of their former acquaintance with him, and manifesting their present interest in him, full of kind and tender expressions of unmerited regard; that to-day, besides the exciting and exhausting services of the church, his hand had been pressed with so much warmth by large numbers of his former parishioners, whom he had had the privilege to meet; that now, again, this evening, to listen to such eloquent sentiments as had just fallen from his distinguished but too partial friend; and to see them thus, young and old, expressing their

affection for him, speaking such kind and respectful words, uniting in such generous TESTIMONIALS, — all this so confused, so overcame him, that he had no power to say more, in reply to the address, than that from his heart he thanked them! — he thanked them, one and all, who had contributed to the joy of this occasion by their attendance. He included those from out of town, and those who had quietly left the Old Society to join others in the place, and whom he gladly recognized there, and from some of whom he had received that day renewed proof of their friendship, — he included these with his own immediate household of faith. He thanked them for coming here, and for the very liberal present which they had been pleased to make him. “May God reward you,” he said, “with blessings a hundred fold!” He concluded by adverting to the solemn thought that soon all earthly things with them would be at an end, and by expressing the devout hope and prayer that they might all meet together in “the realms of everlasting day.”

The purse presented by Mr. Jenkins contained the sum of four hundred and twenty-eight dollars. At the same time, a parchment-roll, containing the names of the contributors, — but without mentioning the sum of each, — elegantly engrossed, was placed in the hands of Dr. Thompson. The President then read the following letter from Rev. Mr. WELLINGTON, of Templeton:—

Rev. James Thompson, D.D.: Dear Sir, — It would give me great pleasure to accept your kind invitation to come to Barre on the 11th inst., and be present on the occasion of noticing the fiftieth anniversary of your ordination by appropriate religious services. But I regret exceedingly to say, that, by reason of my recent serious attack of illness, and the want of sufficient recovery therefrom, I am deprived of both the privilege and the honor of an acceptance. Yet, while I shall regret my bodily absence, I shall, at the same time, be with you in spirit on that occasion. It will be one of deep and exciting interest to yourself and to your devoted friends, and still beloved flock; it must bring up afresh reminiscences of incidents and experiences in the past history of your ministry, which will touch a chord that will neither easily

nor soon cease to vibrate in the heart. It must awaken thoughts and reflections, both lively and sober; recollections of associations and events, grave and gay; seasons of gladness and sorrow; "scenes exalted or depressed," in which you have found refuge and support, great peace and consolation in God, in the gospel of his Son, and in the sympathies of a Christian people and of loving hearts. Let me add, that I shall be with you in spirit on that near-approaching occasion, because it will bring vividly to remembrance the period of my own ordination, now nearly forty-seven years ago, at which you were present, and from which may be dated the beginning of an intercourse between us, which, I would flatter myself, has been mutually satisfactory, as it has been to me personally a source of both profit and pleasure, and during which I have had your timely aid, and received many marks, full proofs, of your sympathy and kindness.

Allow me to add further, that my regrets for necessary absence will be relieved greatly by the assurance you have given me, that my friend and classmate, Deacon Greele, will be with you, because he will be a sure helper of your joy and the joy of your many faithful friends; because he will bring with him a just appreciation of the duties, labors, and trials, together with the encouragement and joys, of a minister's work; an appreciation, too, of the true wants and interests of a religious society. So well is he known, and so extensively are his services sought and rendered on public occasions, that his presence on centennial and semi-centennial celebrations is regarded essential to a happy and more successful issue. If I am not much mistaken, he originally designed, studied, and prepared himself for the clerical profession, and wrote, if he did not deliver, occasionally, a few sermons. Why he gave up its pursuit, I know not, neither can I even conjecture the cause, unless it was a misunderstanding, a misapplication of the apostolic injunction, limitation rather, that a Bishop must be the husband of one wife; which some, and he too, of the number, may have interpreted to mean, that in no event, and under no circumstances whatever, shall a minister be allowed to receive, for a second, third, or fourth time, the hand of a fair lady. Be that as it may, his life has been one of large significance, filled with worthy deeds; and it will leave its mark on existing society and the passing generation, so far, at least, as these celebrations are concerned. Should the religious services of

the coming happy occasion be followed by a social gathering of the fair, addresses, and social festivities, I think I may assure you, that, being an ex-alderman of the city of Boston, he will be qualified to do justice to the physical entertainments provided; and you may be further assured, he will contribute his full share to "the feast of reason," and possibly his *mite* to "the flow of soul:" that, however, I leave for the ladies to decide.

And now, my dear and honored friend, I truly congratulate you that you have lived to witness and to welcome this fiftieth anniversary of your ordination, to behold the fruits of your long, protracted ministry; and that you are permitted, in a green old age, to receive so many marks of high consideration and regard, so many expressions of continued attachment, friendship, and affection from those to whom your services have been so long and faithfully rendered.

I close this communication by subjoining a sentiment.

Please accept Christian salutations for yourself, and for your brethren and friends in Christ, from your brother and their sincere well-wisher and friend, in the bonds of a common faith and fellowship,

CHAS. WELLINGTON.

TEMPLETON, Jan. 6, 1854.

THE SENTIMENT.

THE REV. DR. THOMPSON AND THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF HIS FLOCK — May their recollections of the past be no less vivid, pleasant, and enduring, and their visions of the future no less bright and cheering, than their connection with each other has been long, useful, and happy!

Deacon GREELE, of Boston, whose presence greatly enlivened the occasion, was then introduced, and spoke as follows:—

Mr. President, — It is a beautiful custom in Germany to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of one's nuptials with appropriate ceremonies. This observance, which is called the Golden Wedding, is not entirely unknown to us in New England. The children and grandchildren, the neighbors and friends, are invited to visit the old mansion where the venerable couple have passed fifty years of wedded life, and join in congratulations and festivities befitting the observance. What can be more appropriate than such an occasion, where the grave experience of age blends

with the bright hopes of youth, each modifying and beautifying the other ?

As the ordination-service which connects a minister with a particular parish has been compared to the marriage-rite, I trust it will not be thought a forced analogy to consider this Fiftieth Anniversary as the Golden Wedding of our friend the pastor and the parish.

We have come, Mr. President, some of us from a distance, to rejoice with you on this delightful occasion. Let us, my friends, make the most of it ; for so precarious is the tenure of the pastoral office in these days, that we may not live to witness the like again. Ordinations are frequent. Golden weddings of minister and people are of rare occurrence. Go back fifty years to the time when the Rev. Dr. Thompson was settled over you, and you will find that to ordain a minister then had a meaning very different from what it has at the present time. The pastor and people took each other, in confiding love, for better and for worse, with the mutual understanding that death alone should sever the tie which bound them together. The clergyman then never more dreamed of leaving his people than he would have thought of repudiating the wife of his bosom ; and the parish no more thought of dismissing their minister, and settling a younger one in his stead, than a staid matron would now think of eloping with a young lover to Oregon or California, in quest of some fancied good, or to avenge some imaginary wrong. Their plans for mutual improvement and happiness were far-reaching, embracing the succeeding as well as the present generation.

The parsonage-house was not then slightly built, as if for a tenant at will ; its massive strength indicating that it was designed for a long-lived occupant. The trees which the minister planted in early manhood he fondly hoped would shade him in his declining years. His official acts had a prospective, no less than a present, meaning. When he sprinkled the baptismal waters on the brow of the new-born babe, he virtually became sponsor for its education in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. When he joined hands in holy wedlock, and blessed the nuptial rite, did he not impliedly promise that he would sympathize in all the joys and sorrows of wedded life ? But all these associations can be formed and matured only by time. As a general rule, a transient minister cannot preach so effectually to

a people as one who, by long residence, becomes spiritually acclimated to their modes of thought and habits of life. Besides, age gives weight to a venerable clergyman's counsels and instructions. Hearers will often listen to reproofs from the aged pastor which they would not tolerate from a younger minister. As the parish, no less than the closet, is his study, and men and manners, no less than the works of dead or living authors, are the books which he reads, his sermons are something more than barren abstractions. Emanating from a heart that has been in contact with the living heart of humanity, they reach the hearts of his hearers with the power of living realities. As an arbiter and peacemaker, he often harmonizes discordant elements in his society, and thus saves to angry disputants fees which would otherwise go into the pockets of the lawyers. The residence of a good, pious minister may be a benediction to a people long after he has ceased to instruct them from the sacred desk. His words of wisdom, combined with the experience of a godly life, may prove more efficacious than whole sermons from the lips of youthful inexperience. Think you the loving disciple who leaned on the bosom of his Master, and imbibed his spirit, was leading a useless life, when his limbs, trembling with age, could only bear him from house to house with the message to its inmates, "Little children, love one another" ?

If there are members of other Christian societies here present, permit me to say to them, Would you enjoy the full benefit of the pastoral office, give your pastor a life-lease in the parish. It is too much the custom of these days to bargain with a minister for a limited time of service, as a farmer would engage a day-laborer, in the busy season of the year, to aid him in getting in his hay, or in harvesting his autumnal crops ; and there is little more solemnity in the one transaction than in the other. Both are paid the stipulated sum when the time expires ; and the young minister is off again, like any other hireling, in quest of work and wages. Such rolling stones as these gather little moss for themselves, and impart but little nutriment to the soil over which they revolve. An eccentric old minister once counselled a young candidate to be ordained on horseback, with spurs on his boots, that he might be prepared, on a moment's warning, to start, whenever his people should hint to him that his services were no longer needed.

The Christian Society that has invited us to witness the transactions of this day has set an example worthy of being recorded in the annals of Christendom. Though this may be called a family gathering, I feel, my Christian friends, as if I had a claim to share in the festive hospitalities and the religious joys of this occasion ; for my acquaintance with your venerable pastor commenced some time before his settlement in this place. As we were destined for the same profession, our sympathies were in unison. The affinities of a common faith bound us still more closely together. I had the happiness of listening to the first sermon he preached, after he had received his certificate of approbation as a candidate for the Christian ministry. I believe I have not had the pleasure of hearing him preach again till I listened to him at this time. Though the outer man is somewhat changed, I trust the inner one has been renewed day by day. His utterance, his manner, his form and feature, prove to me that he is the identical young Mr. Thompson to whom I listened in the South Parish of Andover more than fifty years ago. May we have such proofs of his identity for years to come ! I do assure my venerable brother that his friends would not have his identity exchanged for that of any one else.

How many sacred associations, my friends, cluster around your beloved senior pastor, as he stands before you this day ! Baptismal dedications, marriage rites, funeral obsequies, and the word fitly spoken and in season, are all memorials of his pastoral fidelity, and of his interest in you and yours. May they prove incentives to your continued sympathy, support, and love !

The fruits of your ministry, my dear sir, are doubtless visible in the characters of many here present, who are your sons and daughters by a spiritual genealogy ; for your mark is indelibly engraven on their souls. May you be permitted to recognize them as your children in the faith, in that future world where moral affinities are the only relations which are known and sanctioned by the unerring judgment of Heaven !

I am happy to meet so many ladies at the festive board. May we not consider the unmarried ones as the bridesmaids of this Golden Wedding ? I hope they will all live to have silver and golden weddings of their own, in happy homes provided for them by loving lords ! Were I fifty years younger, I would add, " May I be there to see and hear ! " As this must be the privi-

lege of some younger man, I take leave to appoint my good friend, Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Salem, to represent me on the delightful occasions to which I have alluded. May he have the happiness of blessing you and yours with the beatitudes of the gospel in abodes consecrated by virtue, piety, and wedded love!

Mr. Greele, before he sat down, took from his pocket a sum of money which he said he wished to cast, not as a widow's or *widower's* "mite" into the treasury, and for which he said he was indebted to some of his kind friends in Boston. Mr. Greele then passed into the hands of the President a sealed package, which he said was the *codicil* to his speech, and, when probated, to be passed over to his venerable friend. The President, on opening the package, found it to contain *one hundred and five dollars*, which was passed over to Dr. Thompson.

Dr. THOMPSON, of Salem, briefly responded for his father, — too much wearied to speak again, — expressing heartfelt thanks to the gentleman for having come so far at this season of the year, on so kind an errand, and for the exceedingly generous offering he had brought and laid on the altar of an ancient friendship.

Colonel ARTEMAS LEE, of Templeton, was next called upon. Colonel Lee said: —

Mr. President, — Without notice or preparation to meet your requisition, I had taken a seat for retirement and silence; a position much more compatible with the entertainments of the evening than the one you have called me to occupy.

I fain would be offended, if offence towards the President would relieve me; but, as it is, I will at once comply, as fortunately the lateness of the hour and the want of time are in my favor.

It is truly a most interesting and grateful occasion, — interesting, because it is morally instructive; grateful, because it is an occasion for gladness and joyfulness.

It has brought together the scattered emigrants and natives of

the old and respectable town of Barre, not only to greet and shake hands with the reverend and the venerable man "whom we all delight to honor," and for whose hold on life and health we congratulate him and ourselves, but also to mingle with the citizens of Barre and its vicinity, to interchange congratulations not only among ourselves, but with them, and to partake of their hospitality; — an event which, but for this anniversary, would probably never have happened; an event which can never happen to *us all* again.

I repeat, the occasion is propitious, and intensely interesting. It is most emphatically one for reminiscences. It carries us back fifty years, a period which, in the great calendar of Time, is but a dot; and yet, in man's earthly existence, it is the full number of years vouchsafed to him above those of his minority. Few there are who attain to it, and few, indeed, among *that few* and far between, who attain it in a professional vocation. One instance is before us, and it is a marked one, distinguished for signal professional talents, eloquence, and reputation.

In his discourse to-day, the reverend gentleman brought before us an impressive review, exciting indeed to the few of us who were of an age to remember of the men and their characters, who were upon the stage at the time he came among us, with some of the events and incidents of their day. Well may it be said they were a "noble race." Their physical developments, in giant form; their strong mental powers; their playful humor, excited and brought into activity on frequent festive occasions, — made Barre one of the most distinguished places for social entertainment and convivial life.

Most distinctly do I remember, while yet a school-boy, the scenes of amusement and convivial entertainment rife at that time, and almost constant during the more leisure and appropriate months of winter. Frequent and constant in their intercourse, generous and free, social and colloquial, these were the marked characteristics of the people.

Without any design of invidious distinction, permit me to mention some of the more prominent family names identified with the history of the time. From their numbers, character, and wealth, the name of Caldwell probably took the lead; then, for numbers, came the Lees, the Rices, the Smiths, the Jenkinsons, &c., with many individual names, of merit and

distinction. These were our fathers, and they have all been swept away!

I inquired this day of the reverend gentleman how many of all that congregation of voters, comprising about all in the town, who gave him that "*unanimous vote*" to settle among them, are among the living! Few indeed could he recall to his mind; and when reminded that it would require a person seventy-one years old to include even the youngest possible, he could designate but two only, though there might be more. Then is this noble race of men — all the voters of that day — extinct but two? I mention this to show what ravages time has made among us, and how isolated *now* the reverend gentleman!

Mr. President, we, whose memories can reach back to these events, however young at the time, are all now treading on the borders of that *great future* "from whose bourne no traveller returns." And now, sir, if it be the decree of Providence that the venerable man before us should precede us in passing *that* vale, and it is given to him to hold communion with the spirits of the departed, when he meets that friend, my honored father,*

* The following notices are copied from the monument erected by Artemas and David Lee to the memory of their father and their brother:—

"General Samuel Lee was born at Barre, March 8, 1767, and died October 17, 1839, aged 72 years. At the age of 13, he enlisted as a common soldier in the war of the Revolution, 'in the three months' service.' He was at West Point at the time of Arnold's treason. In January following, being still in his 14th year, he again enlisted for three years. The act of Congress forbade enlistments under the age of sixteen years; but, having already attained so manly a stature, he was received without question. In March, 1781, he joined the army at West Point; was afterwards transferred to a flying regiment of infantry, under the command of Colonel Alexander Scammel, and served in New Jersey; re-crossed the river under General Lincoln, in the course of the summer, and took part in a severe conflict with a body of Yagers, in which Silas Smith, of Barre, fell by his side. At the siege of Yorktown, he was of the party that stormed the first battery, on which occasion Scammel was treacherously slain. He was also engaged under Colonel Alexander Hamilton, in the capture of the redoubt; and was finally discharged from the army, October 28, 1783, a youth in years and a veteran in service. In the course of his life, he held various places of trust and distinction in the civil and military service of the State, with honor to himself and fidelity to the public.

"General Lee was endowed by nature with a superior understanding, and supplied, by assiduity in after-years, the want of early education. His character was deeply marked by firmness, strict integrity, and singleness of purpose, tempered with courtesy, benevolence, and a scrupulous regard for the rights, feelings, and opinions of others. His personal appearance was dignified and commanding, his manners unaffected and affable, his conversation replete with instruction. He was guided by a

who was always his friend, and also that other friend of his, who was constant and ardent unto *his* end, — my brother, whose awful fate, even at this late day, excites the warmest sensibilities, and recoils upon us with the most oppressive emotions, — I trust he will say to them that all has been done for their memory which propriety can require, or affection suggest.

Mr. President, if these reflections are too severe for the occasion, pardon me, and I will pass to the lighter shades and more congenial incidents of the past.

Again let us revert to the event we celebrate. A retrospect of fifty years, and what strides and changes have taken place in the physical, intellectual, and social condition of society! What physical improvements for our ease, comfort, and luxury; what intellectual attainments for the culture and elevation of the mind in the region of thought; and what advances in the chaste refinements and pleasures of social life! *What* a change, indeed, in our whole living and being!

I have a vivid recollection of the first time I ever saw the venerable gentleman. It must have been within a few days after he first came to Barre, at my father's house, in the autumn of 1803, — the occasion a funeral. Five deaths had taken place in the family in the space of a few months, commencing with my mother, and closing with a brother. Then hardly ten years old, I distinctly remember his commanding personal appearance when he entered the door of the mourners' room, and his consoling and interesting remarks to the mourners, which drew replies from my father. I remember to have heard my father say that he then designated the gentleman in his own mind as the future minister of Barre.

I remember the day of his ordination, — the snow, and the clear, cold weather. It was then customary for the town having an ordination with open doors to entertain and feast all the

religious faith, founded upon broad, liberal, and elevated views of the duties of man and the attributes of Deity."

"Charles Lee was born at Barre, May 24, 1796, and, at the age of 43, perished on board the steamer 'Lexington,' which was burnt on the eve of January 13, 1840, on her passage from New York to Stonington. In his extensive business and social relations he was distinguished for integrity and urbanity, while method, order, and neatness in all his arrangements, and great industry and perseverance in the accomplishment of his purposes, united with a high moral sense of the duties and obligations of life, were prominent characteristics."

adjoining towns. I was made a young sentinel to keep the post at home.

It was a splendid ordination ; and Barre unitedly, and I believe unanimously, felt proud of their minister.

He was then in all the buoyancy of youth, erect and firm in his step, dignified and commanding in his person, and a noble bearing throughout. forcible and eloquent, with a full, rich, and musical voice, he stood confessed a model for pulpit talent, and was deservedly the pride of his people. Young as I was, I remember to have shared with them in this feeling, which grew and strengthened under his impressive instructions during the few years it was my lot to hear them, to a reverence and respect for him as a minister, which, like the "first love," I have found difficult to concede to any one else.

Such, Mr. President, were the high hopes and aspirations of a generous and ambitious people on this auspicious event, — such the promise and bright prospects of the gifted man in his youth, on whose head seventy winters and four have now "shed their snows," whose life has now become history, many of the incidents of which have this day been related to us, under circumstances impressive and solemn. We have listened to the "old man eloquent." We have this day seen Dr. Thompson "in the dry tree," exhibiting all the freshness and luxuriance "of the green."

I close, sir, with offering the following sentiment : —

THE TOWN OF BARRE — With all the opening prospects for her growth and prosperity in the great future, may she be able to sustain her former claims and reputation for pulpit talents and eloquence !

The following hymn, written for the occasion, by Rev. JONES VERY, of Salem, was here sung : —

We hail our jubilee to-day,
The Christian's jubilee comes round !
We come our grateful vows to pay,
For this we bid the trumpet sound.

Its welcome notes our bosoms thrill,
For earthly blessings long enjoyed ;
How large a space their memories fill
With pleasures sweet and unalloyed !

The Lord has blessed each fruitful field,
 And we would of his goodness tell ;
 Our fathers' farms abundance yield,
 And here their sons in safety dwell.

With health and liberty and peace,
 For fifty years He's crowned our lot ;
 Oh may these blessings never cease,
 Or be in coming time forgot !

For fifty years thy servant, Lord,
 Has preached the gospel of thy love ;
 We thank thee for thy saving Word,
 All other gifts how far above.

Behold, as in a fruitful land,
 The precious seed he here has sown ;
 Still prosper, Lord, thy servant's hand,
 And still as thine the vineyard own.

Till, noiseless as the springing grain,
 O'er all the earth the harvest wave ;
 And every hill and every plain
 Shall hail the Christ who came to save !

Till, resting from his earthly care,
 He join thy saints in courts above ;
 In higher joys and duties share,
 And feel new measures of thy love.

MARSHALL S. PERRY, M. D., of Boston, was next introduced. Dr. Perry said, —

Mr. President, — It may seem presumptuous in me to offer any remarks after those made by my eloquent friends from Oneida, from Boston, and Salem ; but I cannot, under the excitement of the moment, refuse to answer to your call. Sir, it gives me great pleasure, I assure you, to meet so many of my early friends, and to see now before me so many faces that were familiar to me in the days of my childhood ; and this pleasure is increased by the object which has brought us together. We have come here to pay our regards to one to whom I am under greater obligations than I can ever repay. I shall never forget the impression which his eloquent discourses and his fervent appeals to Heaven had

upon my mind. I always went out of the *old church*, for which I had great reverence, with better resolutions and with higher aspirations than I had when I entered it. I cannot give you a stronger evidence of the effect of his preaching on my mind than by saying, that, at the age of sixteen, I left my father's house with the intention of preparing myself for the ministry. But Providence wisely changed my purpose. I say wisely, for I think I should have been a very poor preacher, and reflected little credit on my early friend. I have now in my possession a letter from Dr. Thompson to President Messer, of Brown University, in which I am recommended to his favorable notice, as I was wishing to educate myself for the pulpit. I shall preserve that letter as long as I live, as a testimony of Dr. Thompson's affectionate regards for me.

But, sir, if I owe our friend much for his ministerial influence on my mind, I owe him still more for his personal friendship. Whenever he met me, he had a word of encouragement for me. He always spoke kindly of me to his friends. He made me respect myself, by making me feel that he had some respect for me, and some confidence in me. But I will not trust my feelings to say more on this subject. I am here to testify to the interest I feel in our beloved pastor; and I rejoice to see him present in good health, and to have listened once more, as I have this day, to the sound of his voice.

Sir, surrounded as I am by associations which crowd upon my mind, and carry back my recollections to the impressions of my early life, I cannot forbear to speak of several persons who exercised an important influence over me. And, next to my *dear parents*, and especially next to *her, my mother*, whose spirit has but just passed from this to a brighter world, I must speak of her to whom our friend, in his discourse this day, so beautifully and eloquently alluded, who was, for many years, the sharer of his toils, his anxieties, his trials, and his joys. I shall never forget her kindness of manner, the sweet smile with which she always met me, her active benevolence, her interest in young people, and the pleasure she always felt in all their undertakings. She was a Christian in "word and deed;" and I shall cherish her memory with affection till the day of my death.

Then, sir, there was that "mother in Israel," the wife of Deacon Moses Holden. Is there a person present who knew her,

that can ever forget her active benevolence ? She was herself the soul of benevolence. No person ever went from her door hungry, or entered it without receiving a hearty welcome. She was a faithful servant of him who "went about doing good."

How shall I speak, sir, of that mother of the numerous family of Jenkins, the wife of Captain James Jenkins, except I embody all in one sentence, and say she was a CHRISTIAN mother ? She has left the best monument that any woman can erect to her memory, by the impress of her character upon the minds and hearts of her children ; for, of a large number of children, I believe there is not one who is not a valuable member of society.

Mr. President, I must mention one other person, who was well known by all in the town, as he often held some office of honor or trust. I shall always remember with gratitude the name of General Samuel Lee. He was an honest man ; calm, quiet, and dignified in manner ; of a strong and well-informed mind ; upright in his dealings, pure and elevated in all his purposes. He was an honor to the town ; and I am sure all present will bear testimony to his worthy and respected name.

It would give me great pleasure to mention the names of others who were members of Dr. Thompson's Society when I was a boy, and whose forms now rise before me in the vividness of my recollections ; but I must not take up more of your time, as I know you are anxious to hear the voices of others who have come here on this interesting occasion. I will therefore close these brief remarks by offering the following sentiment : —

While we rejoice in doing honor to the living, let us not forget the pure example or the Christian virtues of those who favored us with their friendship in early life, but who have now gone to meet their reward in heaven.

After him followed the Rev. Mr. BOND, of Dover, N.H., who spoke briefly of his connection with Dr. Thompson, for several years, as his associate pastor, and of their common interest in the spiritual welfare of the people. Nothing, he said, had tended so much to make it painful to leave Barre as his pleasant intercourse with Dr. Thompson. But no separation of fields of labor could disturb the affection for him which he had loved to cherish. Pa-

ternal kindness, and a remarkably generous consideration for the inexperience of a young colleague, were ever reciprocated by filial regard, and will always continue to be among the most precious treasures of memory.

He concluded by invoking the blessing of God upon "the people of his early charge, and upon his good friend and father in the Lord."

EDWARD HAMILTON, Esq., of Roxbury, on being called, responded :—

I do not rise, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, for the purpose of making a speech. My place is among the eager listeners on this interesting and joyous occasion. I came here, Mr. Chairman, to lay the sincere, though humble, tribute of my heart at the feet of him whom, in my earliest childhood, I was taught to reverence, and, in my manhood, it is my privilege to honor. Like the sturdy oak on yonder hill-top, he has withstood the heat of summer and storms of winter, the zephyrs and the whirlwinds, of a half-century in the midst of you. The seed he has scattered has fallen on good ground, and sprung up in a forest of good works.

Sir, what is there more beautiful in this world than the sight of a young man coming forward in his youth, and dedicating his life to the service of God, and devoting his manhood to the best interests of his fellow-men, that they may be brought to be disciples of our Lord and Saviour ?

Sir, in the course of a ministry of fifty years, who can calculate the good done by a faithful servant of Christ ? Who can number the souls turned from the broad road that leadeth to destruction, and brought within the gate of heaven, through his teaching ?

" Their names are registered above. To him
Joy, joy for ever ! His task is done ;
The gates are passed, and heaven is won."

Sons and daughters of Barre, what felicity is yours ! The same form which bent over the dying bed of your parents presides at the baptism of your childrens' children.

Which of you that have returned from your scattered homes, that has not felt his religious feelings well up from his soul at

the tones of that voice to which you so long listened in your early days ?

My friends, let us show, by our good works, that the religious instruction we have received from our venerable and honored pastor has impressed itself on our lives.

“From the gospel he proclaimed
Let our hearts wander never;
And praises on high
Shall employ them for ever.”

The following letters were here read from Rev. Dr. FISKE and DANIEL HARWOOD, M.D. : —

NEW BRAINTREE, Jan. 6, 1854.

Rev. Dr. Thompson: Dear Sir, — I thank you for the kind and friendly invitation contained in your note of the 2d inst. that I would be present at the celebration of your fiftieth anniversary, on the 11th of this month. It will give me much pleasure to comply with this request, should Providence favor. But should the day be unfavorable, the going bad, or my state of health not so good as at this time, I shall not deem it prudent to leave home.

I can, sir, sympathize with you in your anticipations of that interesting and important occasion, having experienced the same. But the recollections which impress my mind, as I look back to the day of your ordination, and then rapidly pass over the various changes which have since taken place, are more easily conceived than described. It is the privilege of but few to live as long, and witness as much of the goodness of God, and of the changes and revolutions which have taken place in our world, as you and I. Doubtless your mind has been, and still is, greatly occupied on these things; and of them you will speak to the great assembly, which will be gathered from places far and near, on the day that is approaching. I hope, dear sir, that God's presence and blessing may be with you, and with all who may be present to hear you.

I am, sir, with sentiments of sincere regard, your friend and servant in the Lord,

JOHN FISKE.

HOLLIS TIDD, Esq., one of the parishioners of Dr. Fiske, spoke, in a few well-chosen words, the gratification he had felt in all the proceedings of the occasion.

Dr. Harwood's letter : —

Boston, Jan. 10, 1854.

James Thompson, D.D. : Rev. and dear Sir, — It is with great regret that I yield the point of being present at the "Fiftieth Anniversary" of your settlement in Barre. But circumstances over which I have no control make it necessary.

The loss to me will be irreparable in many ways. "The feast of reason and the flow of soul," the awakening of old associations, and the various retrospections, joyous and otherwise, that the occasion is sure to furnish, are each a sufficient cause of sorrow for absence. But especially do I regret not being able to see you once more on the field of your labors, surrounded by all who survive, and can be assembled, at home and from abroad, of the long list of your sometime parishioners.

But it must be otherwise. The scene is lost to me for ever ; and of the faces that will be assembled there, but a small part can I ever expect to see on earth.

Happily, however, the privilege is left me of expressing my deep interest in the affair, in all its length and breadth, and especially in every thing that concerns your happiness and well-being. May the occasion pass off in a manner entirely satisfactory to all present, and especially to yourself ; and may you long live in the enjoyment of delightful recollections of this marked day, as well as in the enjoyment of all earthly blessings ! And when the day and hour shall come of your departure for that "better world," to which you have so long and so faithfully pointed the way, may your transit be pleasant and easy ; and may the fruition of your hopes be as complete as eternal !

Very sincerely, your old and much-attached parishioner and friend,

DANIEL HARWOOD.

MOSES H. WETHERBEE, Esq., of Boston, then offered the following sentiment : —

REV. DR. THOMPSON — May his future pathway be as fair and bright as the glistening of dew-drops upon the flowers of early spring !

Here Colonel LEE, of Templeton, again took the floor, and said, —

Mr. President, — This sentiment comes from the grandchild of the late Mrs. Holden, widow of Deacon Moses Holden, whose character my friend Dr. Perry has just passed upon, and by which I am reminded of the duty I owe to her memory.

While this sentiment, Mr. President, meets with a full and spontaneous response from all our hearts, as significant of this occasion, permit me to embrace this opportunity, so grateful to my feelings, to discharge an obligation of deep-felt gratitude to the memory and virtues of the grandmother of the contributor of the sentiment in the only way now left for me to do it, and *that* in the hearing of the children and grandchildren now in attendance.

I was born into the world the recipient of her motherly care and kindness, so wide and profuse, that it was common property to all coming within its pale.

Domestic and unpretending in her character, she was the affectionate wife and mother, the good neighbor, the faithful friend. Her heart was the fountain of woman's virtues, and benevolence and charity its perpetual streams. Aspiring only to woman's proper empire, — that of *Love*, — she was, most emphatically, "the woman of God," from whose doors no one was allowed to depart without the evidence of her hospitality.

Would that I could have conferred on her, as a token of my gratitude, agreeably to my intentions, something in the form of "material aid" in her declining years! But circumstances caused delay, and death interposed; and now that this is the only tribute I *can* render to her virtues and memory, inadequate as it is, I am glad to embrace this appropriate, and perhaps last, opportunity to offer it.

The President here called upon the Rev. JAMES W. THOMPSON, D.D., of Salem, who spoke as follows: —

Mr. President, — It is quite a mistake for you to call upon me. There is a clear impropriety in my occupying the time of the evening. Besides, I have no speech in my head, or in my pocket. Yet, since you will not excuse me, I will try to say a few words.

How shall I lift my mind above these diverse and tumultuous emotions that have been swelling and heaving and dashing their spray upon me, from the ringing of the bell in the morning till this late hour in the evening? or how shall I translate these emotions into the forms of language? Which way soever I look,—behind, around, before,—the sight oppresses me, and discourages my efforts to speak. Behind me, how many recollections of early friendships,—of the games and sports of childhood,—of kindnesses received and to the full enjoyed,—of companions scattered over the world, or passed away from it,—of aged men and women, revered and loved; and what congregations of graves! Around me, how few comparatively of those who grew up with me do I behold; and those few, like myself, how changed in appearance! Why, really, the boys and girls I played with begin to look as their fathers and mothers used to. I don't see any of the old folks; and this present generation of children, I can only guess whom they belong to from their resemblance to persons with whom I was intimate, I will not say how many years ago,—certainly not *fifty*! I am astonished at the number of strangers. Once, there probably were not twenty persons in Barre whom I did not know; now, I should not recognize one in twenty. And you have so changed the aspect of things here on the common, that, on arriving in the evening, not long ago, I was actually puzzled to find my own sister's house. Before me, if I look, and by help of the imagination attempt to picture the condition of things here fifty years hence, to cast the horoscope of Barre for the year 1904,—how distant, vast, almost awful, that date sounds!—the new streets running out in all directions from the centre, the new enterprises begun and accomplished, the new evidences of thrift and prosperity everywhere observable, the new churches, and perhaps new sects, displacing those now flourishing, the new names that will appear in your town and parish records, and the new head-stones and monuments that will mark the places of the dead,—and those dead these now alive and in the midst of so much health and enjoyment!—I am utterly bewildered and lost.

Sir, since I have got a little under way, and my friends seem willing to listen, I will with your leave follow the example that has been set to me, and indulge in a few reminiscences. My earliest impressions of a religious kind are, of course, associated

with him whose honors have flourished so green to-day, and with the old church where he preached so long. Let me recall that church — that glorious old church! — in which so many of us first heard the word, and first bent the knee of the soul to God. I have never seen a church since that looked half so pleasing as that does in memory, with its irregular, many-shaped pews, its deacons' seat at the head of the broad aisle, and the large communion table behind it, its long pulpit stairs, and the huge sounding-board over head, — about which many a lad speculated seriously, while the preaching went on, whether it would not fall some day, and crush minister and deacons to death, — its immense galleries, on three sides, containing a hundred and fifty singers at least, besides numerous families, and, above all to be remembered, its *slam* seats, which went down, when the minister said "Amen" to his long prayer, with an emphasis from young hands which seemed to say, "How glad I am it's done!" Oh, it was a merry joy to the youngsters to let down those seats so softly! Thinking of these things, sir, brings to mind a little incident, which may show how early my own training for the ministry commenced. I had a sister who, when we were quite young, was a little prone to forget what day it was after we were seated in meeting, and to disturb the gravity of my meditations by sundry glances and nods and whispers. You all know her. She is a very well-behaved woman in church now, I believe. Well, after long and patient endurance of this injury to my moral nature, it was finally decided by the committee at home having charge of such things, that I should be removed from the cause of the disturbance and the scene of peril. Accordingly, this youthful aspirant for the high places of the sanctuary might have been seen for many a Sunday thenceforward following "the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor" up the pulpit stairs to a seat within the door, whence he could calmly survey the congregation, and see what boys smiled and what men slept. I am not sure that the sister in question would assent to the accuracy of the whole of this statement, — it was a great while ago; but that for *some* cause, I was elevated from the pew to the pulpit, she, as well as many others, must perfectly remember. Thus was I trained up, when a child, in the way I should go; and I have not departed from it since.

One thing in particular connected with the church, in my child-

hood, made a very strong impression upon me, namely, the great respect shown to the clerical office and to him who filled it. On a pleasant, sunshiny day, men, before meeting-time, would be standing in great numbers before the front-door. As the minister came in sight, it would be spoken, from one to another, "The priest" — for so they termed him — "the priest" or "the parson is coming;" and then they would begin to draw their conversation to a close, and by the time he had approached within a few rods it would be all wound up. But, instead of rushing into church before him, they would wait; and, as he came up to them, they would step aside, to the right and the left, for him to pass through, exchanging with him a respectful bow. Then, as he entered the door, there was a general hush through the house, and all eyes were turned to him, as he advanced, with a somewhat stately step, up the aisle. As he drew near the deacons' seat, you would see the occupants shifting position, and evidently preparing for something. What was it? When the minister gets to the corner where he is to turn, in order to ascend the stairs, as he turns, his eye will meet theirs, and then will come the reverential obeisance, the handsomest bow they can make, all together; and for this they were preparing. That was beautiful, surely: was there not a fitness and moral impression in it worthy to have been perpetuated? One other thing those deacons did which I recall with interest. When my father went "below," as they used to call the seaboard and the Old Colony, to visit his friends, or to attend "Election," and was to be gone over Sunday, it was not thought necessary to procure a minister to come up and preach in his place. The congregation assembled as usual, with the same order, and the same Sunday aspect; and the deacons, with great simplicity and fervor, though now and then perhaps *ahem-ing* at a hard word, or miscalling an easy one, — to the merriment of a roguish child, — conducted the services, one leading in prayer, and another reading a sermon previously selected by the pastor. I think there was true worship in those humble exercises. Those were edifying occasions. Their comparative infrequency rendered them not only tolerable, but even pleasing. And, if I lived in a situation where such a thing was practicable, I would speedily revive this good old custom.

Having said so much of the deacons' office, I may be excused,

perhaps, if I add a few words of the deacons themselves. Three of them, in particular, I remember, with veneration and love, — a veneration and love increasing with my years, which confirms my faith that they still live, and that I am gradually growing towards them. I refer to Deacons Holden, Ripley, and Stevens. Deacon Moses Holden, whose wife has been so beautifully and justly described by Dr. Perry, was a warm-hearted, generous man, full of vigor and courage; rich in mother-wit; always ready for a story and a hearty laugh; six days in the week busy, driving hither and thither, jocular, glad to see his friends, ready for any act of kindness or of duty; and, on the seventh, he would take his place at the head of the deacons' seat, smooth down his laughing face, and look almost as grave as my friend here from Boston (Deacon Greele), though it was not difficult to imagine you saw a sly joke twinkle in the corner of his eye! — a sincere, downright, good-tempered, genial, whole-souled man, worthy to be the husband of such a wife as God gave him, and the father of such children as bless his memory! Next to him, in the order of seniority, was Deacon Noah Ripley, — a brother of the late, venerable Dr. Ripley, of Concord, — a bland, gentle, affectionate, devout Christian; a man of simple faith and deep piety, who loved his Bible, his Saviour, and his God, with all his heart; who loved his neighbor, too, as himself, — all men, all children, and, — he made it his boast, and I think I have heard a similar one, certainly as well founded, from our friend the deacon from Boston, — all good women most especially! He was a Christian of a type of which few remain at the present day. Religion was his one great theme; he thought about it much; he loved to talk about it with all who could enter into his feelings; and he rejoiced, above all things, at indications of a growing interest in it among his acquaintance. He was a man all alive with sympathy, — tears enough for your joys, tears rolling down his cheeks for your sorrows. A rare good man, Deacon Ripley. And then, Deacon Stevens, — what shall I say of him? He was Christian meekness itself, — a sober, humble, godly man, with an expression of face that indicated a deep and holy calm within the breast; a man wholly without guile; a man of few words, but much wisdom; a man whom all respected as a Christian, and against whom no one ever had a hard feeling or uttered a harsh thought; a man whose life was serene “as the moon

walking in her brightness," — serenely religious, — a stream of piety flowing noiseless through it, and keeping alive and beautiful in it all the plants of the Lord's planting. One of God's saints, that man: happy the church that has such an officer; and happy must you all be that his office, with its mantle, has descended to his son! There is one other person of whom it would be wrong to let this occasion pass without saying a word: I mean the Hon. Nathaniel Jones, or, as we knew him best, Major Jones. No man in Barre would have enjoyed this occasion more than he, or contributed more to render it pleasant to all. No man ever served the town, in the various offices he filled, more faithfully and generously. He was truly a *public* man, giving far more of his time and attention to the interests of the community at large than to his own private concerns. He was an efficient supporter of all good institutions, liberal beyond his means, with an open door and a free, full table for all comers, exceedingly courteous and gentlemanly in manners, and withal, I should add, a steadfast, warm, devoted friend and faithful parishioner of him you are delighting this day so much to honor. I remember him, as, with the other children, I used to look out of the south window, and see him come in sight, of a Sunday morning, with his erect figure, vigorous gait, polished boots, and handsome coat; how glad we were to see him! and when he came in (for he always stopped to take "the metres"), how pleasantly he spoke to us, and with what an agreeable smile, voice, and manner, he greeted father and mother! You know his place in the church. You never saw him any where else in it. For forty years, I suspect, — for more than thirty, I am sure, — he led your choir; and that part of the devotional service here which consists of singing was probably more indebted to his taste, his zeal, his example, his exertions, than to the efforts of all others, in his day, put together. It was music to hear him sing: it was music and poetry blended to see him sing. Oh! how he would straighten up his body, and roll up his eyes, when he came to an animated strain, and make his book go with one hand while he beat time with the other, occasionally looking and bowing to bring up the bass on his left, and then turning to encourage the treble and tenor on his right, — a hundred and fifty or so in all, accompanied by the "big fiddle," a little fiddle, clarionet, and bassoon, not to mention old Mr. Sam. Fisk! — *that was singing*; if it

wasn't heard on high, it was "as the sound of many waters," here below! Why, a hallelujah chorus would almost start the shingles from the roof! All honor to the memory of that excellent citizen and sweet singer in our Israel, Major Nathaniel Jones!

But, Mr. President, I am going on quite too long. If I were to attempt a delineation of the character of all whom I remember with love and gratitude, we should not get home till morning! I will stop; not, however, without the expression of most hearty thanks for all the joy and delight you have poured into the cup of our family this day; for, while the father holds the cup, the children all partake of its delicious overflowings.

Mr. President and friends, we shall not be present at the next semi-centennial celebration here. We shall all have left this scene of things before that day. I would not say this in a tone of sadness, as though no jubilee were before us elsewhere. I think that, when we enter the family of Christ, we form a connection which, if we are faithful to our Head, can never be dissolved. We become members of an immortal fellowship. Those living on the earth move on, simultaneously, as in a procession, to join those who have passed into the invisible, bearing with them the dispositions, tastes, habits, memories, affections, they form here, and derive their happiness there from similar sources; so that fifty years from to-day we shall still be *alive*. Let us regard this as a settled fact, as no longer a matter of doubt. And if alive, and substantially the same beings that we are now, why shall we not meet, if God permit, in the eternal heaven, to repeat, with an intenser expression, these interchanges of joy and love? Let us cherish this hope; and let nothing be wanting on our part, — no work of faith nor labor of love, no bending of the will to duty, nor exercise of the soul in devotion, nothing that the religion of Christ demands, — to insure its fulfilment.

The Committee regret that, owing to the lateness of the hour, several gentlemen, who were expected to speak, were prevented.

Many letters were received by Dr. Thompson and the Committee in answer to the circular; but most of them were so far of a private nature, that it is not deemed proper

to publish them. The Committee would mention particularly those of the Hon. CHARLES ALLEN and STEPHEN SALISBURY, Esq. of Worcester; the Rev. SAMUEL MAY and Dr. EDWARD FLINT, of Leicester; and BENJAMIN F. HAMILTON, Esq. of New Braintree. A few are here given:—

From the Rev. Jonathan French, D.D.

NORTH HAMPTON, N. H., Jan. 7, 1854.

Rev. James Thompson, D.D.: My dear Friend and Brother,—Immediately on receiving yours, two months ago, I forwarded by mail the pamphlet you mentioned, and hope you received it safely.

I shall not be able to be with you on your approaching anniversary, but will rejoice with you, and with those who may be present on that important occasion. I did not intend to have delayed acknowledging your very kind letter so long, and am now obliged to do it in a few hasty lines.

The circumstances of our remote locations from each other have interrupted that intimate and familiar intercourse which happily subsisted between us in the earlier part of our lives. But no circumstances have severed the ties of mutual affection which bound us so closely then.

We have both much cause for gratitude, that, by the good hand of God upon us, we have enjoyed so many favors through so many changes. May we be enabled to finish our course with joy, and celebrate a jubilee of unmingled delight!

I can only add my assurance of the unbroken esteem and fraternal regard of yours, as ever,

JONA. FRENCH.

From Z. Eddy, Esq.

[The following, from my old college classmate and friend, was not written with a view to publication; and my warrant for inserting it is found in the sentence ending "head and shoulders."—J. T.]

EAST MIDDLEBOROUGH, Dec. 20, 1853.

Dear Sir (more familiarly, Dear Chum),—I met your son in Boston, and, on inquiry about you, had a pretty good account of your health, and that you were preparing to celebrate the semi-

centennial of your settlement. We have both now advanced septuagenarians; and the recollection of our early days and later, and a just improvement and notice of them, is certainly very proper; and I hope you will be able to call up before your people many past labors and incidents which may be profitable both to yourself and them. I do not know that you can get me into the concern otherwise than by "head and shoulders." But you will find, if you read the memoir which I have sent you by mail with this, that I have got you in very handily. As the memoir gives a full account of *me*, if your semi-centennial is printed, I hope to get an account of *you*. . . .

We are in the "sear leaf;" and you will perceive how I feel by the close of the memoir. The loss of our companions, you know, is irreparable; and I learn that you have lately lost a dear son. We well know how to sympathize with each other. Our wives were "very lovely" in their youth, and very loving too; and I hope they are enjoying better things than this world affords. I do not learn that you have taken another companion. I have not, and do not propose it. "All the days of our appointed time we will wait till our change come."

I have just read the review of Dr. Beecher's book, in the Examiner. It seems he has shown, with much ability and success, that all the *theories* about the cause and origin of sin are derogatory to the honor and rectitude of the Deity, making him, directly or indirectly, the author of it. This I have a long time believed, and do not believe any reason can be given for our sinning, but its *voluntariness*, without excusing it, and turning it upon our Maker. But I do not believe the *existence* of sin is to be accounted for by any pre-existence; nor is the inquiry necessary. God has made us liable to sin for the sake of a moral system which could not exist without such liability; and it will at last appear that all sin will be turned to the best good by Him in whose hand our breath is, and in whom are all our ways. It seems to me that some of these writers in the Examiner are inclined to *limit* or *lower down* our *free agency*. I believe we have it *fully*, and are *fully accountable*. We have nothing to complain of, are better off than Adam, may rise by grace higher than he could by works.

Yours, very affectionately,

Z. EDDY.

From the Rev. Joseph Allen, D.D.

NORTHBOROUGH, Jan. 8, 1854.

Rev. Dr. Thompson : Dear Sir, — Up to this time, I have been halting between two opinions, having a strong desire to share in the festivities of your semi-centennial, and dreading the somewhat formidable ride of thirty miles by stage at this inclement season. At length, the question has been decided for me by circumstances over which I had no control ; a death having occurred in my parish this morning, and the funeral having been appointed, without consulting me, for next Wednesday. It could not be at an earlier day, on account of the distance of some of the near relatives.

Please accept the congratulations and cordial sympathies of one of the elders among your brethren in Worcester County, — your junior, however, in ministerial life by more than a dozen years, and who, though at present in good health and in active service, has no right to presume on the continuance of his life and ministry to the period that shall entitle him, if otherwise worthy, to the honors of such a festival as your friends are preparing for you.

It will, I do not doubt, be a delightful reunion ; and I wish I could participate in its joys, and accept the hospitality that has been proffered me.

Hoping that all your anticipations will be fully realized on the occasion, and that you may live yet many days, and rejoice in them all, and then, in God's good time, enter into that rest that remaineth for the people of God, I remain, my dear brother, yours, in the faith and fellowship of the gospel,

JOSEPH ALLEN.

From the Rev. Professor G. R. Noyes, D.D.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 6, 1854.

Dear Sir, — It would give me great pleasure to be present at the interesting anniversary of the settlement of one for whom I have so much respect and friendship as Dr. Thompson, and in a town of which I have many pleasant recollections. But my official duties here will not admit of it.

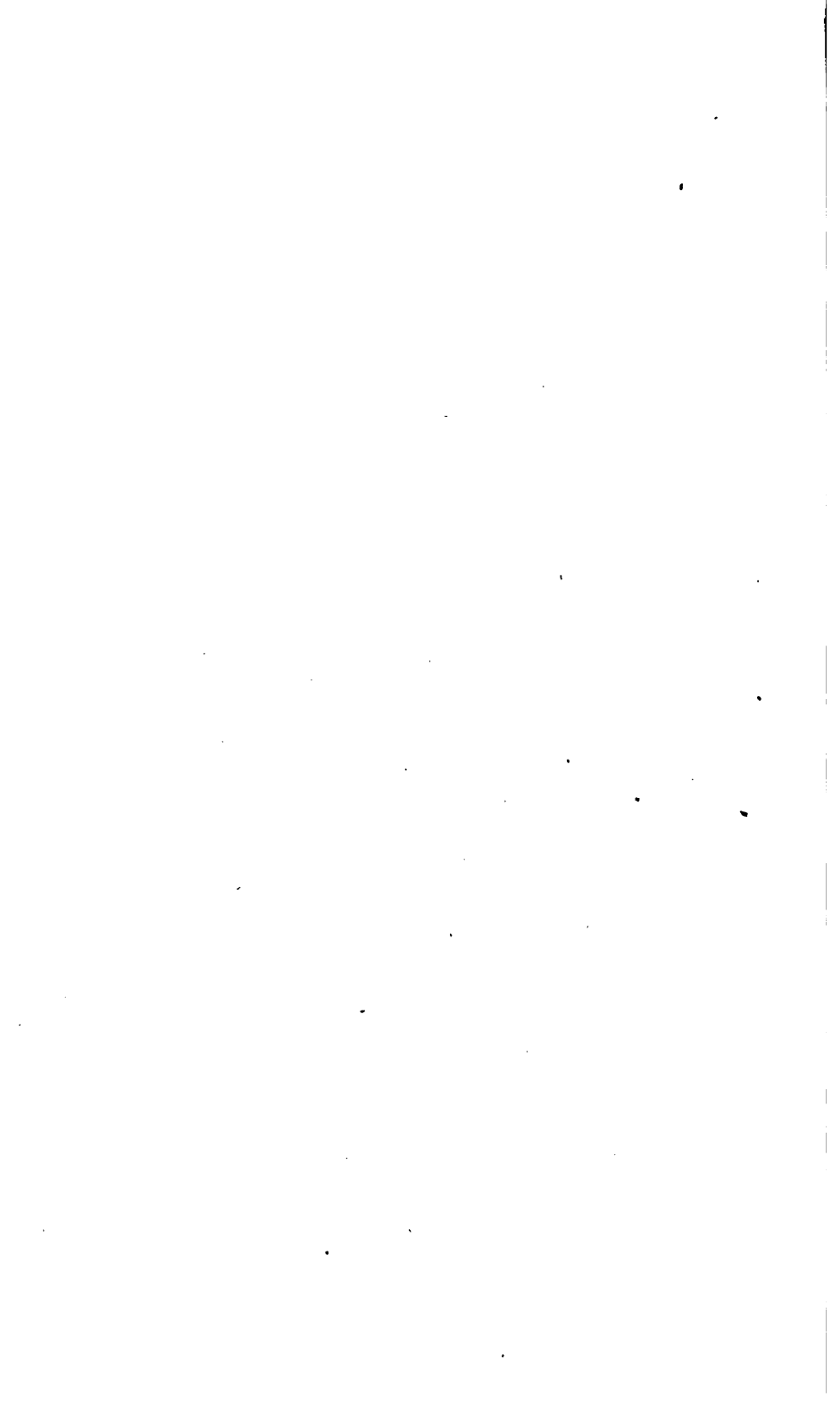
Yours, with best regards,

G. R. NOYES.

Willard Broad, Esq., Chairman, &c.

The occasion, of which the foregoing is an imperfect account, passed off to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, and will long be remembered with lively interest by those who participated in it. The account is published in full confidence that it will form an agreeable chapter in the history of our town.

M. S. PERRY, } *Chairmen of the*
WILLARD BROAD, } *two Committees.*



MEMOIR

OF

REV. THADDEUS MASON HARRIS, D.D.

BY

Langdon
NATHANIEL L. FROTHINGHAM.

[From the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society,
Fourth Series, Vol. II.]

B O S T O N :
CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,
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M E M O I R .

A MEMOIR of this learned and amiable divine belongs of peculiar right to the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which he was for a time the Librarian, and had been a diligent member, at the period of his death, for just half a century. Such a Memoir was expected from the hand of one of his earliest associates. But as the Society has been disappointed in this, the writer of the present notice succeeds to the task, and feels that in obeying an injunction he is at the same time performing a labor of love. The task is made an easy one by his being permitted to make use of a manuscript Account of Dr. Harris's Life and Writings by the late venerable Dr. John Pierce, whose accuracy can always be relied on, and whose very words he may cite at pleasure with perfect propriety.

Thaddeus Mason Harris was born in Charlestown, July 7, 1768. He was the son of William Harris. His mother was Rebekah, daughter of Hon. Thaddeus Mason of Charlestown, afterwards of Cambridge, — a gentleman of excellent quality, who filled, in the course of a long and useful life, many offices of honor and trust in the Commonwealth and in the County of Middlesex, and among the rest that of Clerk of the Courts of Session and of Common Pleas, which he held during fifty-four years.* This

* Thaddeus Mason was a graduate of Harvard College, in the class of 1728. After the destruction of Charlestown, he resided at Cambridge, where he died in 1802, in the ninety-sixth year of his age.

was being well-born. His mother was a woman of great worth, of a highly intellectual and religious character. His father, a man of talent and education, left his native town of Boston, when about twenty years old, to take charge of the public writing-school in Charlestown, at the invitation of the inhabitants of that place; sustained his charge "with the highest reputation,"* till the battle of Lexington alarmed him for the safety of his family; then repaired to Chockset, the west precinct of Lancaster, since called Sterling, where he became captain and paymaster in a regiment raised for the service of the country; and there dying, October 30, 1778, at the early age of thirty-four years and three months, was buried with military and religious honors, leaving behind him the memory of a just, kind, and good man. Of these parents Thaddeus was the first-born child. His constitution was delicate, and his health exceedingly precarious in infancy and early childhood; so that great fears were entertained for his life. And this is all that we hear about him till the first great trouble that crossed his young life,—one that convulsed the whole country, and shook the shores of Old England and the European continent. Just before the battle of Bunker Hill, when he was not quite seven years old, his father and mother were driven by their apprehensions from the home-spot that was so soon to be a scene of blood and fire, and took their departure, without any distinct purpose or thought whither or how they should be led. It was a hasty flight. "With a few necessary articles of clothing, such as they could easily carry, they set out,—Thaddeus with his twin-sisters next in age to himself, the father and mother each carrying a child in the arms, an aged grandmother being also with them. On arriving at Lexington, they spent a night at Munroe's tavern, kept by a widow woman to whom they were distantly related. While they were there, an empty wagon was about leaving the public house; and in this they bespoke a passage, to go wherever the owner was bound. It took them to Chockset, a part of Sterling." He soon went back to his forsaken dwelling for the sake of bring-

* Joshua Henshaw, in the Independent Chronicle, Nov. 19, 1778.

ing away a few articles of value which had been left behind. He was but just in season, for now came the great fight. By the burning of Charlestown and the scattering of its inhabitants, he lost not only his school, but a new and commodious house, which he had built and furnished with the savings of eleven years. His father-in-law, Mr. Mason, lost a large and elegant mansion, together with a great deal of valuable property, by the same conflagration. Thus he was suddenly reduced from a state of competence to poverty. He obtained temporary employment as a teacher in some of the country towns; but the unsettled state of public affairs rendered this uncertain and unprofitable; and he was at length induced to join the army, as has been said. But he was soon swept off by a violent fever, while on a visit to his family, which he was compelled to leave in most trying and indigent circumstances.

After his father's death, "Thaddeus went to live with Mr. Houghton, a farmer. He afterwards went to Deacon Kilbourne's at Westminster, where he became acquainted with Rev. Asaph Rice. His next remove was to Mr. Kendall's at Templeton, where he experienced the kind offices of Rev. Ebenezer Sparhawk. In the latter part of 1779 he returned to Chockset, and was soon introduced into the family of Dr. Ebenezer Morse of Boylston, who had been obliged to leave the ministry on suspicion of Toryism, and was supporting his family by the practice of medicine and the fitting of boys for college. This good man took the unprotected orphan into his study, and prepared him for college at the same time with his own son. While here, young Harris did something towards his own support by stripping ash or walnut clefts for the manufacture of brooms; and by making axe-handles, whip-lashes, button-moulds, and cat-gut for bass-viols and violins. At length he procured wild honey, with the profits of which he clothed himself for college." In July, 1782, he went to visit his mother, who, after suffering much distress from grief and poverty in her widowed state, had entered into a second marriage somewhat more than two years before with Mr. Samuel Wait of Malden, who opened for

her and her children a comfortable home.* He informed her of what had taken place; and that he had completed his preparatory studies under the charge of Dr. Morse, who advised him to present himself for admission into Harvard College, trusting to the beneficiary provisions there made for needy students. This plan, however, did not meet with her approbation. She opposed strongly such aspiring views, and persuaded him to become an apprentice to the trade of saddle-tree making. This project was broken off by a fortunate misfortune. He injured one of his wrists in performing some piece of labor, and was thus obliged to give up the place that had been provided for him. He now went to write in his grandfather Mason's office, being always remarkably expert with his pen; and his thought was to become a merchant. In order to obtain means for engaging in this pursuit, he agreed with his grandfather to defray the cost of his board by writing, and repaired to the school in Cambridge kept by Mr. Kendall. This gentleman, afterwards Dr. Kendall of Weston, finding the youth an apt scholar, earnestly recommended a collegiate education for him. So warm an interest did he take in this, that he induced Rev. Drs. Stillman and Thacher of Boston to issue subscription-papers on behalf of the young man, which procured for him funds to meet his college expenses. He was admitted to that institution in July, 1783. Such favor did he find, through the docility of his manner and his evident literary tastes and ambition, that in the outset of his Freshman year he was invited to live, free of all charge, in the family of Professor Williams, whose son was his classmate. During the two following years, a waitership in the Commons Hall entitled him to free board. He was thus taken care for as to what he should eat. But how he should be clothed was another matter. In the month of March, 1786, while he was in the Junior

* This exemplary woman died, February 2, 1801, a little more than sixty-two years old. Her son, in an appendix to a sermon on her death, says of her: "To have consecrated her heart to God, to have formed her religious principles, and commenced her pious habits so seasonably,"—so early as her fifteenth year,—“was a source of pure and increasing satisfaction to her through life, of support and comfort in the various trials and afflictions with which her faith and patience were exercised, and of hope and triumph in her death.”

year, his mother came to his room to ascertain the state of his wardrobe. She found it scanty and poor enough ; indeed, so very destitute, that she proposed to him to take up immediately whatever money was due to him from his grandfather for his services as scribe, and invest it in proper articles of dress. Arrangements were made accordingly. He was to apply for his earnings, meet his mother on a certain day at Charlestown, and go with her to Boston, where she would help him lay out his money to the best advantage. But as an evil angel would have it, or rather an improvident spirit of his own, he neglected to call for his little fund till the morning of the very day that had been appointed for the expedition. He was too late. The good old man had left Cambridge, and was nowhere to be found. In vain did he try to borrow what he needed. Every help for the exigency was as far off as his grandfather. With an anxious and bitter heart he set out on a weary trudge and a bootless errand, to a conference that he was ashamed to meet. If we may take his own word for it, he gave way to many moody and not very religious reflections on his hard lot. As he pursued his disconsolate way he whittled for himself a walking-stick, after the New England manner, and indulged in complaining thoughts of the Divine Providence, after the usual manner of man's peevish spirit. His personal troubles, however, were not allowed to make him insensible to those of others ; and his needy circumstances, pinched as they were, were yet made to contribute something to the necessity that was greater than his own. He gave the few coppers that he had about him to a poor crippled soldier, who solicited his charity by the road-side, and who appeared to be faint and famishing. As he was crossing Charlestown Neck, where it had been raked but a few years before by the British shot, and while he was thinking less about that than about the battle that was going on in his own mind, he perceived that something had fastened itself to the end of his stick, and with all his brandishing he could not shake it off. On examining it, he found that it was a metallic substance, of what kind he knew not. Without giving much heed to it, and supposing that it might be some outcast bawble from a

negro hut that stood near by, he dropped it into his pocket, where there was nothing that it could disgrace by its company. As he was leaning over the side of the ferry-boat, which had at that period to perform the office of a bridge, the new tenant of his pocket hurt his side. He took it out to be rid of it, and discovered that the friction it had undergone had given it quite a bright look. This encouraged him, on his arrival in Boston, to carry it to a jeweller's shop. The goldsmith, on cutting it open, pronounced it to be of pure gold, and pointed out to him a motto graven upon it, "God speed thee, friend." He then offered him two dollars as the value of the ring. This affected the young man to tears. He felt as if Providence was thus rebuking him for his despondency and complaint, and was providing for him in spite of his rebellious dispositions. The goldsmith, in return, struck with the sensibility that he saw displayed, added another dollar to the sum. Harris now hastened to find his mother, who it seems had failed to keep her appointment with him, to communicate to her the unexpected good fortune, and more than mere fortune, that had befallen him. She went at once with him to the shop, that she might see the curious little treasure with her own eyes; and the tears sprang into them as she saw and read. The goldsmith's sympathies were again awakened, and he doubled the amount of what he had already given. Six dollars may seem to be a stinted allowance for the refitting of a young student's stock of apparel. But it was "amply sufficient" for the present necessity.

This simple occurrence produced a very deep and permanent impression on his mind. On the 3d of the following month of May he became a communicant member of the church in Cambridge, then under the pastoral care of Rev. Timothy Hilliard, who preached a special sermon on the occasion, from Psalm cxix. 9: "Where-withal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."

He was graduated at Harvard College in July, 1787, at the age of nineteen. In the class of that year were President John Quincy Adams, Judge Putnam, Judge Cranch, Hon. James Lloyd, and other gentlemen, among whom he

sustained a respectable rank as a scholar. The part assigned to him on taking his degree was a poem. Its subject was History; and it was received by the audience with such extraordinary commendation, that the Rev. Drs. Belknap and Thacher unitedly solicited a copy of it for publication in the *Columbian Magazine*, printed at Philadelphia; "fully persuaded that it would tend to increase the reputation of our College at the Southward." This flattering request, however, he modestly but resolutely persisted in declining. After completing his collegiate course, he became the teacher of a school in Worcester. In this service he remained for a year; and here he formed the acquaintance of Miss Mary, the only daughter of Dr. Elijah and Mrs. Dorothy Dix, who was to be the partner of his whole life. Immediately on leaving this pleasant town, he was honored by an application to become private secretary to General Washington. His heart leaped at such a proposal, which promised to bring him into connection with the greatest man of his nation and time, and with the leading events of a wonderful era in the fortunes of his country and the destinies of the earth. His patriotism and his skill with the pen, his love of history and of poetry both, conspired to recommend such a preferment, and promised to open a career for his highest aspirations. Now the course of his life seemed to be beaten out for him in high places, and the motto of his ring was translating itself into distinct prophecy. But no sooner had he signified his acceptance of the appointment than he was struck down with that terrible malady, the small-pox, which at that time had been relieved of only the smaller half of its original terrors. Public affairs cannot wait for the slow recoveries of sickness and for private convenience; and before he was able to arrive at his post the place was filled by Tobias Lear, a gentleman who left the University the same year that young Harris entered it, and who afterwards went through a long course of diplomatic service as Consul-General at St. Domingo and at Tripoli.

Thrown back from this prospect of promotion, he now betook himself to the study of divinity, under the guidance of the Rev. Samuel Kendall of Weston; but at the in-

stance of Dr. Willard, President of the College, he returned to Cambridge, and took a room there as a resident graduate, to complete his theological course. He was "approved to preach" by the Cambridge Association, in June, 1789, a little before he was twenty-one years of age. The very next month he made his first appearance as a preacher, in the pulpit of Rev. Joseph Jackson of Brookline. After the usual term of three years from taking his first degree of A. B., he received his degree of A. M., and at the Commencement, July, 1790, he pronounced the Valedictory Oration in Latin. On the following day he delivered an oration before the *Φ. B. K. Society*, on "Learned Associations." His habits were academic. His chief fondness was for books and learning. This led to his becoming the Librarian of the College, on the resignation of the Rev. Isaac Smith, with whom he had already been associated in that important literary charge. This was in 1791. In August of the succeeding year he was elected a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and was as abundantly qualified to be useful to it as his diligent fidelity succeeded in making him. Meanwhile he was employed in preaching among the surrounding parishes, wherever his services were sought. On the 23d of October, 1793, he was ordained as the pastor of the church in Dorchester; successor to Rev. Moses Everett, who had resigned the charge about nine months before. His pastorate was permitted to be long-continued, and from the beginning to the end it was a most devoted one. Dr. Pierce bears the following testimony to him in the manuscript account which has been referred to:—

"As a pastor, he was diligent, affectionate, conscientious, greatly beloved. For more than ten years he had the ministerial charge of the whole town, which then comprehended also the whole of what is now called South Boston. He was truly 'in labors more abundant'; writing more sermons than almost any of his brethren; publishing more discourses and other works than almost any contemporary divine; visiting the sick; attending funerals; and frequently repairing to the University, of which during his whole ministry he was an overseer, arranging its library, and making an elaborate report of the con-

dition of the same, almost every year. As a preacher, he was earnest and full of tender feeling. He took a peculiar interest in the rising generation, often preaching discourses especially for their benefit, always meeting them with great cordiality, having 'a word in season' to secure their affections. At the communion-table and at the baptismal font he was peculiarly interesting. In visits to the sick and the bereaved he was a genuine 'son of consolation'; so that he could truly say: 'Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is offended, and I burn not?' Besides the appropriate duties of his profession, he labored much for the public, being an active member of several literary and benevolent societies, to which he rendered many invaluable services. He devoted much of his leisure to the superintendence of the public schools. Of the Academy at Milton he was a faithful trustee." As if to connect himself posthumously with the great President whose secretary he came so near being, "he sorted and arranged the 132 volumes of the Writings of Washington, furnished them with copious indexes and notes, and thus prepared them for publication," at the request of their distinguished editor, Mr. Sparks. "The secret of his accomplishing so much was his untiring industry, and such methodical arrangement of his day that he had few waste hours. He was an early riser, and had a time for everything, and did everything in its time. His punctuality to engagements was a rare trait in his character. No instance can be recollected in which he was at the appointed place of meeting one moment too late."

Such is the tribute paid to his professional character and habits by an associate, whose thread of life ran nearly even with his own for many years.

Fifteen months after taking the vows of a clergyman, he assumed those of a husband, being united to the lady who has already been named. She was truly a lady. Nature had endowed her with a commanding person, unusual intelligence, and great force of character. Her manners were so stately as to appear at times stern; and her keen dark eye may have seemed rather to penetrate the thoughts of others than to seek to win their affections. In this, she stood in striking contrast to the meek

and yielding spirit of the man she had chosen to wed. It may possibly be that she had no considerable success in attaching the feelings of the parishioners to her, and no special anxiety to secure such an influence. But she was a woman of a noble and benevolent nature; she was abundantly capable of guiding her affairs with discretion. If she was formed to rule, she wished to secure the happiness of her subjects. All this appeared in her dignified old age, when the bearing of a lofty but gracious courtesy was chastened by the touches of many a sorrowful experience, and by the dispositions of a religious and kindly heart; and she sat at the head of her house, making it as wide as it could be spread for the sheltering home of as many as it would hold. This union, that was solemnized on the 28th of January, 1795, gave birth to eight children, five of whom still survive, — Thaddeus William, the learned Librarian of Harvard University, and one of the most distinguished entomologists of our country, Mary Dorothy, Clarendon, John Alexander, and James Winthrop. In the early part of his married life, he was greatly embarrassed and his mind was much distracted by the consequences of building "a large and expensive house." He did not enter upon this unfortunate undertaking without being advised to it from the most encouraging quarter, — that from which he had reason to expect the greatest assistance in completing the work. That expectation, however, was doomed to utter disappointment. The fortune of his father-in-law turned out to be no resource for him; and this led to mortifications that were deep and lasting. Dr. Pierce says of them: "It would be difficult to describe the sufferings which he endured from this source. Constituted as he was, it is to the surprise of all who best knew him, that he did not sink under the accumulated weight of his misfortunes and trials." But these disquietudes, and the various others that can hardly be separated from a laborious and anxious ministerial life, were not all with which he had soon to struggle. In the summer of 1802 a virulent disease broke out, which was pronounced to be yellow-fever. Mr. Harris was assiduous in his attendance upon the sick. In consequence of his exposure to the effluvia of

an apartment where eight adult persons died within a few days of each other, he was himself taken down with the malignant distemper. His recovery from it was slow; and when the spring of the following year opened, he was found to continue so debilitated as to be induced to leave his home for a tour into Ohio, which at that time had just arrived at the dignity of a State. Special motives of a private kind led him in that direction, and so far. But no other stimulus could have been needed than the attractive condition of that part of the country to an inquisitive mind. He loved to see for instruction's sake, and to learn that he might communicate what he had acquired; and Ohio, now so flourishing a commonwealth in the American Union, had then the charm, not inferior to the curious eye, of fresh, picturesque, and most luxuriant Nature, with the promise of future social greatness. He was absent four months; and within two years after his return he published the result of his journey in an octavo volume, "Journal of a Tour into the Territory Northwest of the Alleghany Mountains, with a Geographical and Historical Account of Ohio." This work did him great credit as an observer and as a writer. It has been out of print for a long time. Dr. Pierce says: "The celebrated John Foster, of London, author of *Essays on Decision of Character*, &c., employed a friend to procure it for him. As it could not be found in any bookstore, I reluctantly parted with my own copy, to satisfy the curiosity of this learned man."

The introduction is so characteristic of the writer, with its quaint plaintiveness, that the first and last portions of it are here inserted. "Having long labored under wasting sickness, which obliged me for a time to relinquish the duties of my ministry; my mind, naturally feeble and timid, sunk under its depressions and yielded to despondency. . . . A much esteemed neighbor, Mr. Seth Adams, was about making an excursion into the territory northwest of the Ohio, and proposed my accompanying him thither. My brother-in-law, Mr. John Dix, kindly offered to be my attendant, and assisted me in summoning resolution for the undertaking."

"To the candor of the Public,
 I submit my work ;
 to the
 providence and favour of ALMIGHTY GOD,
 I commend my beloved family ;
 and to the hopes,
 not of the present,
 but
 of the future life,
 I resign myself."

Shortly after his return from this Western expedition,—indeed but a month or two afterwards,—he published a compilation, "The Minor Encyclopædia," in four small volumes. Though I am not aware of its obtaining any great notoriety, it seems to have left an impression upon the memory of one of the greatest men of this generation. Daniel Webster, on meeting Dr. T. W. Harris at the foot of the White Mountains, the summer before last, said to him: "Your father was the Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris. He prepared a useful work called the Minor Encyclopædia, which I remember to have seen many years ago." In 1805, Mr. Harris appeared again before the *Φ. B. K.* Society at their annual celebration, reciting a poem "On the Patronage of Genius," and it was in the same year that he was elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. After five years more of persevering service as a professional and literary man, he sailed from New York to England. This was a great event in his recluse and sedentary life. He was allowed to gratify that filial reverence for the land of his forefathers, which he entertained very deeply ; to see with his eyes what had always been painted fondly upon his imagination, and to make personal acquaintance with learned men of the old hemisphere. In these expectations he was not doomed to be disappointed. The shy student admired with a keen delight the wonders of which he had only read, and entered into correspondences that added not a little to the satisfaction of his after days. Having visited several parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, he embarked at Liverpool for New York, where he ar-

rived May 13, 1811 ; his voyage and visit having occupied about nine months. Many of the letters that passed between him and excellent persons abroad are still in the possession of his family.

The following year the Antiquarian Society was incorporated. His turn of thought led him to take peculiar interest in the researches which such a society was designed to promote ; and he may be regarded as one of its founders, since his diploma is dated on the same month with its act of incorporation. He loved everything that carried him back to the remote past, while at the same time he had no servile adherence to what was old, as if it could thereby obtain any authority for us, but looked forward with sanguine hope of great improvements to be continually making hereafter. It may be properly mentioned in this connection, that when Judge Winthrop, in 1788, made a copy of the famous inscription on the "Dighton rock," which has mystified the wisdom of so many wise men of the North, Mr. Harris, then a young man of twenty, accompanied and assisted him. I have heard him describe the pantographic process by which it was done. Considering the amount of fiction and of controversy to which this supposed writing has given occasion, and considering also the injury done to the *document* itself by the fading of the characters and the wearing of the stone through the action of air and wave, this transcript may be considered valuable. It is preserved in the library of Harvard College, and a part of it has been engraved in the great Danish publication. A different diploma awaited him the next year ; one that was not of his seeking, but rather marked his deserving, — that did not show his wish for further instruction, but was a reward for having already attained to so much. So at least his degree of Doctor in Divinity was considered at Harvard College, in 1813. It was richly merited, and conferred at comparatively an early age.

The most considerable of Dr. Harris's works, if estimated by the amount of patient scholarship that it contains, appeared in 1820. It was the "Natural History of the Bible." As early as 1793, while he was Librarian of the University, he printed a small volume under this title.

But the present edition was greatly enlarged and improved, so as to be substantially a new book. "The late Cardinal Cheverus, then resident in Boston, spoke in high terms of this treatise." It is extremely valuable as a manual on this pleasant subject. Biblical students will find nowhere a volume that can be compared to it in this line of inquiry. He was very desirous to publish it in an illustrated form, and would most gladly have called in the art of the engraver to second the descriptions of his pen. But such a project was too costly, and he abandoned it. The undertaking, even as it was, and with all its praise upon its back, was destined to rather more than the usual share of literary misfortune. "*Laudatur et alget*," to be commended and to starve, was written for it in the higher book of the Fates. In the first place, it found but a slow sale, and of course gave small remuneration for the toil of its author. In the second place, an English pirate pounced upon a copy of it that had found its way to the other side of the sea; recast it, with some variations and additions, in a pictured and popular form, changing the alphabetical into a scientific arrangement; then published it under his own name, with a grand parade of always giving his "authorities," and "conscientiously" respecting the rights of "literary property," and realized substantial profits from the sale of it through several editions. Not content with this theft and hypocrisy, he had the effrontery to allude in his preface to a Mr. Harris, who had written a book on the same subject, which was rendered "unfit for general use by the utter destitution of evangelical sentiment" in it. A notice of this Mr. William Carpenter and his "Scripture Natural History" may be found in the American Monthly Review, Vol. IV. pp. 80-86. The "Natural History of the Bible" met with its final disaster at the great fire in Court Street, Boston, which destroyed the extensive book establishment of Messrs. Wells and Lilly, its publishers. All the copies that remained unsold, and this was by far the greater part of the edition, were then burnt up. Such was the fate of a book that met at home a reception far inferior to its deserts; while it has gone through several editions in England, and has been published on the Continent in a German translation.

Mention has been made of several societies of which Dr. Harris was a member, and, with his activity and faithfulness, membership always implied something really done. The list of these might be easily enlarged, for he loved to take part in every association that was meant to promote the objects of natural science, or any good learning, or social improvement, or religion, or charity. He was a member of the Humane Society, of the Massachusetts Bible Society, the New York Historical Society, the American Peace Society, and the Horticultural Society. Of the Congregational Charitable Society he was at one time the Vice-President. The Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians found him a useful coadjutor. Later in life he became a corresponding member of the Georgia Historical Society, and of the Archæological Society in Athens, Greece. But there was one institution in which his mind and feelings took a peculiar interest, for which he studied and wrote more than almost any of his contemporaries, and in the cause of which he suffered for a long time such a quantity and coarseness of printed abuse, as would have been hard to bear even by a stoic or a man-at-arms, and must have cut such an extremely sensitive nature as his to the quick. He seems to have attached himself early to this association, for in 1792 he collated, revised, and published the "Constitutions of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons"; an octavo volume, printed at Worcester, Mass., which came to a second edition in 1798. For a number of years he was Chaplain and Secretary of the Grand Lodge, and rendered frequent and various service to that body by occasional addresses, by his defences of Masonry, — sometimes in anonymous tracts, — and a volume of Masonic Discourses published in 1801. These works, says an adept,* "constitute a large part and valuable portion of the Masonic classic literature of America. They contain a faithful and dispassionate exhibition of our principles, in that chaste and captivating style, that forcible and earnest lan-

* Rev. Benjamin Huntoon, in "A Eulogy, delivered by the Request of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, at the Funeral Services in Commemoration of Rev. and R. W. Thaddeus Mason Harris, D. D., and R. W. Brother Samuel Thaxter, at the Masonic Temple, May 4th, 1842."

guage, which characterize all the productions he has given to the public." In 1816 "A. L. 5816" the Lodge presented to him a silver vase in token of their high appreciation of the benefits he had conferred on their order, with the inscription: "*Memoria tenemus quæ non remunerare possumus.*" In the storm of obloquy that was raised against Free-Masonry and Free-Masons, after the sad events of 1826, that swept over the vast field of politics as well as through the sanctuaries of private life, and convulsed the whole nation, Dr. Harris, from his social position, his talents and learning, and the leading part that he had taken in the concerns of the fraternity, was a conspicuous mark for attack. Papers of all kinds were continually sent to him, loaded with indecent remonstrances and personal insult. But of these he took no notice in any way. He showed neither anger, nor mortification, nor fear. Though he felt them deeply, he said nothing. Through the whole of that trying emergency, he preserved his patience and kindness; provoked to no retort, and quietly persevering in the course that he continued to think right. His friends who knew best his ~~aspen~~-like sensibility could not fail to be struck with the calmness and firmness with which he held his peace and discharged his duty. He once pointed to a high shelf in his library, that seemed to be stored with papers of different shapes, and said to a young man who had the privilege of his friendship: "All the pieces there contain something abusive of me; but I have put them far out of the way, I never take them down." Such was the truly Christian temper that he showed of meekness and forgiveness; while at the same time, as he spoke these words, an expression came over his face, half of painful feelings and half of a sly comic wonder, that a poor minister like him, who had never wished or done the least harm to anybody all the days of his life, should be singled out for such a whirlwind of vituperation.

In the winter of 1832-33, he was visited with an alarming fit of sickness, which reduced him to so great a state of debility, that it was thought advisable for him to seek the aid of a milder climate than that of New England before another winter came round. Georgia was now

the point of his destination. On the first day of December, 1833, he embarked for Charleston, S. C., where he remained about two months, enjoying the hospitalities of that cultivated and high-mannered city. The 10th day of February, 1834, found him at Savannah. Here he had no sooner arrived, than he began to make inquiries about the early history of the town that lay about him, so large and populous, but yet in so much repose and rural beauty. He was reminded that it was just a hundred and one years since the first settlers landed, and the first Georgian city was laid out. February 10, 1733, is the date of the first letter which Oglethorpe, the founder of the new colony, wrote to the trustees in England. The answers that he received to his questions, and the further researches that he was led to make, awakened in his mind a great interest in the history of that remarkable man, who was certainly a nobler *ækist* than any that Mr. Grote has brought before us in his History of Greece, whether we consider the personage himself or his object. He was surprised to learn that no biography of him existed, and the thought occurred to him, that he would try to supply that deficiency by preparing "an authentic and tolerably minute life" of one who had lived so long and so illustriously that even the planting of a great and free commonwealth was but a small part of his fame. After spending about three months here and in Augusta, appearing occasionally in the pulpit, he returned home, where he arrived on the last day of May. He found his health refreshed and somewhat invigorated by this excursion. But the effect was not so great or so lasting as had been hoped for. He still remained feeble, and on the following year he requested the aid of a colleague, in his ministerial charge. Mr. Nathaniel Hall was ordained as his assistant, July 16, 1835, the senior pastor being then sixty-seven years of age. Even this diminished care, however, proved to be too much for him, and he resigned wholly his pastoral office in the autumn of 1836, having sustained it precisely forty-three years. His valedictory sermon was preached October 23, 1836, and is among his published discourses. Both of these proceedings towards the large parish, in the midst of which he had in youth begun his sacred labors and con-

tinued them till he was bent and whitened with age, were entirely spontaneous. They were suggested by his own mind, and carried through with a resolute purpose that had a great deal of affectionate opposition to overcome. "This measure," says Dr. Pierce, speaking of the application for a colleague, "was wholly of his own choice; not a single member of the parish ever having even hinted the expediency or the desirableness of such a step. So also when he sought the dissolution of his pastoral connection, it was not only without the desire, but contrary to the remonstrance, of all who took an active part among his people." The old and the young minister separated with mutual expressions of kindness and equal prayers of intercession for the congregation which one of them alone was hereafter to guide. On the next Lord's day, Rev. Mr. Hall preached his sermon of accession, which was also published.

In the summer of 1838, Dr. Harris and his wife transferred their church relation from the First Church in Dorchester to the First Church in Boston; and they remained in that connection till, one after the other, they were dismissed to the communion of the Church above. The past minister of that old congregation at that time cannot think it improper here to add one affectionate word in memorial of his respected parishioner. It has been often declared, that the most undesirable hearers are those who have ceased to preach, and the poorest parishioners are those who have just come down from the desk. After some considerable experience, he has never found it to be so. He believes the assertion to be an injurious and unwarranted one. Certainly, Dr. Harris was a remarkable example of the contrary; being always encouraging and helpful to the pulpit under which he sat, and an excellent member of the society which he had often instructed and moved with his voice. After the resignation of his pastorate, he continued diligently occupied in study and in the various business of a studious man. He frequently preached, as circumstances invited him. He was busy where he could be of use. He rendered essential service to the libraries of the Massachusetts Historical Society and of Harvard University, — to the first in arranging its

treasures, and to the last in increasing them, and in suggesting means of further improvement. His most considerable literary labor was the carrying out of the project which he had formed upon the Savannah River. In 1841 appeared his "Biographical Memoirs of James Oglethorpe, Founder of the Colony of Georgia," in one octavo volume. The expenses of the publication were defrayed for the most part by gentlemen belonging to that Commonwealth. It would have been strange if they had not felt a peculiar interest in such a work. They had reason to take pride in setting such a name as Oglethorpe's at the head of their short annals and comparatively late beginning in the great brotherhood of American States. He was a soldier, a statesman, a scholar, and a philanthropist. He was the friend of Johnson, and is praised in the verses of Thomson and Pope. Hannah More called him "the finest figure of a man she ever saw," when he was much above ninety years old, "with his faculties as bright as ever"; and Edmund Burke told him "that he looked upon him as a more extraordinary person than any he had ever read of; for he had absolutely called into existence the province of Georgia, and had lived to see it become an independent State." He belonged to the seventeenth century, and served with Prince Eugene, first as his secretary and afterwards as his aide-de-camp, and yet called on John Adams a day or two after he arrived in London as Ambassador of the United States. Where shall we find more claims to distinction? This book, which ought to do much to spread and perpetuate a vivid image of him among the lovers of our national history, is written in a pure and simple manner, and has many pleasant anecdotes for the general reader.

The last work of Dr. Harris was now issued. His last sermon was about to be delivered. His old congregation at Dorchester heard him preach once more, and once only, on the anniversary of his ordination, October 31, 1841. Age seems to grow more attached to anniversaries as their rounds are coming to an end. He felt a wish to preach at Brookline for his friend Dr. Pierce, whose ordination sermon he had delivered just forty-five years before; and in this wish he was gratified. On that occasion he appeared

unusually well in the services of the desk, and seemed more likely to hold on for a few years longer than he had done for some time. But it was appointed to him to stop there. He was animated that day with new purposes of literary labor, as well as with an increase of spirits and strength. "At parting," writes Dr. Pierce, "he expressed his intention of soon renewing his visit, to see if he could obtain aid in a History of Dorchester, which he was preparing for the press, agreeably to the solicitations of his former parishioners. He had singular qualifications, and possessed a great variety of documents, for such a work. But he has left it unfinished; and it is doubtful whether any survivor will be able to complete it according to his original plan." On the Saturday night following, he was suddenly seized with severe pains in the chest, which became at once alarming. The disease was an inflammation of the lungs, that immediately prostrated him, and at length deprived him of the use of all his faculties. He lingered but a week, and then expired tranquilly early on Sunday morning, April 3, 1842, aged 73 years, 8 months, and 27 days. Some of his friends have expressed the thought that it was a merciful decree of the Divine Providence, in pity to his constitutional apprehensiveness and nervous excitability, thus to drop a veil over his consciousness, and shorten and darken for him the way of death. Doubtless it was merciful. It spared him a trial from which he might possibly have shrunk, as any one else might. But the most delicate natures are often made as calm and stout as the hardiest, when their need comes; and there is no reason to think, that, with all his manifold preparation for leaving this life, he would have been unsustained or found wanting. He was buried on the annual Fast-day, April 7. The domestic funeral service was performed at his house in Boston, by the minister of the First Church, and attended by a large company of those who were desirous of paying this mark of respect. A more public service took place at the meeting-house in Dorchester, in the afternoon. Though the weather was rainy, the church was crowded with hearers; and it was remarked that as deep an emotion pervaded the assembly as if the deceased had been taken away in the midst of

his ministerial life. The funeral sermon by his successor, affectionate and discriminating, was afterwards given to the public; and another, preached on the following Lord's day, in Boston, was also printed. A discourse by Dr. Pierce, delivered both at Brookline and Dorchester, was not yielded to the request of the society in the latter place that he would furnish a copy of it for publication. The body of Dr. Harris was laid in the cemetery of the town where he had been a religious teacher and comforter the greater part of his days. An obelisk of white marble, about seventeen feet high, is there erected to his memory.

The leading traits of his mind and character have already been incidentally traced in the preceding narrative. Little, therefore, remains needful to be said on these points. He was a man of fervent, unaffected piety. In his theological opinions he belonged to the early liberal school. In his mode of presenting religious truth he was evangelical, in the truest sense of that term. His style of preaching, though not captivating, was earnest, tender, and instructive. In the early part of his ministry he was accustomed to exchange pulpit services, not only with all ministers of the Congregational denomination, but with some who belonged to other sects. Dr. Stillman and Dr. Baldwin, Baptist clergymen, were upon the list of these exchanges. He always lamented the divisions that afterwards arose and broke up this harmony. He refused to assume any party position in the Church Universal. He would not consent to derive his title from any other name than "that which is above every name." He was unwilling that his church, so long as he had the superintendence over it, should be otherwise denominated. Certainly this repugnance to sectarianism was founded in the best feelings of brotherhood, and to some extent in a just perception of abstract truth. But after all, every man and every body of men may perhaps as well make up their mind to wear patiently such appellations as suit them the nearest, and others may find it convenient to bestow. Differences will have words to express and designate them, whether we choose the words or not, — whether we like them or not. The churches of Dorchester and Brookline were assuredly not Catholic, but Protestant;

not Presbyterian, nor Episcopal, nor Baptist, nor Methodist, but Congregational; not Trinitarian and Calvinistic, but something else. What that something should be called need not have exercised him much, and probably did not. He laid chief stress on the practical parts of religion, attaching comparatively little importance to its theories. The spirit of the Gospel, its lessons for the heart rather than the speculative reason, its obligations, its comforts, its divine assurances, were to him the believer's great concern. His affections were quick, his sympathies overflowing, his sensibilities tremblingly alive. So marked a trait was this in his disposition, that a ribald writer, in a collection of miscellaneous essays called "The Puritan," had the effrontery to describe him under a ridiculous nickname as disqualifying himself, by a mawkish tenderness, for the duties of his holy office. The indecent slander was refuted by the united testimony of his people, who had been confirmed and consoled times without number by his pastoral faithfulness. He had his weaknesses, of which no one was so well aware as himself; but they were not allowed to interfere with the discharge of his duties. Nay, that very readiness of his to melt with his emotions would sometimes give the highest efficiency to his acts of condolence; and when he was weakest, then was he strong. He was subject to great changes of mood; sometimes depressed beyond the point of a sustained manhood, and then again elated — at least in the earlier part of his life — beyond the point that appeared strictly becoming; but he never lost sight of his relations to an Almighty Father, and never abated his benevolent feelings towards those fellow-sufferers and fellow-sinners who were "also in the body." He was invariably modest, gentle, compassionate; grateful as a child for every kindness; ambitious of maintaining a good esteem and report among men present and to come; and loving to lean upon those friendly regards, which he loved still better to return, and which he strove to deserve, while he had too much self-respect to solicit or to stoop for them. His manners were affable, very engaging to most persons, and not repulsive to any. There was nothing hard, or morose, or severe about him; noth-

ing vehement ; nothing importunate or unduly pressing ; and nothing too yielding either, when his conscience and not his feelings stood concerned. He was a courteous Christian gentleman. In spite of the pensive and almost plaintive tone of his mind, it had its playful keys, that were not seldom in motion. His wit stole out, half-suppressed, by the side of his learning, and made him at times the most agreeable of companions. This comic element of his nature always seemed to come shyly forward. It was kept in check by his native diffidence, the decorums of his profession, the sober hues of his habits of thought, and the working experiences of an anxious life. But perhaps it seemed the pleasanter on that very account. It never heightened its flavor by satire and ill-nature, nor amused itself at the expense of others.

As a thinker and writer, he is represented by an unusual number of printed performances. They are not famous, they are not remarkable for profoundness, or novelty, or force, or elegance. They were prepared because stated duties demanded them, or historic taste led to them, and not because a fervid genius inspired them. They are composed of occasional pamphlets that are apt to die with their occasions, and of researches in natural and civil history which require patient toil and scarcely admit of a talking popularity. Most of them must dissolve in the general current of improvement, and be nameless, though not inoperative, or else give place to successors that shall be more valuable or more showy than they. But they do great honor to his industry, his accuracy, and his intellectual and spiritual culture. They are written in a simple and pure style ; written with pains-taking and a scholar-like zeal ; written to impart knowledge and to do good. They had their uses once, and retain some of their virtues still. They have won for him an estimable place among the worthies of his generation and of the land. His work was done in the day of it, and done well ; and it will follow him with approbation, though little may remain to challenge applause. It ought not to be omitted in this connection, that there was another Muse besides that of History standing by him, whose favor he carefully sought. He often composed verses that met commend-

ably the circumstances that called them forth. Some of them were sung or recited in public assemblies, and never failed to please. If they carried with them neither fire nor tears, nor showed any extraordinary gifts of fancy, they breathed an excellent spirit, and flowed in skilful and graceful numbers. They have the good fortune to continue in memory, and to have a life upon the tongues of men. The yet growing fame of EDWARD EVERETT has quite lately revived some lines of his, and brought them widely into notice. He was the minister who baptized the future orator and statesman, and he prepared these verses for him to speak, when a very little boy, at a school exhibition. Nothing can be more felicitous than they are, with their perfect ease and unforced playfulness. It is not often that one's early pleasantries can be brought up at a distant day, recommended by their own merits, and even made illustrious by noble associations.

The following list of Dr. Harris's publications is the most complete that can be furnished: —

1. SERMONS AND ADDRESSES.

1. New Year's Sermon. Jan. 1, 1796.
2. Sermon at the Ordination of Rev. John Pierce, Brookline. March 15, 1797.
3. Sermon on the National Fast. May 9, 1798.
4. Century Sermon, to a Society of Young Men. Dec. 25, 1798.
5. Sermon on the Death of Washington. Dec. 29, 1799.
6. Sermon on the Death of his Mother. Feb. 8, 1801.
7. Sermon after the Execution of Jason Fairbanks. Sept. 13, 1801.
8. Sermon on the Church Covenant. Dec. 6, 1801.
- 9 – 20. Twelve Masonic Discourses. 1801.
21. Sermon at the Installation of Rev. Abiel Abbot, Beverley. Dec. 14, 1803.
22. Address at the Interment of Three Persons drowned. Dec. 28, 1803.
23. New Year's Sermon to the Young. Jan. 1, 1804.
24. Sermon on the Death of Deacon Abijah White. Oct. 10, 1804.
25. Artillery Election Sermon. June 3, 1805.
26. Discourse before the Humane Society. June 10, 1806.
- 27 – 29. Three Discourses before the Second Church, Dorchester. 1806.
30. Sermon at the Ordination of Rev. C. H. Sherman, Dover, N. H. May 6, 1807.
31. Sermon before the Union Lodge, Dorchester. June 24, 1807.
32. Sermon at the Ordination of Rev. Enoch Pratt, Barnstable. Oct. 28, 1807.
33. Thanksgiving Discourse. Nov. 27, 1807.
34. Discourse on Forefathers' Day at Plymouth. Dec. 22, 1808.

35. Sermon at the Ordination of Rev. Samuel Osgood, Springfield. Jan. 25, 1809.
36. Sermon on the Death of Hon. James Bowdoin. 1812.
37. "Earnest Caution against Suicide." A Sermon. 1812.
38. Sermon on Sensibility. Preached and published in England.
39. Sermon on the Death of Ebenezer Wales, Esq. March 5, 1813.
40. Sermon on the Death of Judge Moses Everett. March 29, 1813.
41. Sermon before the Boston Female Asylum. Sept. 24, 1813.
42. Address before the Washington Benevolent Society. Feb. 22, 1813.
43. Sermon at the Ordination of Rev. Ephraim Randall, New Bedford. Oct. 26, 1814.
44. Sermon at the Ordination of Rev. Lemuel Capen, Sterling. March 22, 1815.
45. Sermon at Thursday Lecture. "Pray for the Jews." August 15, 1816.
46. Sermon on leaving the Old Meeting-House.
47. Sermon at the Dedication of the New Meeting-House. } 1816.
48. Sermon before the Rising Star Lodge, Stoughton. 1818.
49. Sermon on the Death of Nathaniel Topliff. Dec. 4, 1819.
50. Sermon before the Philanthropic Lodge, Marblehead. 1822.
51. Sermon before the African Society in Boston. 1822.
52. Sermon before the Society for propagating the Gospel. Nov. 26, 1823.
53. Address at the Interment of James Davenport. 1824.
54. Address to the Union Lodge. 1824.
55. Sermon on the Death of Mrs. Dearborn, Boston. 1826.
- 56, 57. Memorials of the First Church in Dorchester. Two Discourses. July, 1830.
58. A Valedictory Discourse on leaving his People. Oct. 23, 1836.

2. MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

1. The Triumphs of Superstition. An Elegy. 1790.
2. A Clear and Practical System of Punctuation. 1797.
3. A Chronological and Topographical Account of Dorchester. 1804.
4. Account of the Happy Death of a Young Child. 1815.
5. A Textuary, or Guide to Preachers. 1818.
6. Serious Soliloquies, interspersed with Hymns, for Children. 1819.
7. Biographical Memoir of Father Rasles. (Mass. Hist. Col.)
8. Some Account of the Old Book of Records, Dorchester. 1834.

3. LARGER WORKS.

1. Natural History of the Bible. 1793 and 1820.
2. Journal of a Tour to Ohio. 1805.
3. Biographical Memorials of James Oglethorpe, Founder of Georgia. 1841.

4. COMPILATIONS, ABRIDGMENTS, &c.

1. Constitutions of the Fraternity of Masons. 1792 and 1798.
2. Massachusetts Magazine or Monthly Museum. Edited by him in 1795 and 1796.

3. **Beauties of Nature delineated.** From Sturm's Reflections. 1800, 2d edit. 1801.
4. **Exercises of Piety.** From Zollikoffer. 1803, 2d edit. 1807.
5. **The Minor Encyclopædia,** compiled from the best Authorities. 4 vols. 1803.
6. **Hymns for the Lord's Supper,** original and selected. 1801, 2d edit. 1820.
7. **Sephora, a Hebrew Tale.** Abridged and corrected from the London Edition. 1835.

At the time of his death, he had commenced a History of Dorchester, of which only three chapters were written.

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A

NEW YEAR'S SERMON.

BY

REV. JOSEPH ALLEN, D.D.

REPRINTED FROM THE MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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S E R M O N .

JAMES, iv. 14: "For what is your life?"

I SHALL not, as the announcement of my text might lead you to expect, discourse to you of the brevity of human life; nor shall I answer the question, as it might well be answered, and as the apostle James, with touching pathos, has answered it, saying, "It is even a vapor, which appeareth a little time, and then vanisheth away;" for, although this answer conveys a just sentiment and a seasonable admonition, it is not the only answer that is true to nature and to the facts of human experience, or the only one that it behooves us to consider and to apply.

Life is indeed a vapor, unsubstantial and fleeting as the morning mist, or the fleecy clouds, that float for an hour on the mountain-tops, and then dissolve into thin air.

"Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
We pass away."

By a great variety of emblems and metaphors have poets and moralists sought to illustrate the vanity of human life and the transitoriness of all earthly things; and the experience of all ages has attested the truthfulness of their descriptions.

But I wish at this time to present the subject under a different aspect; and my object will be to show life's value rather than its vanity; to set it before you, not as a thing to be lightly esteemed, but as an object of inestimable worth.

In what, then, does the true value of life consist? Why is it a cause for exultation and giving of thanks, that, when God had formed man of the dust of the earth, he breathed into the moulded

clay the breath of life, and made him a living soul? Why is the birth of a living child an occasion of joy and mutual congratulations? What is there in this possession that gives it its peculiar charm,—that makes men cling to it with so tenacious a grasp, and relinquish it with so much reluctance? Why do we love life, desire to live long on the earth, and, to gain even a short reprieve, are willing to submit to most painful surgical operations? And why do most persons shrink with horror at the thought of annihilation, or of a sleep that knows no waking?

The answer is not difficult. It readily suggests itself to every one who is accustomed to look within, and to consider the facts of his own consciousness. For he sees that life is indeed a great reality, a precious boon, a glorious opportunity, a sacred deposit; one of those good gifts that come down from the Father of lights, with whom is neither variableness nor shadow of turning.

Consider, then, what is life to a being so elevated in rank, so highly endowed, as man. At his birth, he is introduced into this magnificent temple of nature, where ten thousand wonders meet his view, and challenge his admiration. The heavens, with all their hosts; the earth, with all its garniture of forest and cultivated field, of snow-clad mountain and sequestered vale and wide-spread plain, its nutritious grains, its delicious fruits; the ample provision made by the good Father for the nourishment and gratification of his children; the beauties of nature and of art; the pleasures of memory and of hope; all the rich entertainments, and all the heartfelt joys, that belong to society, friendship, and love; all, in a word, that makes home attractive, and our very existence a benediction;—all these rich possessions, — all these blessed privileges, — all these fountains of pure enjoyment, are the accompaniments of *life*; come to us and depart from us with *life*; are dependent on that mysterious principle which God breathed into the moulded clay to make it a living man.

With life, too, are indissolubly connected the higher faculties, the intellectual and moral powers, together with the means and opportunities of culture and progress beyond any assignable limits. Hence life becomes, not merely a theatre of rich and varied entertainments, but a great free school for training the affections, for disciplining the passions, for cultivating the intellect, — in a word, for educating the whole man, that so he may be fitted to

do life's work, and ready at his Master's call to "go up higher."

Life is a field to be tilled; a garden to be dressed; a battleground, on which a great moral warfare is to be carried on, till the victory is achieved and the prize is won. There are seasons for rest and contemplation; but the great business of life is action, — six days of labor to one of rest. Work — hard work — is man's destiny, as it is the condition of his success. "Work while the day lasts" is the Master's command; and there is no remission, no reprieve, till the night comes, in which no man can work.

And when we consider these things, and take into the account all the satisfactions and joys, all the privileges and opportunities, to which life introduces and welcomes us, — more especially when we take into view the relation which subsists between the life that now is and that which is to come, and bring home to our minds the great truth which underlies and gives support to the whole fabric of Christianity, that life is the season of probation, the spring-time of an immortal year, so that, whatsoever any man soweth here, he shall reap hereafter, — how can we resist the conclusion, that life possesses a value that cannot be estimated; that it is a blessed privilege to live on the earth; to breathe the vital air; to behold the beauties of creation; to enjoy the pleasures of sense, and the higher satisfactions and purer joys which are derived from the cultivation and exercise of our social affections, and our intellectual and moral powers! And who can fail to see that it is wrong, — a moral offence, — a sin against one's own soul, for a being so nobly endowed, so well provided for, to waste or abuse or destroy this good gift that cometh down from above, — this effluence from the Spirit of Jehovah?

And yet consider by how many it is thus perverted and abused, received without gratitude, held without any sense of responsibility, turned to no good account to themselves or to others. Some, by improvidence and indolence; some, by sensuality and brutal excesses; and others, still, by the habitual violation of the laws of social morality, by secret fraud or open violence trespassing on the rights of their neighbors, — by these, and other similar means, despoil life of its charms, destroy its true value, and make it a poor, despised, worthless thing; a crushing burden, under which they stagger and groan; a dungeon, from which the sweet light of heaven is excluded; a hell of self-

inflicted torment, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Life is not worth much to the ruined spendthrift, the bloated inebriate, the worn-out debauchee. Life is not worth much to the felon, doomed for his crimes to the gallows, or to hard labor for life within the walls of your penitentiaries or prisons. Life is not worth much to the perpetrator of secret crime, who, though undetected and unsuspected, carries about with him the curse of Cain, — a guilty conscience; who, though not shut up within the solid masonry of the prison-house, yet feels that he cannot escape from himself, nor recover his peace of mind or his self-respect; and who, without repentance, can have no just hope in God; and to whom, if he have not made shipwreck of faith, there must remain a fearful looking-for of a judgment to come. Life, alas! is not worth much to him who has lost his innocence and his honor, who has blasted the hopes of his family and friends, and, it may be, brought down the grey hairs of father or mother with sorrow to the grave. If, to such, life has any value, it must be for the low and grovelling pleasures of sense, or for the gratification of some demoniac passion or desire, for which it furnishes the occasion and the means; unless, perchance, better thoughts and worthier purposes shall be awakened in the guilty bosom, and suffering and shame shall awaken penitential sorrow, and he that was dead shall be made alive again, and the lost one shall be found.

Again: wholly independent of character and desert, the value of life is not the same to all. It varies greatly, according to the condition and circumstances of the individual. Other circumstances being equal, it is of more value to the young, or to those in middle life, than to those to whom only a brief remnant remains, — to whom the day is far spent, and the night is at hand. Nor is its value determined by its length only. For "honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or that which is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the grey hair unto men, and an unspotted life in old age." The value of life depends very much on the age, the country, the social position, and means of culture, of the individual.

Life is not so rich a gift to the child born to an inheritance of ignorance and squalid poverty, and deep degradation, such as is the inevitable lot of millions in the Old World, and of thousands

in our own chief cities; life is not worth as much to one doomed to a life of unrequited toil in the rice-swamps and cotton-fields of the sunny South; life is not worth as much to the conscript soldier, torn from his home, and compelled to endure the hardships and privations and exposures of the camp or the battle-field, such as are now daily witnessed and experienced by besiegers and besieged on the shores of the Crimea; life is not worth as much to the half-civilized serf of Russian or Austrian despotism, or to the victim of some bloody and degrading superstition on the banks of the Ganges, or where —

“ the spicy breezes
Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle ; ” —

life, I say, is not worth as much to these as to the citizen of a free, enlightened, Christian commonwealth like our own, to whom a boundless field of honorable enterprise is open, and on whom the benignant Father has poured down his gifts without stint or measure.

Oh ! who can fully estimate life’s value to one so distinguished ? Born to an inheritance of civil and religious freedom ; bound to no particular spot or profession or occupation, by prescription or the force of circumstances, as is the case with the working classes in other lands ; permitted to form his own plans, to choose his mode of life, his associates, and his home ; competent, without patronage or foreign help, competent, in most cases at least, — by dint of resolution, industry, and enterprise, — to gain, not a bare livelihood only, but a competency, — an elegant sufficiency, or even more, — enough to give him a place among the men of wealth and influence in the community ; and with no insuperable obstacle to his advancement to the highest honors ; — how much should life be prized when held under such circumstances ! How vigilantly should it be guarded ! — with what care protected from harm ! And, oh, with how earnest a spirit should it be consecrated to high and worthy ends !

Consider, moreover, how great the privilege, how high the distinction, which he inherits who enters life at this peculiar juncture, in the midst of the great and memorable events that are now taking place in our country and in the world ! What an honor to be permitted to witness the developments of the divine plan, in regard to our race, that are unfolding themselves day by

day in this wonder-working age! — and not to be a silent looker-on, but an actor on the stage, to *do* something, as every man *can*, and as every man, however humble his condition or scanty his resources, ought, — *do* something for the holy cause of knowledge and truth, of freedom and justice and humanity; thus helping to build up the kingdom of Christ on the earth.

Yes: old as I am, I feel the glow of a youthful enthusiasm kindling in my bosom as I contemplate on this theme; and I almost envy the fortunes of the young man who may live to witness, and help to bring about, the fulfilment of hopes long deferred, — the final success of measures, inaugurated by those fast passing off the stage, for the deliverance of our nation and of the world from those four great scourges of our race, — war, slavery, intemperance, despotism.

Fortunate young man! — fortunate in the time and place of thy birth, or of thy chosen residence, — who shalt gird thyself for the work, and arm thyself for the strife! Fortunate young man, who shalt hold thyself in readiness to go where duty calls thee, resolved never to betray thy trust, never to desert thy post, never to let go thine integrity, never to turn aside from the narrow path that leads to safety and honor and a true success!

Oh, who can fully estimate the value of life to the young man who has inhaled from his birth the atmosphere of freedom and general intelligence and a Christian civilization, such as spreads over the hills and plains, and penetrates, with its bracing and healing influences, every village and every school-district within our borders!

Nor is it less to be prized by her whose favored lot it is to have her birthplace and her home where, as here, she is recognized as man's equal and helpmeet, his counsellor, and the sharer of his joys and sorrows; where woman shares with man in the benefits of education, and more and more becomes the teacher and educator of the young; where her influence is recognized and felt in the family, in the church, and in the state; and where, with few exceptions, she enjoys the rights and immunities to which she is justly entitled.

And when the youthful pair have pledged their solemn vows, and when those vows have been solemnized by religious rites, and they are introduced to the new duties and peculiar joys that belong to the domestic relations, what then is life to them? —

with what roseate hues adorned ! How deep the joy that swells their bosoms ! How bright the vision that rises up before them !

“How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run
Whose hearts and faith and hope are one ! ”

Well may life be dear to such, for it is replete with blessings. Well may they rejoice in their youth, and let their hearts cheer them in the days of their youth ; for the evil days have not yet come, which, sooner or later, must come to all, when life will present its shady side, and the light of the now happy home will be extinguished. Let them be happy while they may. The indulgence of a fearful and foreboding spirit is neither to be commended nor justified. Such a spirit should rather be discountenanced and repressed, as displeasing to God, and hurtful to the soul.

Still, there is a becoming gravity and sobriety that should be assumed by all, and never laid aside. If there is a time for hilarity and merry-making, there is a time for serious thought and religious meditation ; and we shall do well to look upon life in its more serious aspects, to moderate our expectations, considering that life is not all sunshine, but sunshine and shade, — a chequered scene ; for such it will prove in the case of all.

Let the young, while they glory in their strength and rejoice in their youth, consider that life is frail ; that earthly possessions are unstable ; and that the most sagacious and far-seeing cannot divine what shall be on the morrow. But better still, if their hearts respond to the manly and heart-stirring sentiments embodied in that noble lyric, — The Psalm of Life ; from which I quote, as well adapted to my purpose, the following stanzas. They may be familiar to you all ; but they lose nothing by repetition : —

“Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
‘Life is but an empty dream ;’
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem. . .

Life is real : life is earnest ;
And the grave is not its goal :
‘Dust thou art, — to dust returnest,’
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

Yes: let us all, whether young or old, resolve thus *to act*; holding life as a sacred deposit, for the use of which, even of its most inconsiderable fragments, we are responsible to society and to God. Let us reverently listen to the voice of the season, to the warnings of Providence, to the word of Jehovah: "The voice said, Cry; and he said, What shall I cry? — All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field: the grass withereth; the flower fadeth. Surely, the people is grass."

But I heard another voice saying, "Redeem the time, because the days are evil. Work while the day lasts, for the night cometh in which no man can work. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

The time is short. Life's swift stream is bearing us along; nor can we stay its course; nor, by grasping the objects on its banks, can we stop or retard the motion of our frail bark. Mementoes of our frailty are continually rising up before us, as we hurry along. Our companions, our familiar acquaintances, the dear ones of our own households, are, one after another, fast disappearing from our view, and passing beyond the reach of our sympathy and friendly offices. "The house appointed for all the living" keeps open doors night and day, and crowds are entering in, while yet there is room. They leave us, some in the ripeness of age, "like as a shock of corn cometh in its season;" some in manhood's prime, taken from the midst of honorable and useful labors; and some in the purple bloom of youth, —

"When life, as opening buds, is sweet."

And that same gentle voice that said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me," has been repeated in the reluctant ears of loving parents, watching, with sleepless eyes, by the couch of dying infancy; and reluctant, though not rebellious, — sorrowful, though not distrustful, — "cast down, but not destroyed," — with eyes suffused with tears, yet looking upward to the skies, not downward into the grave, — they resigned their

precious charge, and suffered their little ones to go to the Saviour's open arms.

Such, then, is life; such its value; such its frailty; such its momentous issues. How loud the call to earnest and instant effort —

“To serve the present age,
Our calling to fulfil:
Oh let it all our powers engage
To do our Maker's will.”

If any duty has been neglected; if any good purpose remains yet unfulfilled; if any just claim of our neighbor, of our country, of our brother man, has not been allowed; if any act of justice or piety or humanity to which we have been called has hitherto been postponed; whatever in heart or in life is unsound or defective, and requires to be healed or remodelled or wholly renewed, let the work of reform be entered upon without delay; and let the remnant of life, whether it shall be longer or shorter, be wholly consecrated to God, and spent in his service.







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